The Saturday Evening
POST
May 28, 1960 – 15¢

INDESTRUCTIBLE LORETTA YOUNG

A COMMUNIST WRITES ABOUT THE JEWS' ORDEAL IN RUSSIA

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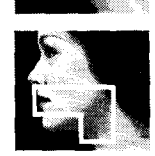

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*See directions on label.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Home Economics class is the place where a smart cooky can learn the route to a young man's heart. Quite obviously artist George Hughes' apprentice homemaker is cooking up something more artful than cookies. Observe her bated breath. Observe also her bait—an oven-warm batch of Chocolate Dreams. The object, of course, is to start a fellow dreaming about an ambrosial future as the husband of the greatest little cook in the world. If, instead, he chips a tooth on one of those cookies, we hope he'll do the gentlemanly thing—swallow the chip. A male remark such as "I think you put too much cement in them" or "All of the great pastry chefs are men" will earn him a slap on that bulging cheek, and she'll never again wear that horrid old sweater of his as long as she lives.

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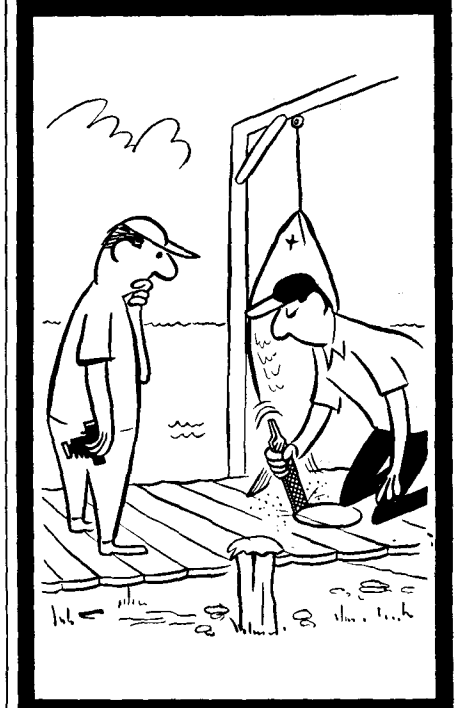

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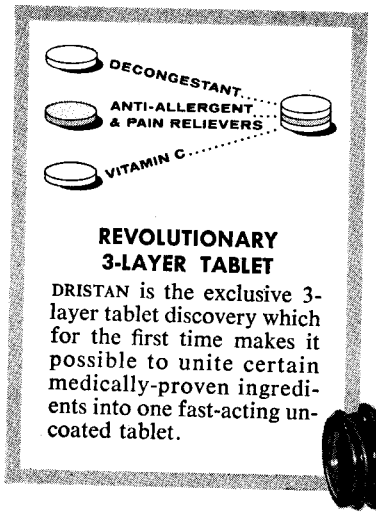

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Letters

Same Old Windbag

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations! I always thought *The Saturday Evening Post* knew everything

"Success will never spoil Harvey; he's still the same pompous conceited windbag he always was."

and all about everybody of any importance. Now [see sign in the cartoon above, Mar. 26] they have finally caught up with me!

HARVEY GOFF, *a windbag*
Port Clinton, Ohio

Birds vs. "Progress"

Dear Sirs:

Roul Tunley's splendid article THE BIRDS' LAST STAND [Apr. 23], should aid in arousing Stone Harbor's city fathers to . . . preserve their bird sanctuary, the only heronry in the world available to millions of people.

Progress—"to advance toward perfection or to a higher state"—is a wonderful thing, but progress is a misnomer when applied to destroying the natural wonders of this world replacing them with areas of sand and gravel on which to erect housing.

FLORENCE S. CLARK
Sea Isle City, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Without birds in this world then this world would really be "strictly for the birds."

KENNETH RICKETT
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

The folks in Stone Harbor, New Jersey, have something rare and wonderful and they want to destroy it to make room for more new houses set in the glaring sun of a bulldozer-created desert. Aren't there enough eyesores in the country already for them to build houses and superhighways on? Do they have to destroy what little beauty we have left?

VIRGINIA WASSON
Johnstown, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Whenever a forest is cleared and houses built on the land, whenever a marsh is drained and factories built in the place of reeds and cattails, whenever any natural area is destroyed and then replaced by various types of construction, such action is irreversible.

The relative benefits of a heronry vs. 160 houses can not be measured only in terms of the $560,000 to be gained immediately from the sale of the land and the taxes garnered from the houses built thereon. The relative benefits must be measured in terms of hundreds of years. The reduction and potential elimination of the majestic heron from the sky is a loss not only to this generation but to all generations. The loss of the studied, graceful steps of the fishing egret is a loss not only for today but for all days. The elimination of a forest area with its brilliant autumn colors is a loss not only for this coming fall but for all falls yet to come. Man has made for himself many forms of recreation, yet he can not duplicate the peace, the joy, the pleasure to be found in the spectacles of nature.

I hope that America has not become so commercialized that for the sake of $560,000 plus taxes we can not preserve for generations yet unborn the sight of a heron's silhouette against an evening sky, approaching, passing, and disappearing into the rising mist.

JACK CONFER
Richmond, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

I have spent the last twenty-one summers in Stone Harbor. . . . If moving the bird sanctuary will enable me to buy some property in this wonderful place, move it.

FRANCIS CONWELL, AM 2
U.S. Naval Station
Argentia, Newfoundland

Dear Sirs:

Remove this sanctuary and what will you have? Just another crowded honky-tonk!

F. J. WORRALL
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Whose Canal Zone?

Dear Sirs:

WHY DO THEY HATE US? by Harold H. Martin in your April 23 issue makes me wonder why the American policy was so very much against our country when Egypt tried forcibly to take over the Suez Canal, despite all pacts and agreements between Egypt and Great Britain.

It seems to me that if you really think the Egyptians had the right to take over the Suez Canal, then you should agree that the Panama Canal should be controlled by the Panamanians.

ARTHUR P. PALMER
Bristol, England

Dear Sirs:

I am all for the Panama Canal being turned over to the Panamanians to own and operate. All Americans should be removed from Panama. I am sure that Panama would, after a little while, operate it as well as the Egyptians operate the Suez. . . .

Americans will now have the chance to learn what the British have been learning for the last fifty years, namely, that in the democracies the smallest nations are as big as the biggest, and they will have what they consider belongs to them, whether it does or no.

W. W. ROSE
Sidney, British Columbia

Dear Sirs:

Martin states that past and present U.S. residents of Panama are "prejudiced" against Panamanians because of their color. In the next breath he describes the average Panamanian's loose moral code which ignores the necessity of marriage, and among "better" classes recognizes a mistress as an acceptable part of society.

It is difficult to understand why a Southerner of Martin's intelligence can speak of "prejudice" and ignore the obvious term "good judgment," when

(Continued on Page 6)

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BFG report to homemakers

Now they're styling high-fashion shoes from comfortable, washable fabrics!

REMEMBER how you used to think that shoes made of washable fabrics were comfortable and casual and anything but high fashion? That was yesterday!

The new Sun-steps, made by B.F.Goodrich and Hood, rise and shine to any occasion from back yard barbecue to formal garden party. Sun-steps, in fact, are every bit as crisp and dress-up as your best starched spring cottons!

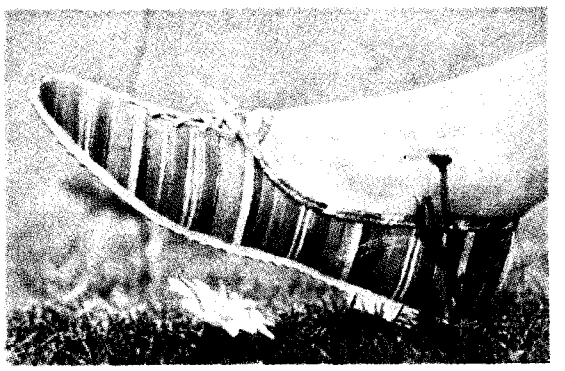
Sun-steps

Even the Sun-steps names are fun. Like "Musette," "Paisan," "Prelude," "Basque," "Calypso" and "Captivator." You'll find Sun-steps bring you a whole bright new spring wardrobe of brilliantly individual styles! You'll love their trim lines, their slender, elegant look.

And Sun-steps textures and colors take you right out of this world! You can get Sun-steps of sail cloth, denim or hopsacking, in solid blue, pongee, turquoise, black, white or red. Or buy them in saucy stripes, artist's palette mixtures, or bold contrasting patterns.

You've never had it this *cool!*

New Sun-steps stay cucumber-cool on your feet,



even on the hottest days! The secret is a special porous fabric construction that actually breathes as you walk. Slip on a pair soon. You'll call Sun-steps the closest thing to shoe air conditioning!

You'll love their washable ways!

Just a quick brushing does it. Use any mild soap and water. Rinse thoroughly, then dry. You'll find Sun-steps *hold* their graceful shape, washing after washing. Their colors come out spanking new, keep that straight-from-the-store look you love!

Feel dressed for the Ball on a budget!

Best of all, new Sun-steps fit so neatly into your budget. Prices begin at around four dollars a pair —sizes begin with children and teen-agers. Why not shop for Sun-steps this week?

New ideas for everybody at your house!

You'll find the nicest stores feature new-idea footwear for *all* the family by B.F.Goodrich and

Hood! All styles, all sizes, all colors! Sun-steps, "P-F" Flyers, athletic shoes, man-sized casuals and "P-F" shoes for the Prep Set. Ask for them —and put spring in your step for Spring!

For information on where to buy B.F.Goodrich or Hood Footwear products, write: President's Office, The B.F.Goodrich Company, Akron 18, Ohio.

B.F.Goodrich

Shoes that feel as good as they look

HOOD

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the sound of this mower
is the echo of quality

The sound you hear—that soft, satisfying purr—comes from LAWN-BOY engineering! LAWN-BOY tucks the biggest mufflers in power mowing deep under the housing. Nerve-racking noise is deflected down into the grass, not up into your face. Lighter weight is another advantage designed into modern LAWN-BOY mowers.

You'll find new advances in every factory-tested engine. Fewer working parts for less friction, less wear, less trouble. Automatic, positive full-time lubrication, too. Runs cooler, smoother, longer —as long as there's fuel, there's oil! Hottest ignition spark on any mower means years of easy one-pull starting. These (and more) are yours in the *only* power mower engineered and built from blade tip to handle grip by one manufacturer—LAWN-BOY. See the full line.

Ask your **LAWN-BOY** *dealer for his 6-step value demonstration*

Know the standards to judge any power mower by—before you buy. See why nothing says *value* like a LAWN-BOY. Over 3,500 Authorized LAWN-BOY Service Stations from coast to coast.

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LAWN-BOY

OMC ENGINES & EQUIPMENT DIVISION
Outboard Marine Corporation, Waukegan, Ill.

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

explaining the reluctance of U.S. residents of Panama to mix with Panamanians.

MURRAY HOWARD JR.
Greenville, S.C.

Dear Sirs:

Isolation breeds fear, distorted ideas and hostility on both sides, and the resultant misunderstandings will cause problems where none should exist.

DANIEL BLOOM
New Rochelle, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

The infantrymen anonymously referred to in your article were from the 1st Battle Group, 20th Infantry, who dis-

Wright (right).

played exceptional fortitude, outstanding self-control and complete professional competence in carrying out this unpleasant duty.

COL. JOHN R. WRIGHT JR., U.S.A.
Commander, 1st Battle Group, 20th Infantry
Fort Kobbe, Canal Zone

Dear Sirs:

Col. John R. Wright Jr. . . . ordered his men to don gas masks. Yet he stood behind them smoking a cigar! His arrogance is typical of the officers in our armed forces.

J. J. MCGORTH
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Who ever heard of a commissioned officer smoking a cigar while he is commanding troops on the battle line? A second lieutenant might sneak a cigarette because he didn't know any better. But a colonel—never!

LT. COL. W. RAY TABLER, A.U.S. (*Ret.*)
Hagerstown, Md.

Dear Sirs:

I quote from the article: ". . . they marched on the American Embassy. There, while an armed Marine Corps guard under strict orders not to shoot looked on helplessly, they tore down the American flag from its tall mast on the lawn, ripped it to shreds and made obscene gestures with the fragments."

Shades of Barbara Frietchie! And a Marine Corps guard standing helplessly by. What must "Howling Mad" Smith and "Chesty" Puller and all the other great marines think? Isn't the embassy American soil? God in Heaven, no wonder many people fear for the future of America when an outrage such as this gets by.

H. HAYES LANDON
Longmeadow, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

What we need is officials with backbone, not wishbone.

M. V. BOYDSTUN
Preston, Miss.

Dear Sirs:

Our present difficulties in Panama are but normal consequences of the highly discreditable maneuvers that led to the establishment of the "independence" of Panama. Our President at that time [Theodore Roosevelt], while he possessed some quite admirable qualities, had absorbed too many of Kipling's notions in regard to "lesser breeds without the Law," and in this case he acted upon them.

We are now finding in Panama that national chickens do indeed have a way of coming home to roost.

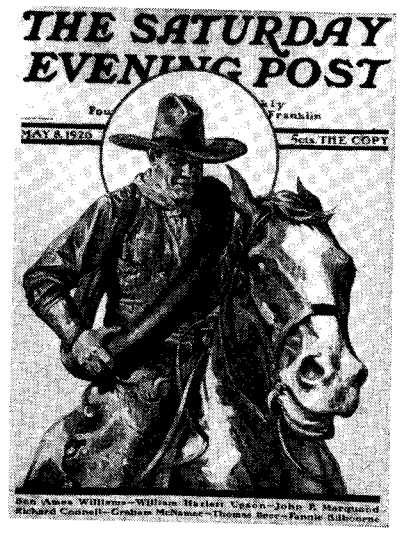
O. L. HAUGHT
Littleton, W.Va.

Companion in the Bush

Dear Sirs:

While prospecting for gold in the Ogilvie Range, one of our party wandered quite a distance from the camp. After searching for him for several hours, imagine our surprise when at long last we stumbled across an old prospector's log cabin and inside, deeply engrossed in the May 8, 1926, issue of your wonderful magazine, our missing partner. He was enjoying it so much he hadn't heard our shouts until we burst into the cabin.

Ourselves being regular readers of *The Saturday Evening Post*, we find it a



great companion in the bush. We all enjoyed the stories and articles in that old edition and are glad to say they are of the same high standard as the editions of today.

JIM PURCELL
JOHN OLSON
A. DODMAN
Fort Smith, Northwest Territories

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Reading across pages, then down:

6–U.S. Army. • 19–Ollie Atkins. • 20–Larry Barbier, Jr., from Globe. • 21–Penguin; Pictorial Parade; Wide World; United Press International; Penguin; Culver; N.B.C.; from Helen Ferguson. • 22, 23–Bob Lavin. • 24–Yousuf Karsh. • 26, 27–Ken Riley. 28, 29–Eugene Kammerman. • 30–Morgan Kane. • 31–Two by Gus Pasquarella; two from Wide World; United Press International. • 32–Sid Avery; two anonymous; Jacob Lofman; Jack Fields. • 33–U.S. Army; John Bickel; anonymous. • 34–Sovfoto. 35–Robert Jones. • 36, 37–John Bickel. • 38, 39–Austin Briggs. • 43–Two by Ollie Atkins; Finbar Kenny from J & H Stolow, Inc.; anonymous; Ollie Atkins; Finbar Kenny from J & H Stolow, Inc. • 45–Stan Galli. • 99–Eugene Kammerman. • 136–John Bickel; Huntington Cairns; Gus Pasquarella; James R. Bingham.

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The luxury of Crane

lovely to look at...
easy to live with

Some part of each day belongs exclusively to you. Time to erase care. Rejuvenate. Time to appreciate the beauty around you. Crane long ago recognized its responsibility for beauty. All Crane fixtures have the styling magic of Henry Dreyfuss. Crane colors are soft. Crane surfaces have the unmistakable luster of fine china. Elegant? Yes—and practical. Easy-to-care-for shapes. Finishes that shrug care and wear. This is Crane's kind of luxury. Lasting—*and* practical.

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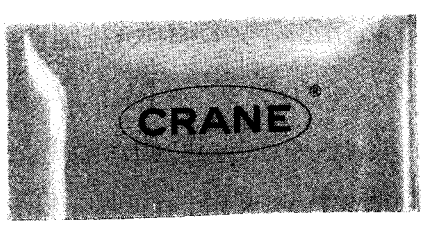

a name you'll be proud to live with

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The era of *silent* home movies ended Monday, May 23rd.

THE DREAM of a home movie camera with sound is not new. Yet there were none—until the Fairchild Cinephonic. At last you can capture the *entire* picture—the actions and the sounds! Voices, laughter, music, noises. These didn't *make* a movie before. Now they do. Scenes take on incredible realism and beauty, when your camera hears all it sees. The really amazing

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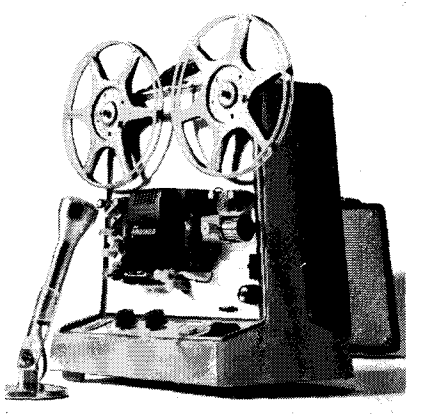
thing is that it takes no extra effort to make sound movies. The Cinephonic handles like any silent camera. Simply follow the action. The camera does the rest. Picture and sound are *automatically* synchronized—on the film! The recording mechanism and battery power are both *inside* the camera. There are no bulky attachments, no outlets required. You move as freely, shoot as freely as ever. Even hand winding is eliminated.

CINEPHONIC CAMERA: *8mm, electronic sound synchronization, omni-directional microphone, volume control, headphone "monitor," rechargeable permanent battery, power drive (no winding), 100' film capacity, 3-lens turret. With 13mm Cinphar f/1.8 lens,* **$249**
Cinephonic Sound Film: 50 ft. double-8mm rolls (100 ft.) fine grain color, $7.50

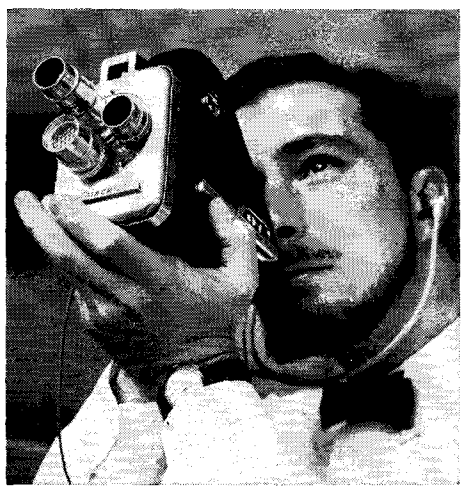
All the sounds are picked up by a small, sensitive microphone. You can "plant" it in the scene, wear it round your neck, or tuck it in your shirt pocket. Sounds are recorded directly on the film—as faithfully as the action. Cinephonic sound film is edged with a permanent magnetic recording stripe. It is the equal of the finest color film you have ever used.

The Cinephonic *projector* is no less revolutionary than the camera. It plays back your new *sound* films with all the charm and warmth, all the drama, all the realism of sound. This remarkable projector can even add sound to your old *silent* films.

Be among the first to see—and hear—the wonders of home movies with sound. (Careful, though! You'll never be satisfied with pantomimes again.)



CINEPHONIC PROJECTOR: *shows sound and silent 8mm films. Adds sound to silent films. Removes sound, adds sound over sound. Self-contained in carrying case, with separate speaker which can be placed beneath screen. Complete with mike,* **$259**



THE CAMERA THAT HEARS ALL IT SEES

Any of the Fairchild dealers listed at the right will gladly demonstrate. And ask for your free copy of the fascinating new booklet, "At Last! Home Movies with Sound" or write Fairchild, Box 609, Dept. B, Yonkers, N.Y.

Hearing is believing!

Any of these exclusive Fairchild dealers will gladly demonstrate

AKRON . . . . . THE M. O'NEIL CO.
. . . . . POLSKY'S
ALBANY . . . . . BERN'S
ALBUQUERQUE . . . . . FEDWAY
ATLANTA . . . . . DAVISON-PAXON
Downtown Atl'ta, Athens, Augusta, Columbus, Macon
AUSTIN . . . . . STUDER'S
BALTIMORE . . . . . *THE HECHT CO.*
. . . . . PHOTOCENTER
BEAUMONT . . . . . OSHMAN'S SPORTING GOODS
BERKELEY-EL CERRITO, CAL. . . *THE CAMERA SHOP*
BIRMINGHAM . . . . . PIZITZ
BOSTON . . . . . JORDAN MARSH
Downtown Boston, Framingham, Malden, Peabody
BUFFALO . . . . . SATTLERS
CANTON . . . . . 30TH ST. CAMERA STORE
CHARLOTTE, N. C. . . . . BELK'S
. . . . . HOLLY SMITH
CHARLESTON, W. VA. . . MERRILL PHOTO SUPPLY
CHATTANOOGA . . . . . CAMERA AND CRAFT
. . . . . LOVEMAN'S
CHICAGO . . . . . GENERAL CAMERA
Merchandise Mart, N. Cicero Ave., N. Western Ave.
CINCINNATI . . . . . SHILLITO'S
. . . . . EASTERN HILLS CAMERA
CLEVELAND . . . . . MAY CO.
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WILMINGTON, DEL. . . . . JOHN WANAMAKER
YOUNGSTOWN . . . . . KING'S
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FAIRCHILD CINEPHONIC®

the world's only home movie camera with sound

Fairchild Camera and Instrument Corporation / Leaders in Precision Cameras for Science, Industry and Defense

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Editorials

How Much Is Too Much for a Lifesaving Drug?

Senator Kefauver's investigation of the ethical drug business has produced a variety of charges and day-to-day sensations. In spite of it all, the impression is general that, by and large, the drug manufacturers have carried out their difficult assignment with considerable credit. The assignment is to supply the American people with an adequate amount of drugs which, through chemical and biological research, are constantly being improved, made obsolete or adapted to new uses. Incidentally, "ethical drugs" are in general those which are prescribed by physicians and are not to be confused with "proprietary" medicines.

The Kefauver probe has concentrated mainly on two issues: (1) the allegedly exorbitant profits from the sale of certain isolated drugs and (2) the highly competitive methods employed to push supposedly "unneeded" products into the medicine kits of American physicians.

In the matter of cost the committee staff produced statistics to show, for example, that one important antibiotic pill which cost 1.6 cents to make was sold to druggists for 17.9 cents a pill. The catch apparently is in how you figure the cost of making a pill. Add together a bit of flour, a drop of snake oil, a tiny scoop of gum arabic or what have you, and a pill is hardly worth more than 1.6 cents. But years of research and testing—including considerable effort that never reaches the pill stage at all—must be taken into account. So, of course, must the cost of doing business, including advertising and promotion.

Advertising and promotion seem to make the investigators almost as angry as the prices. Several experts testified that doctors are bedeviled by pill salesmen who invade their offices, dump useless medicines on them and resort to the lowest form of pitchmanship to persuade the supposedly helpless physician to prescribe the nostrums they are attempting to sell. It is true that drug manufacturers distribute samples of new drugs, with directions for their use, and send out "detail men" to meet doctors and explain to them the merits of their wonder potions. After all, the drug business is highly competitive, and ours is a competitive economy.

Undoubtedly some houses really give it the gun in pushing their wares, but the industry insists that none of this occurs until the drug in question has been tested, and approved by the relevant public and scientific authorities. If enforcement of the Pure Food and Drug Act has been hampered by insufficient funds, that is a defect which could be remedied by Congress.

If the drug companies are making too much money, the place to prove it is in their financial balance sheets and not from a figure supposed to indicate the profit on an isolated pill. The figures for the drug industry show a profit pattern not very different from that of American industry as a whole. Some companies do well; others not so well. If the industry could not make a reasonable profit, we should have no drug industry capable of meeting the demands of modern medicine.

Are drugs too expensive? Of course, in the early stages of development many of them cost more than we like to pay. On the other hand, the long-term pattern has been a decline in price. In 1943 penicillin sold for twenty dollars for 100,000 units by injection. In 1956 the price was twenty cents for 100,000 units in tablet form. Cortisone has dropped 90 per cent since 1950, and the price of streptomycin declined 40 per cent in less than a year. This is bound to be the story for many of the presently costly drugs, provided the competitive process goes on working.

Children of Migrant Workers Pose a Problem for Schools

From your car or bus or train, as you move through one or another part of the country, you may sometimes see men and women and even children working in the fields. These may be among our vast number of migratory farm workers. They are absolutely needed for the heavy seasonal demands of agriculture. But they are now a problem.

First of all, what about the children? It is reckoned that there are 500,000 adult migratory workers and 100,000 children. Not only do many of the children work in the fields at an early age, but the great majority get very little schooling. Suppose a child is in school for three weeks in one place, and then the family moves on to work in another state. How can children's studies in one state be co-ordinated with their studies elsewhere?

As for the adults, they generally have a hard life. Secretary of Labor Mitchell calls them the "excluded Americans." Their annual earnings are low, and housing and sanitary conditions are often unpleasant. The Federal and state governments give financial protection of different kinds to most workers, but the migrants nearly everywhere are left out in the cold. They are frequently barred from a community's health and school facilities.

Their employers are often called exploiters. This sweeping charge is unfair. Nobody with a knowledge of human nature will be astonished to hear that some growers are indifferent to the welfare of the migrants. But Sen. Harrison A. Williams of New Jersey, chairman of the Subcommittee on Migratory Labor, finds "encouraging efforts by some growers to provide good housing despite slim profit margins."

Seasonal farm workers are to be found in all our states. In some they are few; West Virginia has only 130. But sixteen states have more than 10,000 each. Texas has 95,000, California 60,000, Michigan 46,000, New York 28,000.

Gov. David L. Lawrence of Pennsylvania has told the Senate subcommittee that migrants pick one fourth of his state's fruits and vegetables. He urges Federal laws to protect them, arguing that a state cannot be expected to raise its farmers' costs higher than those in other states. Senator Williams proposes to begin with a "modest program." States and localities, he says, cannot "absorb large numbers of migrant children into their existing educational systems for relatively brief periods of the year." He urges that the Federal Government "provide matching funds to help defray the added expense" during the regular school session.

The whole matter is very complex, and there are practical barriers. What is most needed now is that the country recognize the existence of the problem.

Some Youthful Drivers Owe Bad Habits to Their Dads

It is probable that most American fathers and sons today have a "closer" relationship than has ever existed anywhere else in the world. It is especially saddening, therefore, that in our automotive age so many American fathers frequently teach their sons bad and often disastrous driving habits. The theory that the "driving sins of the fathers are visited on the children"—or, more accurately, on the children's victims—is well developed in a recent issue of *Columbia*, the Knights of Columbus magazine.

Under the title, WHO TAUGHT YOUR SON TO DRIVE?, Betty M. Devaney puts it right up to the man of the house in her first paragraph: "You say he learned at school? Driver's Education class? If your boy is one of those who has caused insurance rates to skyrocket, chances are the blame lies right at your feet, dad. Because, whether you know it or not, you taught your son to drive long before he was old enough to apply for his license."

In a "Do you remember the time?" series, the *Columbia* article asks about the time you were late and peeled out of the driveway while the little guy waved admiringly from the window; the time he heard you laugh about the ticket you got for speeding; the time you got back from the New Year's party all right, but couldn't remember putting the car in the garage, and your boy overheard you tell about it; the time you showed him the new car would really do eighty-five, and he said, "Boy, dad, this is keen!"

A great many good, respectable American fathers can remember times like these. The trouble is, the kids remember them too.

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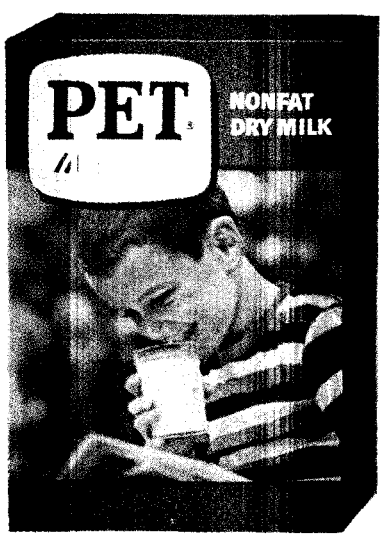
What are growing boys made of? A pocketful of surprises. Curiosity without end, adventure in a world of his own. Man-at-work in perpetual motion... building the strong, straight body he needs with the extra milk nourishment of PET Instant. More protein, more minerals in this modern milk without fat... more, even, than in fresh whole milk. All this, for less than half the cost. What better reason to make it your kind of milk...PET Instant!



1883 - 1960 PET 75

Look for PET Instant in the new picture package

"PET"—Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Copr., 1960, Pet Milk Co.

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Winner of the 1960 International Fashion Council Award for Outstanding Design

Wide-Track opens a whole new school of thought on driving

(A fine example is this Bonneville Sports Coupe)

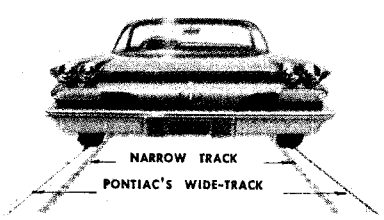
Welcome to the Wide-Track way to drive.

The keynote is control. The principle is balance. The car is Pontiac. And the enthusiastic members of this new school of thought on driving are all those who have tried Wide-Track Wheels.

Enter a Pontiac with an open mind and see what happens. You notice an instant feeling of command as soon as you are in motion. Your driving takes on flawless technique. You stop, go, turn, park and cruise with the feeling you're sitting in the lap of gravity.

Discover this new school soon. One of our fine dealers will give you the membership key.

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



Wide-Track widens the stance, not the car. With the widest track of any car, Pontiac gives you better stability, accurate control, less lean and sway.

PONTIAC THE ONLY CAR WITH WIDE-TRACK WHEELS

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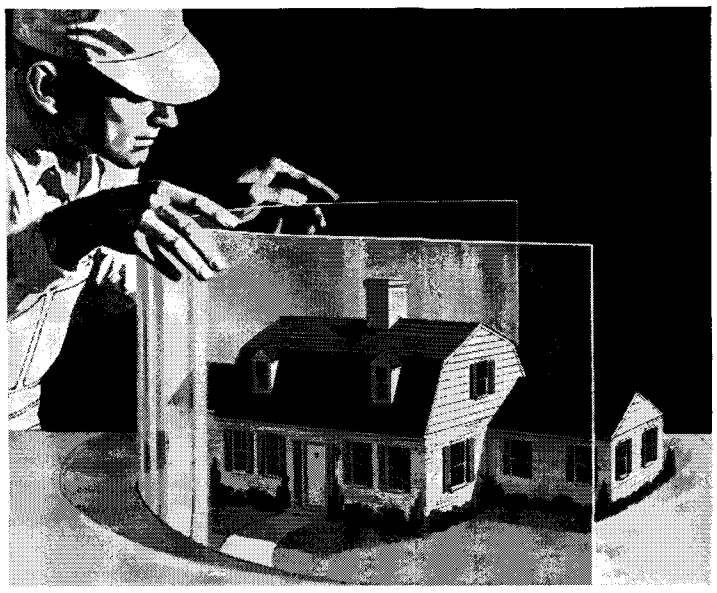
So Easy to Apply...So Sure to Last... Du Pont's New LUCITE® House Paint



"Lucite" Makes the Difference, and Only Du Pont Makes "Lucite". Hard, satin-smooth surface of "Lucite" forms a protective shield against dirt, grime and destructive weather, over wood, stucco or masonry.

Outstanding Durability, Easy Application, Superior Blister Resistance Can Give Your Home Extra Years of Beauty and Protection

Wilmington, Del.—Du Pont announces a new house paint that can save homeowners hundreds of dollars and make it necessary to paint your house only once a decade.

Called "Lucite" Acrylic House Paint, it is made with acrylic resin, similar to the acrylic resin used so successfully in the longer lasting "Lucite" auto finishes.

Tested for Years

Du Pont research chemists have tested it for years in all kinds of weather, in all parts of the country. These tests proved that, when applied to properly prepared wood or masonry surfaces, "Lucite" will last 50% longer than conventional house paint and also provide excellent resistance to moisture blistering.

To gain these maximum benefits of extra durability and blister-resistance, you should start your painting from a bare wood surface—either new wood or old wood from which the previous coats of paint have been completely removed. Such bare wood surfaces should first be primed with the specially formulated Du Pont Blister-Resistant Primer, followed by 2 coats of "Lucite" Acrylic House Paint.

Performance over previously painted surfaces will be determined largely by the condition of the old paint. It is not possible to assure freedom from blistering, cracking, flaking or peeling unless the old finish is completely removed. If the old finish is definitely firmly adhering, with little or no chalking, good durability can be expected provided that you use 1 coat of Du Pont Blister-Resistant Primer, followed by 2 coats of "Lucite" House Paint.

If the old paint is in poor condition (badly eroded and blistered), it should be completely removed by burning or power sanding. Then the 50% longer life can be gained by applying 1 coat of the Blister-Resistant Primer and 2 coats of "Lucite"

Save Hundreds

When you figure the total cost of painting and repainting your house over the years, it's easy to see how you can save hundreds of dollars by using this new paint system. Chances are you'll never have to repeat the priming coat again. And you'll pay just a few extra dollars for *all* the "Lucite" House Paint you'll need. Most dealers sell it for only about a dollar more per gallon than fine-quality, conventional house paint.

Paint Blistering Problem Now 90% Solved by Du Pont "Lucite" House Paint Over New Primer

Blistering, long the homeowners' biggest headache, now gives way to the chemical research that created Du Pont "Lucite" Acrylic House Paint. Used over new Du Pont Blister-Resistant Primer, on new wood or on old surfaces from which the paint has been removed, it resists unsightly blister damage.

Blistering is usually caused by moisture getting behind the paint film—from the shower bath, the laundry and structural defects. Ordinary paint on the outside of a house forms a film that moisture can't get through. This moisture often pushes the paint away from the wood and causes the paint to blister.

This new Du Pont paint system helps to prevent blistering 2 ways:

1. The new primer penetrates deeply and adheres to the surface exceptionally well.
2. "Lucite" is porous enough to allow the moisture vapor inside the wood to escape without causing blisters.

If the present paint on your house is blistering, the old paint film must be completely removed and the bare wood thoroughly sanded. If this is not done, blistering is apt to recur on those sections where the old paint has not been removed.

After completing these steps, apply Blister-Resistant Primer and 1 or 2 coats of "Lucite" Acrylic House Paint. Du Pont tests indicate that this finishing system solves the blistering problem in about 90% of the cases.

When you next paint your house (or a portion of it), be sure you buy or specify "the paint that's worth the work": "Lucite" Acrylic House Paint.

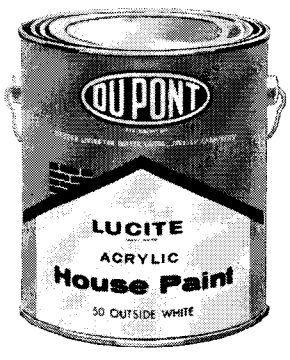
FREE BOOKLET

For free 12-page booklet, "How to Get Extra Years of Beauty from Your Next House Paint Job," see your Du Pont Paint Dealer (he's listed in the Yellow Pages) or write Du Pont Finishes Div., Dept. SL-65, Wilmington 98, Del.

"Lucite" Goes on Fast, Easy... So Simple to Clean Up... And It Dries in 30 Minutes

Never before has an exterior house paint been so easy to apply. The new "Lucite" Acrylic House Paint slips on without effort, and gives a uniform low sheen. The paint stays put . . . doesn't run or sag. No lap marks show, for it dries evenly, covers surface imperfections. If you need a thinner, just use water.

One of the big advantages of the new Du Pont "Lucite" Acrylic House Paint is its fast drying. It dries in 30 minutes and is ready for a second coat in an hour. You can apply 2 coats in 1 day. Thus you enjoy maximum savings by reducing the amount of time and money necessary to complete the job.



White and 16 smart colors.

"Lucite" Does Wonders for Stucco, Masonry

Du Pont's new "Lucite" House Paint also does wonders for stucco, cement block, brick and stone. On new, unpainted or sandblasted masonry, apply directly 2 coats of "Lucite" for 50% greater durability than ordinary masonry paints. On surfaces previously painted with oil paint that is firmly adhering, 2 coats of "Lucite" should provide similar durability. For other surface specifications, consult your Du Pont dealer or the booklet offered on this page.

"Lucite" dries to a smooth, low-sheen finish that hides surface imperfections. Its glass-like smoothness wards off dirt, grime and destructive weather. Because of its hard surface, heavy rains wash away surface dirt and grime.

BUY THE PAINT THAT'S WORTH THE WORK...THE BEAUTY LASTS

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Better Things for Better Living . . . *through Chemistry*

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New York Life Presents *the 41st in a Series of Advertisements to Help Guide Young People to a Better Future*

Should your child go into Counseling?

by C. GILBERT WRENN

Professor of Educational Psychology, University of Minnesota

as told to Donald Robinson

I REMEMBER Steve well. His teachers considered this tough sixteen-year-old one of their real problems. He was continually getting into trouble. Fighting all the time, and openly defying the school authorities.

To some people, expulsion seemed the only answer.

But to the school counselor, it was easily apparent that Steve's belligerency wasn't genuine. It was a defense for shame the youngster felt over the unsavory reputation his family had in town. His father was a notorious drinker.

Steve was persuaded to join the school debating team and the dramatic society. Soon he discovered that he could be respected for his real abilities, not merely for his scrapping. From that day on, it was a different Steve. He began to make top grades in his studies, such good grades that his teachers unanimously urged that he go on to college.

His father was asked to stop in to see me. He came in angrily, demanding, "What's wrong with Steve now?"

He couldn't believe the facts. "You mean you *like* my boy," he exclaimed. "You don't want to kick him out of school?"

Today, Steve is a competent lawyer.

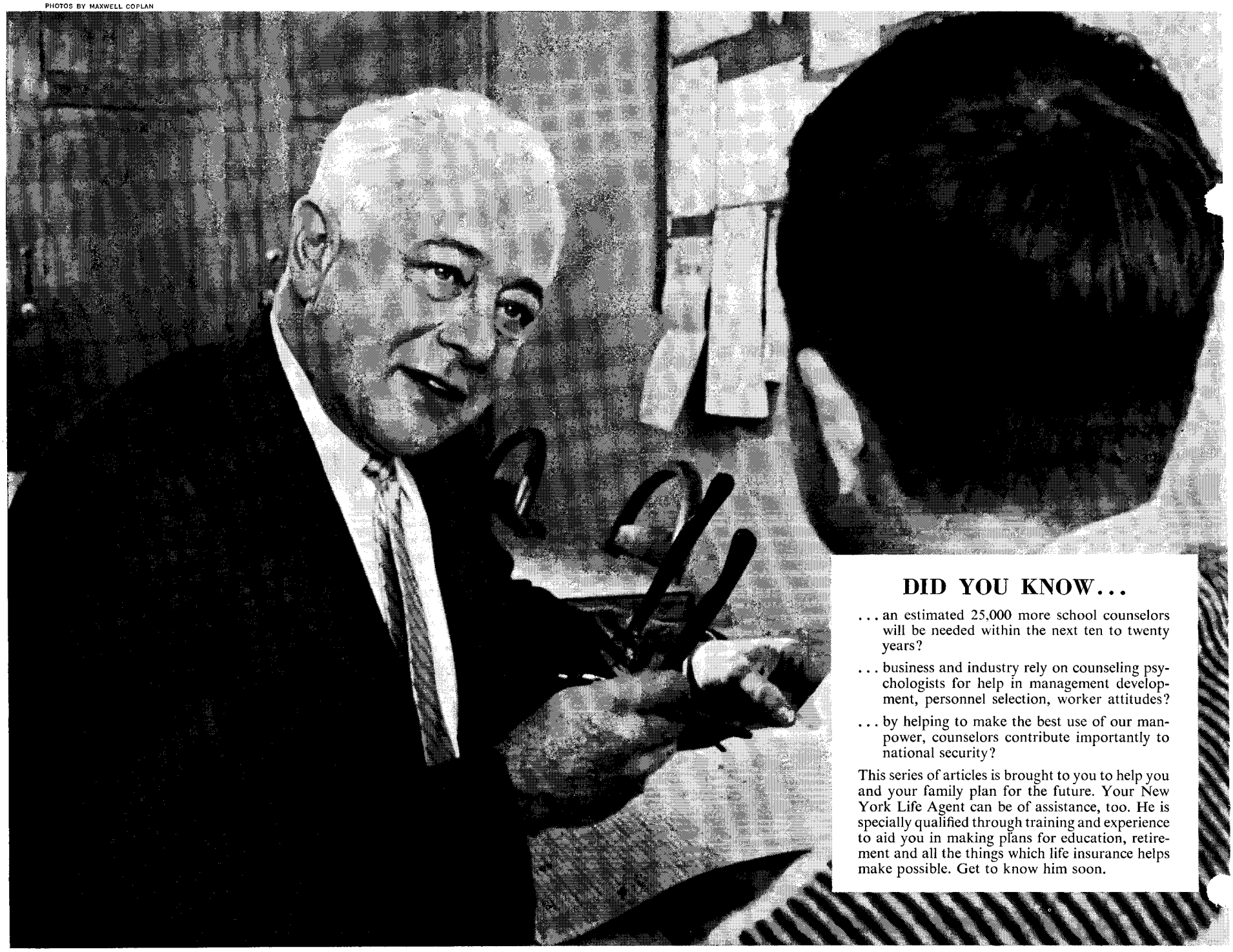
Take Bill. Here was no problem child. This sixth-grader was a near genius. Every intelligence test ranked him in the upper one-per-cent. The question simply was how best to help Bill exploit his talents.

I talked with his teachers, with the principal, with the school nurse. "What can we do to challenge Bill further?"

After careful consideration by all, it was decided to let Bill condense the seventh and eighth grades within one year. At this, he showed up even better than before, and went on to meet still more challenges successfully.

Bill is an outstanding scientist today.

PHOTOS BY MAXWELL COPLAN



DID YOU KNOW...

. . . an estimated 25,000 more school counselors will be needed within the next ten to twenty years?

. . . business and industry rely on counseling psychologists for help in management development, personnel selection, worker attitudes?

. . . by helping to make the best use of our manpower, counselors contribute importantly to national security?

This series of articles is brought to you to help you and your family plan for the future. Your New York Life Agent can be of assistance, too. He is specially qualified through training and experience to aid you in making plans for education, retirement and all the things which life insurance helps make possible. Get to know him soon.

School counselors in secondary and elementary schools help each student understand more of himself and his abilities, and encourage him to plan for the future.

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A Rewarding Career

Helping people to make the most of their potentialities —that is the function of the counselor. A very rewarding function it is. I know of few other professions which give their practitioners such a sense of purpose.

The wife of a young man I was able to bolster put it to me very neatly and pleasantly.

"You counselors help people to make better use of themselves."

Certainly we try to.

Furthermore, I know of few other professions that are as important as counseling. The United States is now engaged in a desperate struggle for survival against the unscrupulous forces of Russian and Chinese communism. In this struggle we are enormously outnumbered. Only by making the greatest possible use of our limited manpower can we hope to survive. Counselors help us to do it.

Most important, counselors help us to do this in a democratic fashion. Through their assistance, people learn how best to exercise their inalienable "freedom of choice" in picking a career.

The American Personnel and Guidance Association issued a wise pronouncement in this regard.

"The present waste of human resources," it said, "must be alleviated. It can be. This nation has an obligation to assure the maximum growth of all individuals, both for their own satisfaction and for the benefit of all society. With guidance, our youth can make their choices in freedom, and they can meet the human resources shortages in all areas of our democratic life."

Many Abilities Needed

Counseling contributes to human welfare in many ways. It helps people to know their personality assets, their interests and their values. It shows them what the right education can mean to them, economically and culturally. It informs them about the complex, rapidly changing career picture. It helps them to see themselves as members of society.

As you can imagine, a counselor must be very well versed in a number of life areas. He must be a specialist in human relations. He must know the world of education. He must know the job market. He must be well informed in developmental psychology. He must be skilled in psychological measurements.

School Counseling

There are counselors today in schools and colleges, rehabilitation agencies, hospitals, and industry. The largest group is composed of the counselors in secondary and elementary schools. In 1960, those working half-time or more in school counseling total between 20,000 and 25,000.

Generally speaking, the school counselor's role is to sit down with a student and *listen* to him, discuss his current problems, help him by tests and other means to learn his long suits and to understand more of himself. A counselor encourages each student to engage in long-range life planning, assists him to set his immediate goals and counsels him on how to achieve them.

Many people think school counselors deal chiefly with troublemakers.

That's not so. School counselors spend most of their hours accenting the positive—helping students who are not in trouble but who are only living up to a fraction of their capacity.

The average school counselor also helps children with learning handicaps to surmount them. He lends his understanding to students who have personal and social anxieties. He helps the faculty to perceive the effects of the school program on the children.

As a friend of mine remarked, "One thing you can always be sure of if you're a school counselor: you'll have loads to do and much of it will be fascinating."

A master's degree or one year's graduate work in psychology, sociology and education, plus teaching experience, are usually required in order to be a school counselor. Salaries range from $4,000 to $9,000 or $10,000. Administrators of large counseling programs may get more.

Other Fields of Counseling

A second big group in the field consists of counselors in colleges and universities, and their work is equally fascinating. They help students on their problems of vocational choice, educational planning, social adjustment, and, especially, understanding themselves.

At least 2,000 counselors are at the college level. To get there, a doctorate is desirable. Salaries range from $4,000 or $5,000 to $12,000 and higher.

The third group comprises vocational rehabilitation counselors. They work with people who have physical, mental or emotional disabilities. They help them to choose, prepare for, and attain the vocation for which they are most suited.

It can be very dramatic. The counselor who worked with twenty-six-year-old Frank Mansfield down in New Orleans will bear witness to that.

Frank was in a terrible automobile accident which left him permanently paralyzed from the hips down. He could no longer follow his trade of a plumber, so it looked as though he'd be a charity case forever.

He was black with despondency. "Let me die," he begged the doctors.

Then a counselor helped him to learn bookkeeping. And helped him to secure a job in a factory. Now, Frank is earning $100 a week, has his own apartment, even drives his own automobile (with manual controls).

He is one of the happiest men in America. So is his counselor.

Most of these vocational rehabilitation counselors—there are about 2,500—work for federal and state agencies. Others are employed in social agencies, and rehabilitation centers and hospitals. A master's degree is commonly required to qualify. Pay ranges from $4,000 to $7,000.

The fourth group takes in counseling psychologists who work with adults in hospitals or in private practice. Most of them are employed in Veterans Administration hospitals and guidance centers to provide vocational counsel for veterans. In all, there are about 500 veterans counselors, almost all with doctoral degrees, and they earn from $7,000 to $14,000.

The fifth group embraces the counseling psychologists in business and industry, several hundred in number. They work on management and personal development, personnel selection, worker attitudes, and other personnel matters. Sometimes they are employed directly by a company; other times they act as outside consultants. Virtually all have their Ph.D.s and they earn anywhere from $8,000 to $15,000, and up.

Marriage counseling and pastoral counseling are two other rapidly developing but highly specialized fields.

A Fast-Growing Profession

Every one of these fields is wide open insofar as job possibilities are concerned. Spurred by the National Defense Education Act of 1958, schools all over the country are launching counseling programs and expanding the programs they already have in operation. It is estimated that 25,000 new school counselors will be employed within the next ten to twenty years. Thousands more counselors will be needed in the other areas of work.

This minute we have hundreds of vacant positions, begging for qualified persons to come along and fill them. Both men and women are welcome.

Vocational rehabilitation counselors, like this woman, help the disabled find suitable vocations.

It is true that few counselors acquire wealth. It is true that the work is emotionally and, often, physically exhausting. That some of your students and other clients may be incredibly defensive and exasperating. That you face many frustrations in sensing your own inadequacies and in the lack of comprehension upon the part of others.

Yet the rewards to the profession are many. And wonderful. You do constructive work with human lives and many times you can see tangible results. Most of your clients have respect and warm affection for you, and some take pains to let you know it. The duties are always interesting, always varied—as interesting and varied as people are. The hours are as reasonable as you care to make them, the working conditions good, and in institutional service there are extra benefits like pensions and health protection plans. You enjoy stature in your community as a specialist.

If you have a son or a daughter thinking about a career in counseling, I'd look to see if he (or she) really likes people and likes them as individuals. That is an imperative, for a counselor must accept people as they are. He should have oceans of patience and be able to control his temper. He should be emotionally stable; every counselor has to have the inner strength to handle his own aggressions and fears if he is to help his clients to live with theirs.

He should be an intellectual youngster. He will be learning from books and people the rest of his life.

This above all. He must be sensitive to truth, to beauty, to the vast order of nature. Perhaps this must go even deeper than sensitivity, must involve a *relationship* with a God of truth—and of love, of mercy, of justice. For what the counselor attempts, in all humility, is truly God-like. He attempts to assist in the growth of a human personality.

A great educator once said that a counselor "is a person with a sense of immortality, for to leave a vestige of oneself in the development of another is a touch of immortality. Through this we find an impelling and sufficient reason for living. Through this we live far beyond our span of years."

Booklets Available on Many Careers

This article is available in booklet form without charge. Also available are a list of similar articles on forty other careers, which you may send for, and the helpful, informative booklet, "Planning a College Education." We'll be glad to send you any or all of these on request. Just drop a postcard to:

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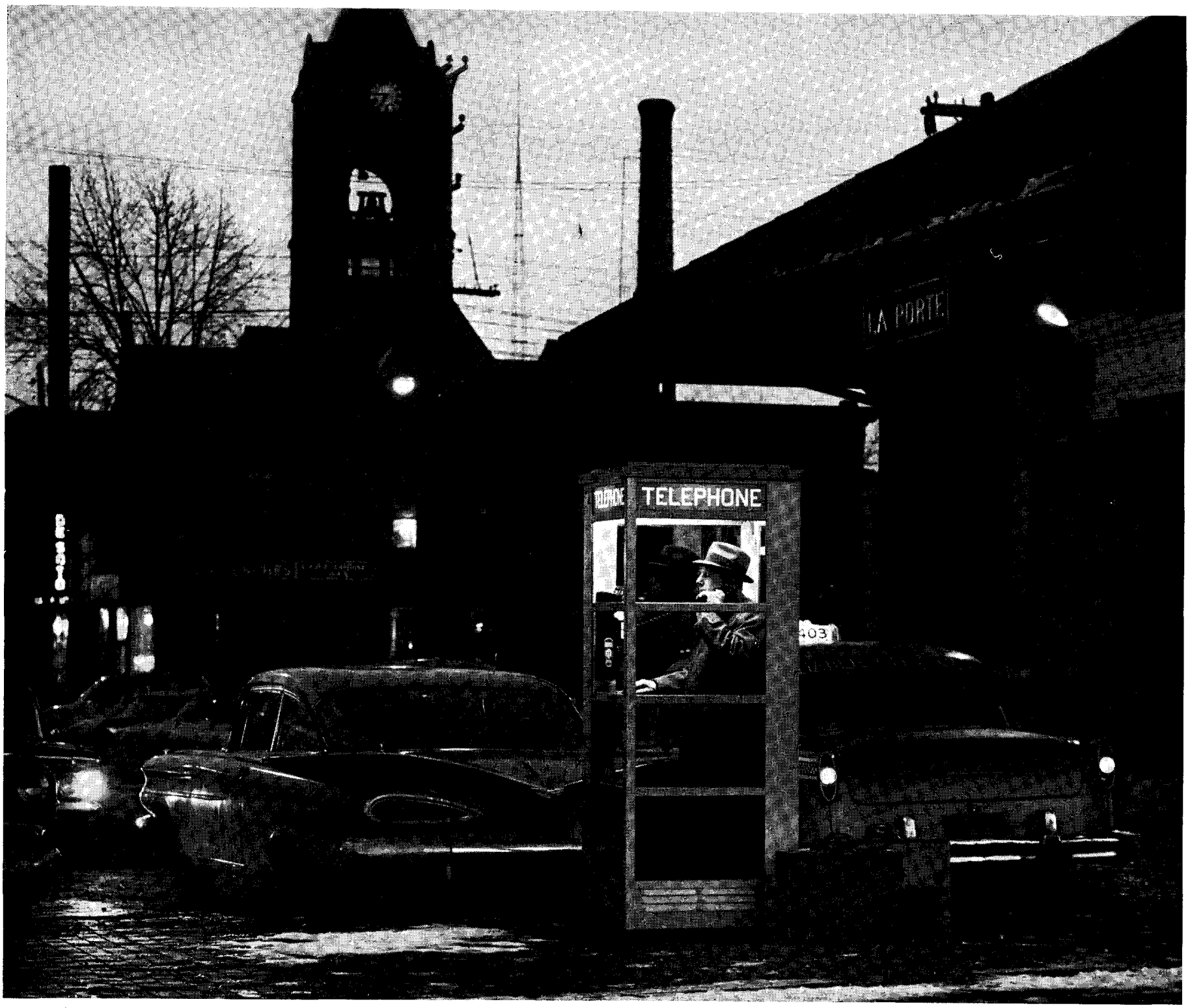
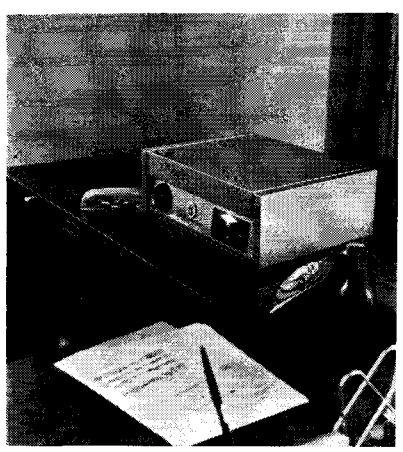


The courthouse tower hasn't changed in 70 years, but telephone service has kept well ahead of demand in the home town of dial telephony.

"Hello Central" said goodbye here



Business on a 24-hour-a-day basis—one of many new aids provided by independent telephone companies throughout America is this automatic telephone answering device. It records the calls which come in while you're out, plays them back when you return.

In 1892, an *Independent* telephone company installed the nation's first automatic telephone exchange at LaPorte, Indiana. Keeping pace through the years, this home town for the dial system enjoys facilities today as modern as any in America.

It was the afternoon of November 3, 1892. At LaPorte's railroad station, a brass band greeting awaited 70 distinguished visitors.

Their mission: a public demonstration of the first automatic telephone exchange for which the *independently* owned and managed LaPorte Telephone Company was providing the stage.

Success marked the event, and attention quickly centered on the invention which enabled a mere curiosity to become the world's principal means of communication.

There were few subscribers of record in LaPorte at the time, only 297 by 1900. But today, 12,000 ringing telephones echo the bustling business activity of this city within an hour's drive of Chicago.

LaPorte is representative of the 11,000 growing communities served by more than 3,600 Independents. They range in size from companies with a few hundred customers to those serving hundreds of thousands. They're adding another $1,000,000 a day to their $3,500,000,000 worth of facilities . . . to help you reach *all* America.

For a revealing picture of this vital, vigorous industry, write today for "An American Story," Dept. 55, *U. S. Independent Telephone Association, Pennsylvania Building, Washington 4, D. C.*

INDEPENDENT

INDEPENDENT TELEPHONE COMPANIES ARE INVESTING IN YOUR FUTURE—THROUGH BETTER COMMUNICATIONS

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Now really big for big scrapes and cuts. (Big, soft absorbent pad equals 3 or more regular-size pads.)

Aerated . . . hundreds and hundreds of tiny vents let skin "breathe" for faster healing . . . easy removal.

Super-Stick. Won't loosen in water.

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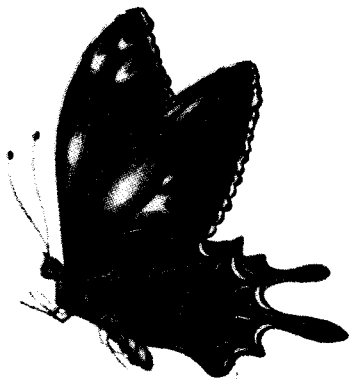

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CARRIER 12-MONTH HOME AIR CONDITIONING

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But true air conditioning is a great deal more than 4-month or 5-month relief from heat. It is complete control of temperature, humidity and air purity every season of the year.

Now Carrier 12-Month Home Air Conditioning brings all the benefits of true air conditioning to your home—and for the first time. This new kind of central air conditioning introduces humidity control in the winter as well as in the summer; and filtration that banishes household odors, constantly filters dust and dirt from the air.

These are just a few of the many benefits of Carrier 12-Month Home Air Conditioning that now bring more comfort and better health for you and your family. Read about them all below. Then call the Carrier dealer listed in the Yellow Pages. He has this wonderful new experience in living waiting for you. Carrier Corporation, Syracuse, New York.

12-Month Air Purification
Pollen, dust and many other harmful elements are continuously removed from household air by a new and revolutionary air purifier.

12-Month Cleanliness
A unique filter, self-cleaning to maintain its high efficiency, keeps home cleaner. Furnishings stay fresher. There's less need to dust.

12-Month Odor Removal
Cooking and household odors are whisked away. Even air that's heavy with pipe, cigar and cigarette odor is fresh again in minutes.

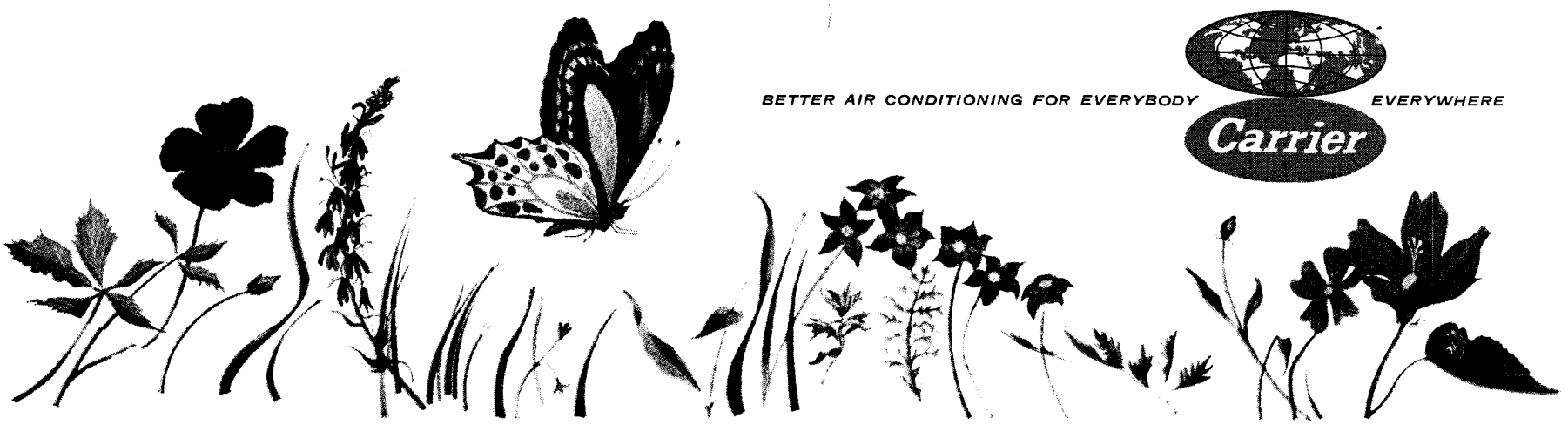
12-Month Humidity Control
In winter, moisture is fed into bone-dry air that irritates nasal passages. In summer, it is removed from uncomfortably humid air.

12-Month Temperature Control
The house is snug and warm in winter, delightfully cool in hot weather, and just right during the seasons in between—automatically.

12-Month Circulation
Warmth or coolness is evenly and quietly diffused throughout the house. There is no stagnation, no stratification. Air stays fresh.

12-Month Ventilation
Drafts from open windows are no longer a problem. Dust, dirt, insects, driving rains and outside noises are kept outside your home.

12-Month Climate Control
Your Carrier Climate Center on the wall makes you master of all the wonderful benefits that only true air conditioning can provide.



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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

Gates and his personal secretary, Peggy Stroud, in his Pentagon office. "Everyone seems to be after him from morning to night," she says.

ON THE HOTTEST SPOT IN THE PENTAGON

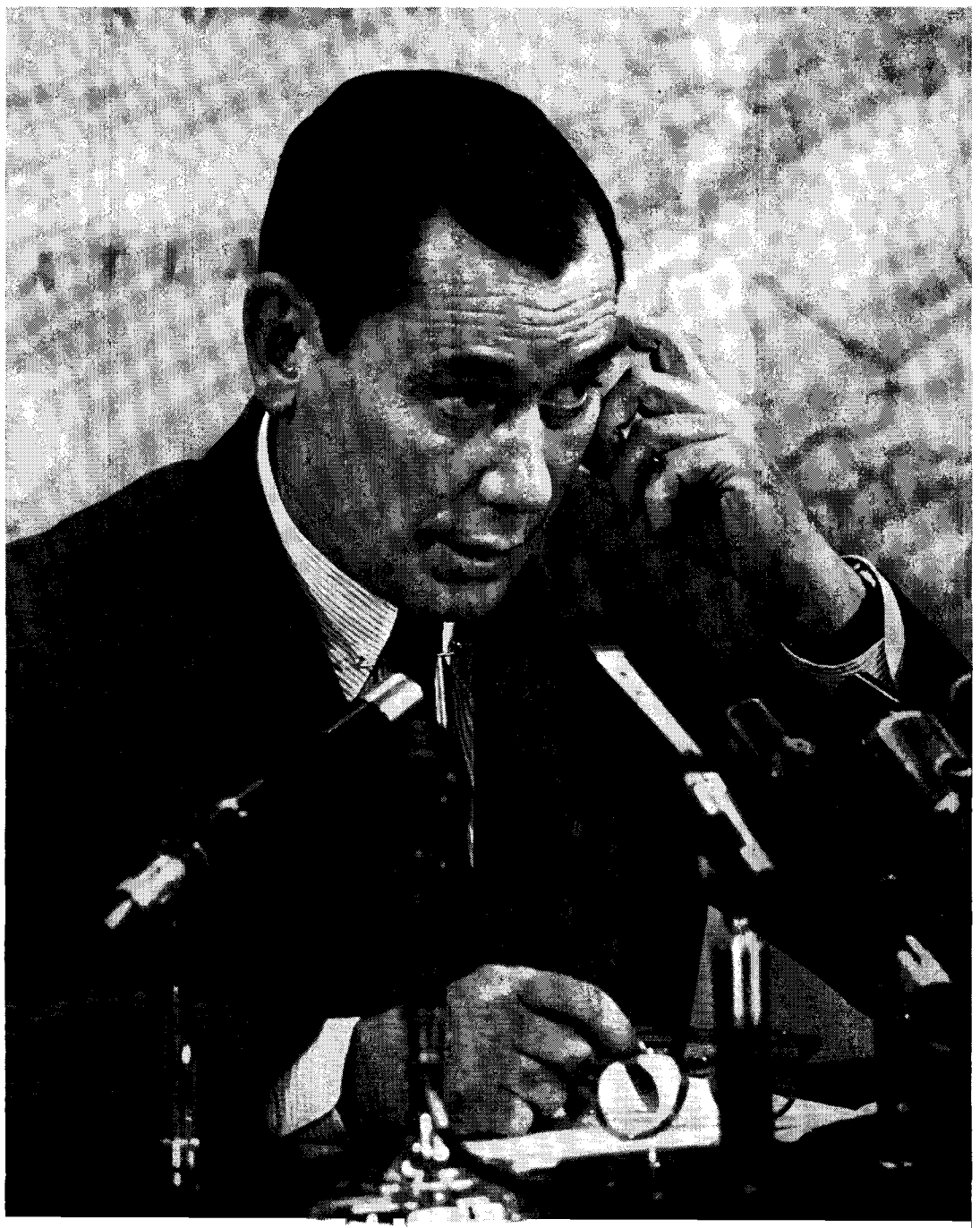
By BEVERLY SMITH Jr.
Washington Editor of *The Saturday Evening Post*

Plagued by petty controversies, major quarrels and grave national dangers, Defense Secretary Thomas S. Gates Jr. bears some of the cruelest burdens in Washington.

The task of the United States Secretary of Defense is one of the toughest and most important in the world. It has been called, not without reason, "the impossible job" and "the killer." The new secretary, Thomas S. Gates Jr., taking over this past December, embarked upon his duties at a peculiarly difficult time. He took the helm just as his vast and unwieldy department was running into a storm of controversy—or rather, a series of large storms and small squalls.

These controversies have ranged from a debate about America's ability to survive in the nuclear age to a pother about who should wash an officer's dog. Somewhere in between was the hubbub which followed discovery of an obscure Air Force manual, cautioning noncoms against alleged Communist infiltration of the National Council of Churches. This stirred up the clergy and blossomed on the front pages, adding to the burdens of the new Secretary of Defense.

Secretary Gates, of course, had never heard of manual NR. 45-0050, Increment V, Volume 7, which warned sergeants against Commie wolves in clerics' clothing. When it was called heatedly to his attention by the National Council, he was, (Continued on Page 113)



Sometimes in press conferences Gates becomes entangled in questions which he cannot fully answer without revealing top-secret information. He has suffered some public ridicule as a result.

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Indestructible Glamour Girl

At 47 Loretta Young is beautiful, wealthy, mysterious and still playing roles that most older women wouldn't have the nerve to attempt.

By DEAN JENNINGS

H. Rider Haggard, the British novelist, once wrote an enchanting classic, titled *She*, about a beautiful sorceress who discovered the secret of eternal life—it was a quick bath in magic fire—and who lived a thousand years before the flame backfired and turned her to dust.

There does not seem much chance for women to stay beautiful for a thousand years nowadays, even with hormones, vitamins and other modern potions. But Miss Loretta Young of Hollywood, who was once described by a former husband, the late Grant Withers, as "a steel butterfly," and who is incongruously known to intimates as Gretch, or Gretch the Wretch, has achieved a sort of deathlessness which is quite remarkable in a business with a notoriously high professional mortality rate.

At forty-seven, an age when many actresses are playing mother roles, or are retired and nostalgically thumbing through musty scrapbooks, Loretta Young seems ageless and indestructible. In her television shows, like Haggard's mysterious heroine, she appears to be the symbol of eternal youth, playing ingénue roles few older women would have the nerve to touch.

"I work hard, I enjoy what I'm doing and my life is thoroughly regulated," she says. This deceptively simple formula is not the whole secret, of course. It does not include the wonders achieved by Norbert Brodine, her cameraman, who has been five times nominated for an Academy Award, and whose work once prompted her to exclaim, "I love to look as he makes me look on the screen."

Nor does it take into account her ruthless ambition, nor an on-stageness that is both constant and relentless. Hollywood columnist Erskine Johnson once kiddingly said Loretta puts on a hunting outfit when she sets mousetraps, but the reference is not as exaggerated as it sounds. "What fascinates me," Loretta herself says, "is other people's ideas of me. I wish I could get outside of myself and see what people see. But I can't."

Often voted the No. 1 dramatic actress on the home screens, Loretta has one Oscar, three Emmys and fifty-two other world and national awards, and is the only actress to win the Cannes Film Festival Grand Prix for a half-hour television performance. She is wealthy, thanks to the eighty-seven motion pictures in which she starred when taxes were low. She is a part owner of *The Loretta Young Show*, a lucrative source of income even apart from the $5000 a week it pays her as salary for thirty-nine weeks a year. In the industry she has been called a "giant killer" because in seven consecutive years, with a show that is admittedly damp and sudsy, she has survived competition from half a dozen big-budget shows booked into the important ten P.M. Sunday time slot opposite her program.

She recently sold 176 of her used half-hour television films for $4,000,000. They are currently being televised at the rate of five a week during the daytime under the title *The Loretta Young Theater*, and these, added to her continuing Sunday-night show, give her a weekly audience of many millions. Four of Loretta's leading men in those earlier operas have already gone on to greater glory and higher tax brackets—Craig Stevens (*Peter Gunn*), George Nader (*Ellery Queen*), Jock Mahoney (*Yancy Derringer*) and Hugh O'Brian (*Wyatt Earp*).

(Continued on Page 108)

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HER THIRTY-TWO YEARS AS AN "UNATTAINABLE IMAGE"

1928: Fifteen-year-old Loretta as the late Lon Chaney's leading lady in *Laugh, Clown, Laugh*. She had been making films since she was four, but this was her first major role.

1930: Loretta with Grant Withers, her fiancé at the time. Their impetuous marriage lasted eight months, and he later called her a "steel butterfly." He died a suicide in 1959.

1938: Loretta (right) and her sisters. Both Polly Ann (foreground) and Sally Blane (left) became featured actresses. Georgiana is now Mrs. Ricardo Montalban.

1940: Her marriage to Tom Lewis ended her nine-year fling as a Hollywood belle. The Lewises separated in 1958, but friends say that "neither will ever ask for a divorce."

1947: *The Bishop's Wife*, with Cary Grant and David Niven, was one of four films in which she costarred with her old friend, Niven. They met when he was a guest at her mother's home.

"Loretta's piety," says the author, "irritates some of her associates." Today she disapproves of the sort of costume she wore in 1930 in *Kismet*. At right, she is shown dressed for her celebrated TV role as "Sister Ann."

Her *The Loretta Young Show* has been a springboard to fame for such actors as Hugh O'Brian (now Wyatt Earp).

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Ordeal over the Channel

For every man—even the fearless—there is a breaking point.

By KEN W. PURDY

I came awake hard. It was uphill. I knew I wanted to wake up, but I didn't know why, and I didn't know where I was. I knew my neck hurt and I was rubbing it when my eyes came open and I looked around. The long tunnel of the plane's cabin was dark except for some tiny ceiling lights and a single reading lamp a good way down the aisle. I fumbled for the latch to raise the seat back, and when my hand hit the metal arm of the chair I knew what had waked me up—a hard, rapping vibration. I turned to look out of the window, but it was blocked; the man sitting on the inside had his face against the glass and the curtain pulled around his head to kill the reflections from the cabin. He came out after ten seconds or so. He had a lean, taut-looking face, a ghostly violet color in the light of the inboard exhaust.

"He's got a rough engine, hasn't he?" I said.

"That's right. Number Two," he said.

I leaned over him and looked out at it. It looked all right, which is to say nothing except that it was running and throwing a standard

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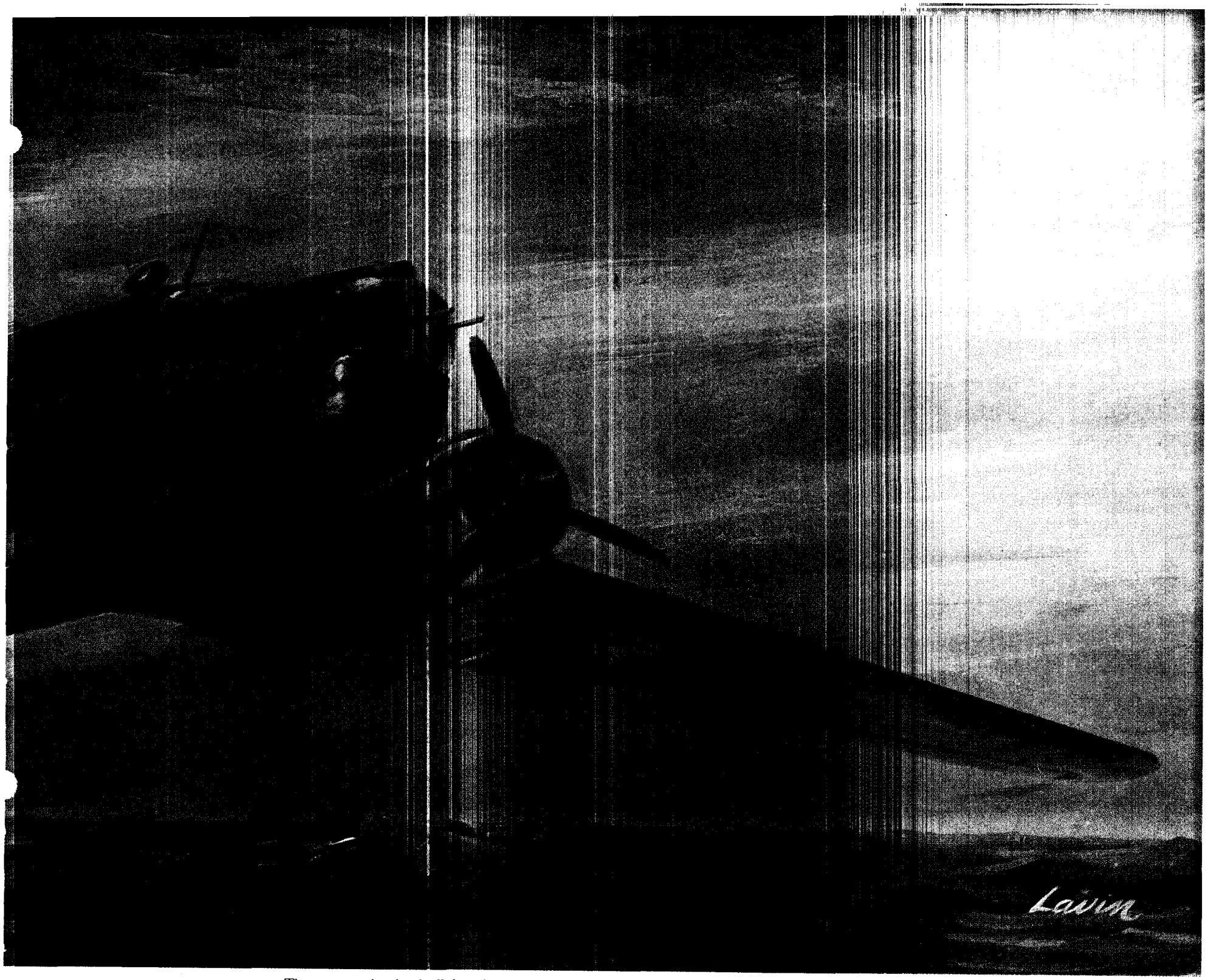

They managed to level off the crippled bomber about a hundred feet above the water.

tube of flame. Inside the cowl the collector ring glowed cherry red.

"Wonder what it is?" I said tentatively.

"Who knows?" the man said. "It could be nothing worse than a couple of plugs or a valve hung up. Trouble is, it's been getting worse. If this keeps on, he'll have to shut it down."

"When did it start?" I asked. "I took a pill just before I came aboard." I looked at my watch. I'd been asleep for six hours.

"Half an hour or so," he said. He pulled a map out of the seat pocket. He'd laid out a track on it, and it was marked off in segments. "We've got a big tail wind," he said. "We'd be about two hours out of Shannon, I should think, or a little less."

I thought about that for a minute. "Wet down there," I said.

"Wet, cold and dark," he said. "My name's Peter Daigh," he said.

I gave him my name, and we shook hands. We sat there and listened. It was getting worse, all right. I laid my hand on the metal of the seat arm and felt the vibration growing under it, bigger and bigger, rougher and rougher until it almost seemed I could see it, like watching a pound of rice boil up in a kettle. I looked around.

Nobody else seemed to be concerned. Most of the people I could see were asleep. Across the aisle a middle-aged woman yawned and looked at me owlishly and shrugged around to try to go back to sleep.

"You fly?" I said to Daigh.

"Not for fifteen years," he said. He was looking out the window again. "I flew B-17's in the war."

"You had enough, I take it," I said.

"I had enough," he said. "I came back three times with only one other man in the airplane on his feet. I ditched twice. I bailed out twice. I had enough." He leaned away from the window.

"I did Schweinfurt," he said as a kind of afterthought.

The vibration level mounted. The whole airplane was shaking with it. "Of course, we're getting all of it," I said, "sitting here on the wing root."

Daigh didn't answer. He had his hands locked together, and I noticed that his seat belt was cinched up tight, really tight, over a pillow in his lap.

"Shut it down, you meatball," he said softly, "before you shake it out of there!"

"He'll get on the horn and tell us before he does," I said.

"I doubt it," Daigh said. "Everybody's asleep."

We sat there, and the airplane bored on through the black sky. I told myself it didn't matter. Let him shut it down. The thing would fly with two of the four shut down, even with two on one side shut down. Let him shut it down, I told myself. Let him do what he likes with it. It's his airplane, I'm just flying on a ticket like the rest of these peasants.

Daigh knew it was happening before I did. "Here he goes," he said. The No. 2 came down slowly, the three others came booming up; and as we watched, (Continued on Page 60)

Illustrated by Robert Lavin

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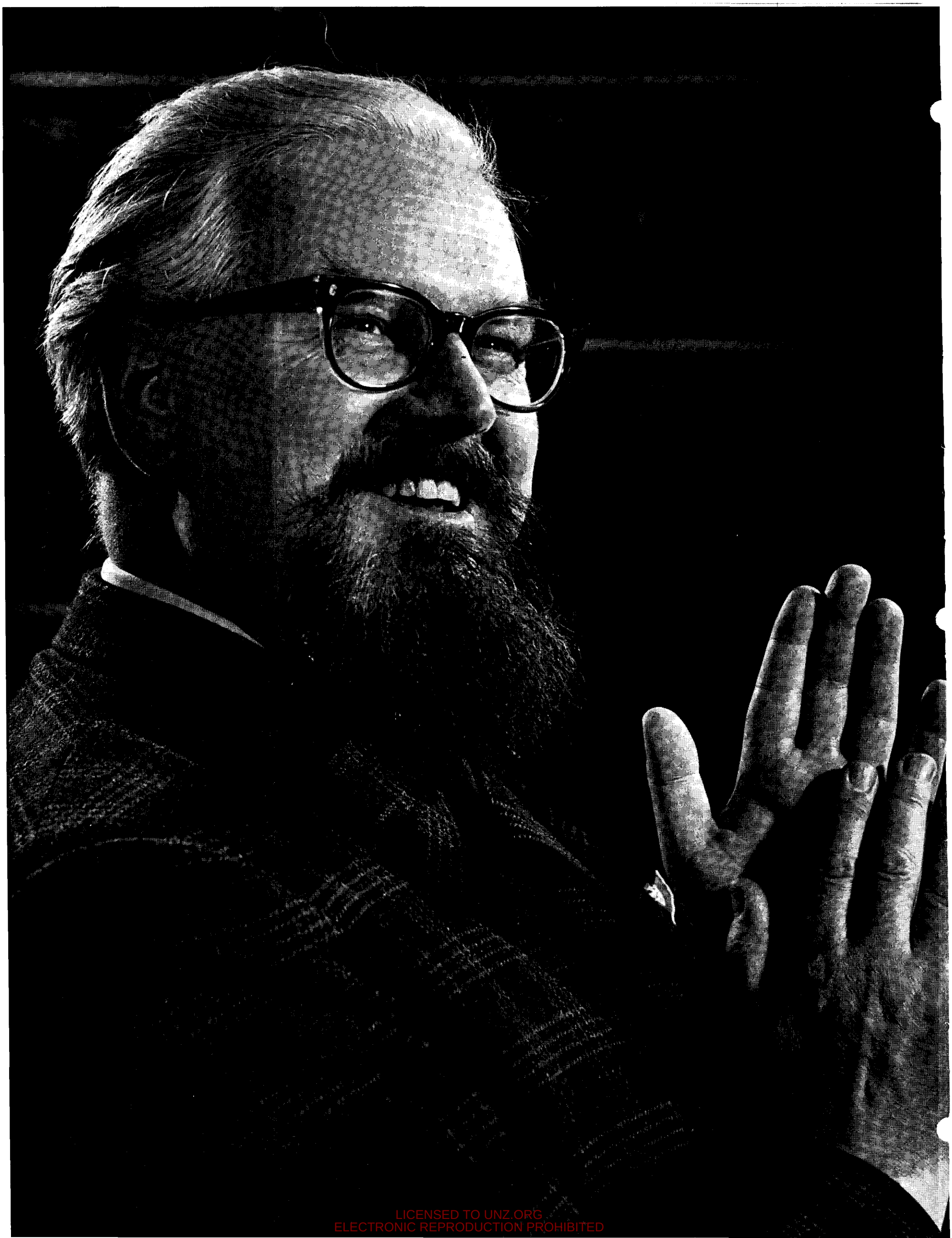

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Battle Cry for Book Lovers

By ROBERTSON DAVIES

Layman" is a word which has gained a new and disquieting currency in our language. For much of the 500 years or so that it has been in use it meant simply one who worshiped, as opposed to a priest, who had knowledge of the sacred mysteries. Then, by extension, it came to mean the client or the patient, in his relation to the lawyer and the physician. But nowadays the word is used loosely for anybody who does not happen to know something, however trivial, which somebody else knows, or thinks he knows. The meat eater is a layman to the butcher, and the seeker for illumination is a layman to the candlestick maker. Most reprehensibly the word is used among people who should meet as equals in education and general knowledge, within wide bounds. The layman is the nonexpert, the outsider; the implication is still that the layman's opposite has not merely special knowledge, but a secret and priestlike vocation.

It is particularly displeasing to hear professional critics using the term "layman" to describe people who are amateurs and patrons of those arts with which they are themselves professionally concerned. The fact that the critic gets money for knowing something and giving public expression to his opinion does not entitle him to consider the amateur, who may be as well informed and as sensitive as himself, an outsider. Admitting that there are triflers hanging to the skirts of the arts, it is generally true that we are all, critics and amateurs alike, members of a group which meets on a reasonably equal footing. The critics have their special tastes and firm opinions and are, in some cases, more *CONTINUED ON PAGE 46*

About the Author

Robertson Davies describes himself as ". . . a Canadian, born in 1913 in the cusp of Leo and Virgo with Mercury in the ascendant; it has been suggested that this accounts for a deplorable streak of frivolity in my nature."

Despite his astrological handicap, Davies is a playwright, drama and literary critic, syndicated book reviewer and novelist. He also edits the daily newspaper in Peterborough, Ontario. "I think such work good for an author; it keeps him from developing fanciful theories about people." The book from which material for this article was drawn will be published in September by Alfred A. Knopf under the title *A Voice From the Attic*. Photograph by Karsh

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"We are in a serious emergency, Miss Lenox. Will you help us?" he pleaded.

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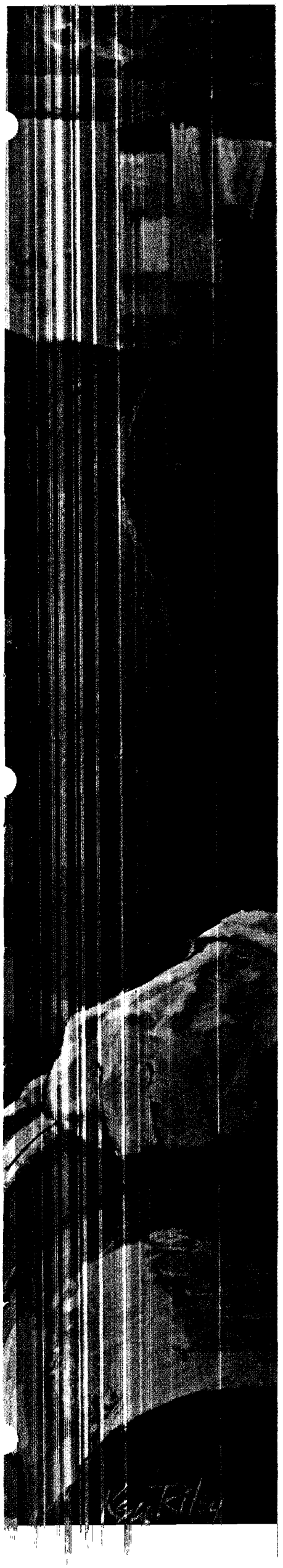

Why is it so humiliating for a young man in trouble to ask a beautiful woman to bail him out?

Last Resort

By MERLE CONSTINER

In 1846, some miles upriver from Cincinnati, there stood a moldy magenta brick building in a grove of black-green cedars. This dismal rookery was Paggett's Select School for Young Gentlemen and housed a headmaster, two tutors, and twenty-three young gentlemen who ranged in age from six to fifteen. Its living conditions were not select, nor for the most part was its teaching staff, but its pupils were very select indeed and came without exception from wealthy and distant families. Here pupils wore patched clothes, ate weevily oatmeal and carried gold watches. Mr. Charles Shotwell, junior tutor in the physical sciences, ate the weevily oatmeal also and enjoyed it. He was a horse-faced young man, withdrawn, foggy-eyed and utterly immersed in his work. Good living and money were entirely beyond his realm of interests. He had never had any money. He had never truly considered it—not until the night of the letter.

He had just finished a supper of pickled beef, corn bread, and molasses and tea in the steward's hall and was heading back along the main corridor for the stairs and his room when he saw it. It was in the mail basket on the table, alone, a big crisp envelope addressed to him in glossy India ink. It was the first letter he had received from anyone in years. He picked it up and climbed the pine stairs, two flights, to his little attic.

Here he lighted a candle stub. In one corner, on the floor, was his bearskin pallet. Roundabout, everywhere, were bottles of chemicals, books and minerals. This was his home, his sanctuary, and he loved it. Mr. Paggett, the headmaster, never came here because of the steep stairs; Mr. Rice, the senior tutor, never came here because he was fastidious. Settling his spectacles on the bridge of his nose, Mr. Shotwell turned the letter over to open it.

It was then that he noticed the return address and could hardly believe his eyes—Miss Ursula Lenox, Sylvan Glade.

Sylvan Glade was the Sylvan Glade Female Academy, and Miss Lenox was its mistress. It was only a year old, owned by Philadelphia capital and located about three miles north of Paggett's. There was a ferocious hostility between the two institutions. Mr. Paggett had become enraged and jealous when Sylvan Glade had opened. He had derided the project through the countryside and had written a letter to the county paper. The very idea of female education was laughable, he'd said. Why educate a needle and thread? Why educate a bar of laundry soap?

Miss Lenox took this in her own way. She did not answer him directly, but entered the battle in a hundred little ways. It soon became known in the village, for instance, that Sylvan Glade referred to all rats, mice and weevils as "paggetts."

Now, as Mr. Shotwell opened the envelope, a startling thought occurred to him. Could it be that Sylvan Glade, unhappy, was making some move toward friendship? Could it even be that Miss Lenox had chosen him, an unknown, to act as peacemaker?

He unfolded the letter and read it.

Charles Shotwell, Esquire

Bought of
Sylvan Glade Female Academy

12 Tickets, Sylvan Glade Musicale and Tableau @ 25c—$3.00

Two months overdue. Please remit.

URSULA LENOX

He stared. He had never bought any tickets at any time from anyone. And he had never heard of any musicale. The sum, three dollars, was terrifying. His cash on hand was six cents. If Sylvan Glade was putting out friendship feelers, it was doing it in a mighty funny way.

Dry-mouthed from shock, he went out to the landing and down the stairs to the second floor to discuss it with Mr. Rice, the senior tutor. He didn't much care for Mr. Rice, but this was an emergency.

The second-story hall was about twelve feet wide and floored with scuffed planking. To Mr. Shotwell's left, as he walked up it, was the paint-blistered door to the dormitory; beyond it at the moment, the twenty-three (Continued on Page 82)

Illustrated by Ken Riley

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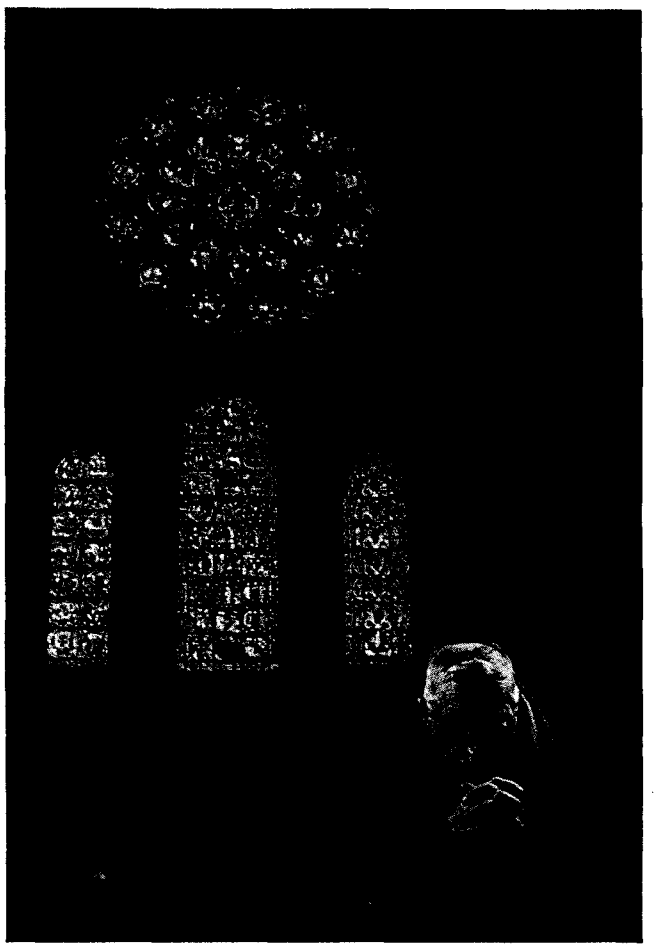
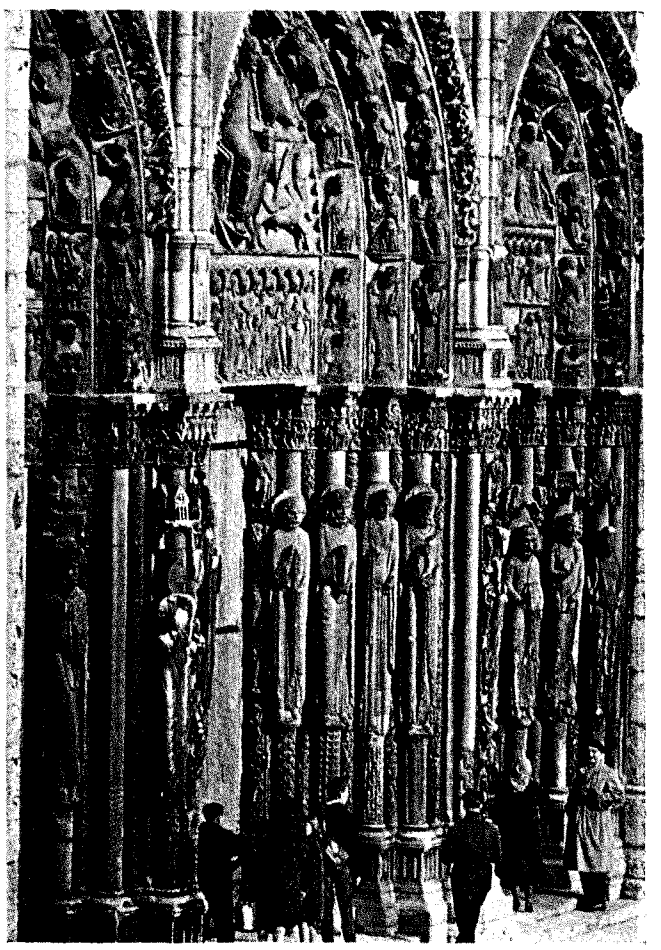
Mademoiselle Houvet (left), "custodian" of Notre Dame de Chartres and head of its guide service.



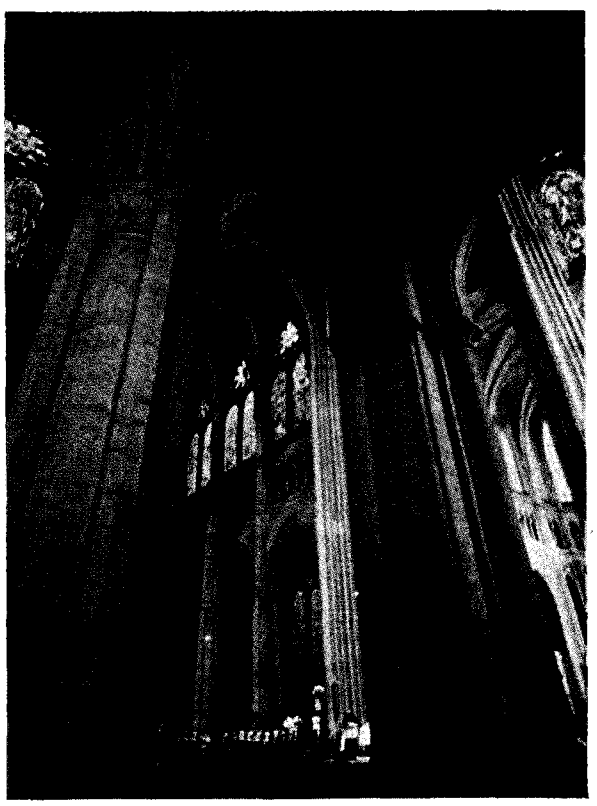
A lone worshiper beneath the west rose window, one of the 170 world-famous stained-glass masterpieces in the cathedral.



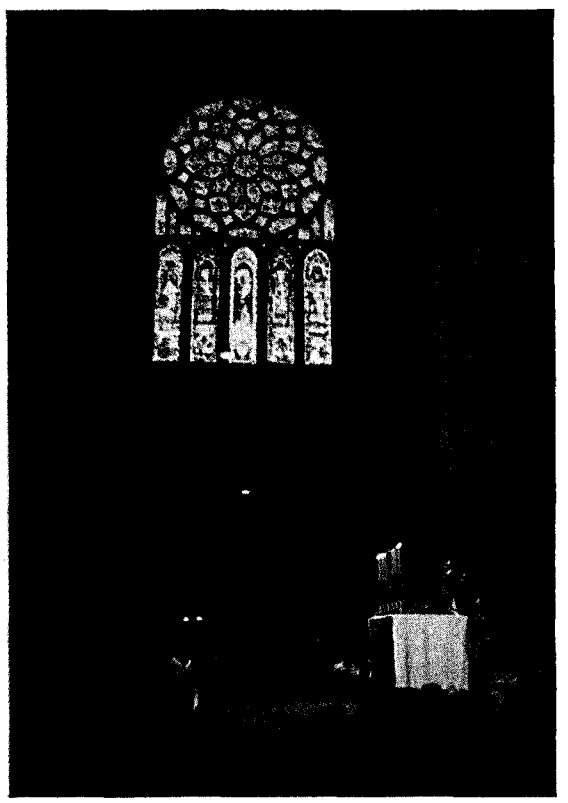
Also renowned are Notre Dame de Chartres' 10,000 stone images. Those above are at the main entrance.

The Splendor of Chartres

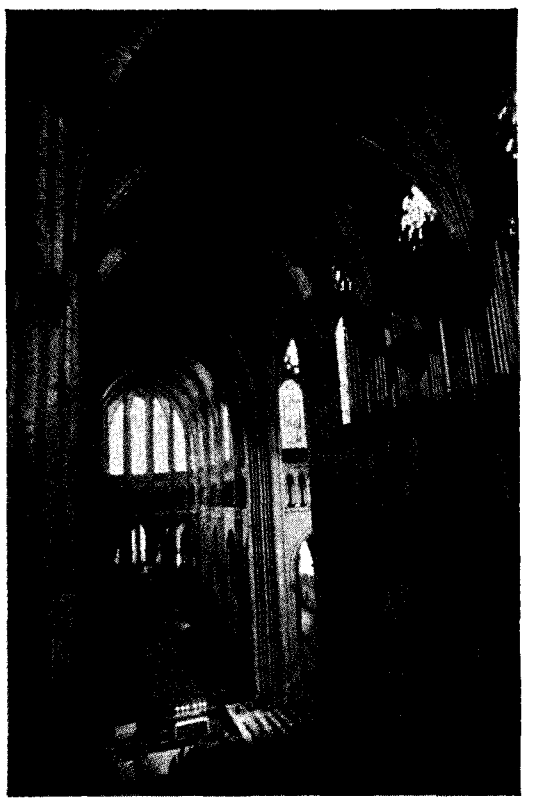
In this humble French provincial town stands a magnificent 700-year-old Gothic cathedral which many have held to be one of the crowning achievements of the human race.



The majestic Gothic arches of the Cathedral of Chartres rise to a breath-taking height of 120 feet above the ground.



Mass is offered at one of the parish church's 18 altars four times daily and eight times on Sunday.



A view from high in the nave of the cathedral. Far below are the main altar and a group of tourists.

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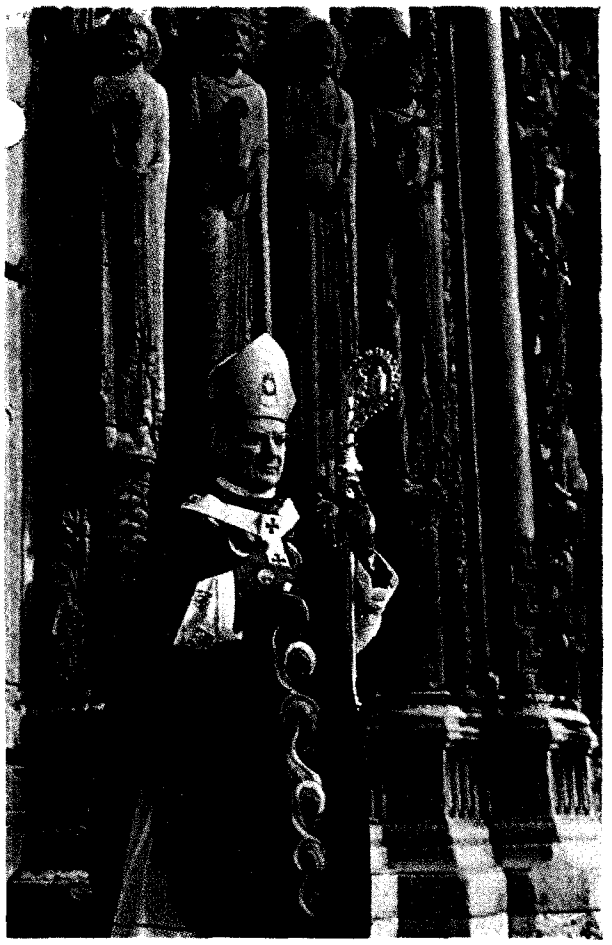

Msgr. Roger Michon, bishop of Chartres. A Parisian, he "cuts a lonely figure in this little provincial town."

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

Photographs by Eugene Kammerman

CHARTRES, FRANCE.

From early spring into late autumn the highway linking Paris with the cathedral town of Chartres, fifty-five miles to the southwest, is alive with tourists. Driving their own or hired cars, or riding in the lumbering tourist buses that Paris travel agencies dispatch to Chartres every weekday, they leave the capital along the "Route of Liberation" that Allied armies took to Paris in August, 1944. It is a peaceful and relaxing ride. You skirt the gardens of Versailles, traverse the heavy woods of Rambouillet, pass a few sleepy villages with names like St. Hilarion and St. Antoine, whose low gray houses have seen many centuries, and catch a glimpse of the Château de Maintenon, which King Louis XIV presented to his famous lady friend. Then, turning south, you enter the low, undulating Beauce, a region known for its rich crops and for its lovely, ever-changing skies.

At this point be prepared for a surprise. Some ten miles from your goal you'll see what looks like a mirage in this calm, sprawling landscape. Two slender spires pierce the faraway horizon. For a few moments that is all. The cathedral church of Our Lady which you are off to visit has revealed itself in its own fashion, putting in an appearance long before the eye perceives a single rooftop of the town itself. It drops again behind a shallow rise; and when it reappears it sits, full size, above the little town, much like a mother hen over its brood.

(Continued on Page 94)

The cathedral's steeples were erected nearly 400 years apart. The older and shorter one is at right; its half sister was built in the sixteenth century.

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"Make him go," she said to her husband.

Stranger at the Window

By SHIRLEY ANN GRAU

What did he want, this shadowy figure who peered into their home?

There were horses on the streets in those days. You could sit on our front porch and listen carefully and you could hear the plop-plop of hoofs and the rumble of the iron wheels of carts in town—a mile away.

You might call our place a farm, though it hadn't been worked in years—not since the time I was three years old and my father moved out of our house and went to live in his shack back in the woods.

It seemed to me once that I could remember when my father was living with us, seemed I could remember the time when the fields around were full of white blooming cotton, and the east plot had corn growing. Seemed I could remember, too, lower down, in the bog where the pitcher plants stuck up their green flowers in the spring, a hogpen; and a sow that ate her litter, every one, and my oldest brother who got whipped for his carelessness.

But most likely I was too young to have seen my father. And if I remember my brother Dan yelling and running around the yard, without his pants, screeching with rage and fear—most likely it was my mother on the end of the switch.

Dan was a grown man when the First World War began, and working on the fishing boats down at Biloxi Bay. He had never much cared for fishing, or farming either, so he volunteered. He married a French girl, whose name I don't remember, and he was killed a couple of months before the armistice. His wife wrote once to say that she had had a daughter, but didn't send her address. And my mother worried the rest of her life about that little French baby that had her blood and carried her name. It was the only thing I've ever seen disturb her. No—it was the *second* thing.

She was what you would call a driving woman. For ten years she made a living for herself and her twelve kids off that farm, scratching away at the ground like one of her chickens. Without a grown man around, that wasn't easy, but I never heard her complain or say that she was tired. And only once I saw how scared she'd been. But that was later.

(Continued on Page 54)

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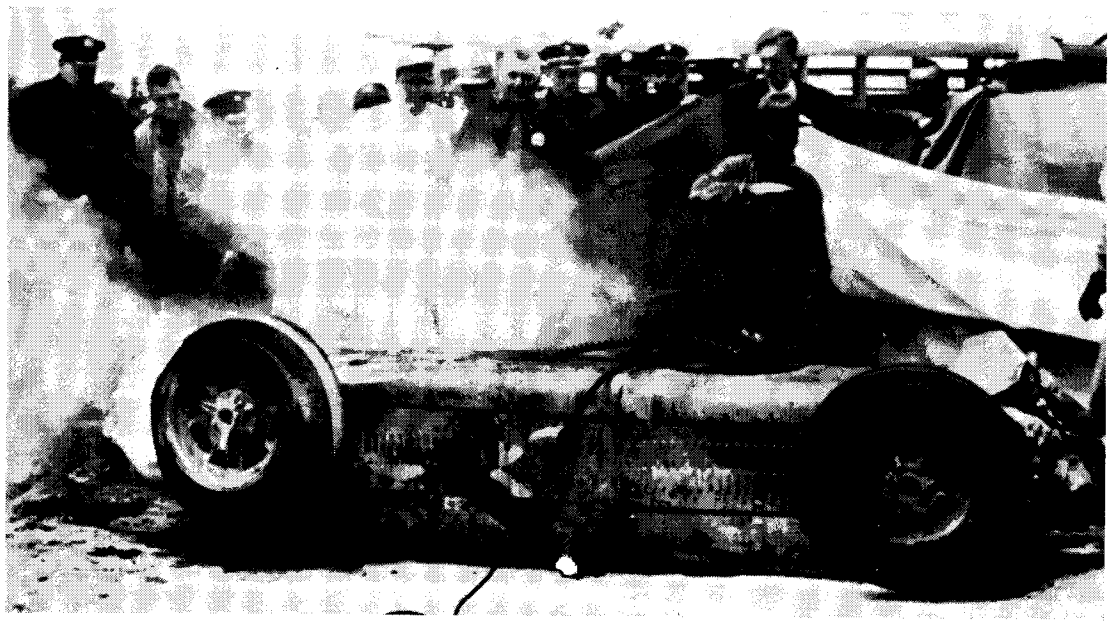
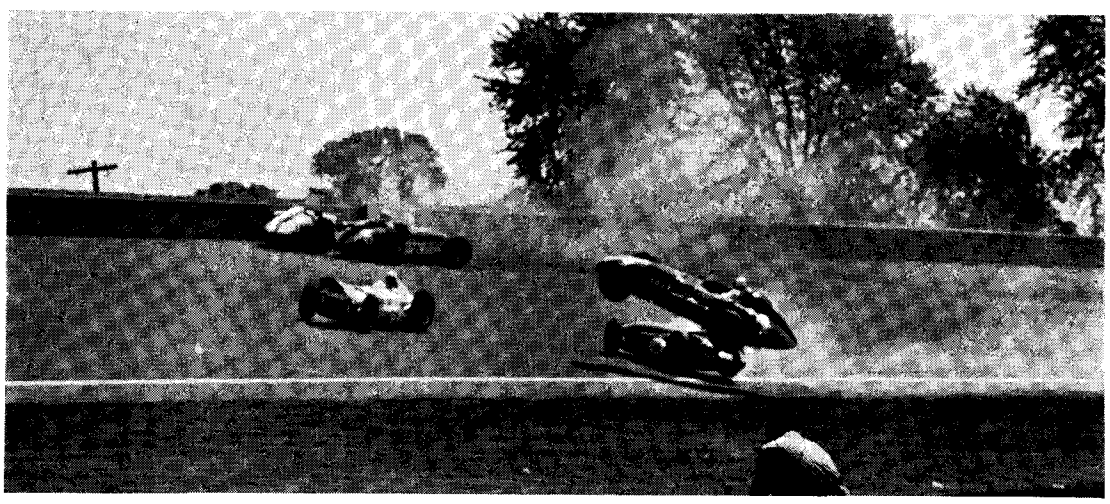
Speed doesn't thrill champion Rodger Ward. Competition and fame do.

Race Driver's WIFE

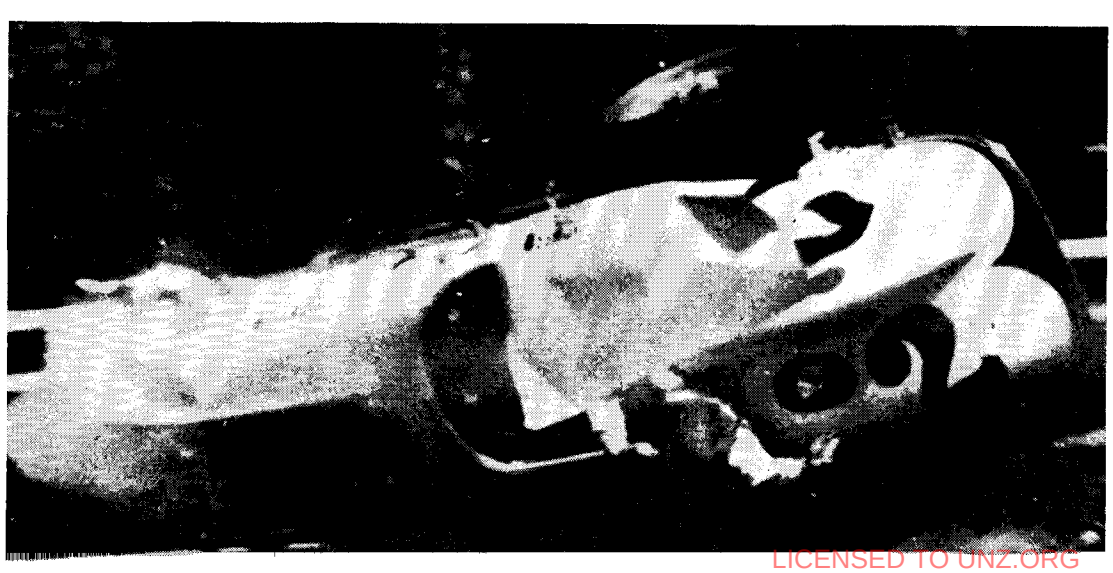
Next Monday Mrs. Rodger Ward will endure four of the tensest hours of her life as her husband attempts to duplicate his championship 1959 performance in the Indianapolis "500."



A major ordeal for drivers' wives is the Indianapolis "500." In the 1955 classic an axle broke on Ward's car, causing a traffic jam in which Bill Vukovich was killed. Above, crews prepare to remove his body from the car.

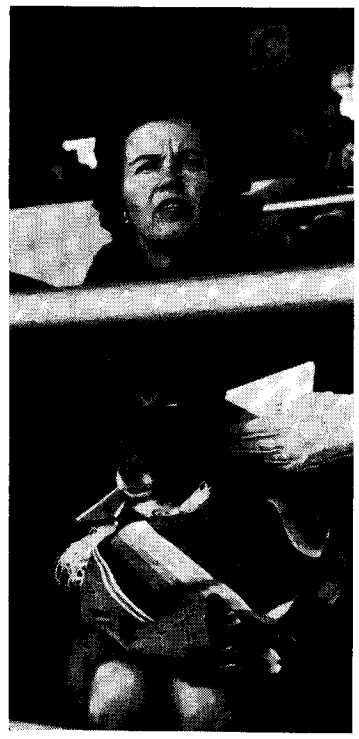


Wives fear the start of a race, and not without good reasons. Above, the sixteen-car smashup on the first lap of the 1958 "500." Seconds after this picture was taken Pat O'Connor (in the No. 4 car) was killed.



On April 4, 1959, at Daytona Beach, Fla., Rodger Ward finished second in the fastest auto race ever run. George Amick, left, lost his life on the final lap.

By Angelo Angelopolous



Mrs. Ward prefers to sit alone at the track, or with nonracing friends.

The morning of a race Jo Ward slides quietly onto the front seat of the family automobile alongside her stocky, strong-muscled husband. He is thirty-nine-year-old Rodger Ward, defending champion in the Indianapolis 500-mile race on Memorial Day next week. As they head for the track Jo Ward turns on the car radio and hunts for a religious broadcast. She is calm; at least she shows no anxiety. This is in accordance with a promise she made to her husband when their marriage was still in its first year.

The occasion was the 1956 Indianapolis race. Rodger Ward had gone the full 500 miles for the first time in six tries and finished a respectable eighth.

When Jo met him afterward and congratulated him, almost his first words were, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing," she said.

"There is too. I could tell while I was racing that something was bothering you. What happened?"

Jo told him. She had been watching the race from the special section reserved for drivers' wives and families. It was a nerve-racking afternoon, with an inordinate number of blowouts, spins and smashes into the cement wall that borders most of the two-and-a-half-mile Speedway. Miraculously, no driver was critically hurt, but the constant succession of mishaps built increasing tension among the 175,000 onlookers—particularly the little group in the family section.

At one stage a driver lost control of his car and went into a violent skid. Although he came out of it unharmed, this was the breaking point for his mother. She turned to her son's wife and declared that the girl simply must make him give up racing. The wife, her own nerves on edge, replied sharply that she would not interfere. A prolonged wrangle broke out between the two overwrought women.

This was too much for Jo Ward. Although she sympathized (Continued on Page 103)

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MY MEMORIAL DAY

By EVAN HILL

A *Post* author remembers his four years in hospitals as a critically wounded World War II infantryman. Here are the men who shared those lonely hours with him.

Most of us were freshly wounded, just arrived from Europe and the Pacific; but Ed Agnew had been there for two years. He had more hospital time than many of us had Army time. Agnew had been hit in the Guadalcanal jungle, where the coconut palms were splintered stumps, their tops shot away by Japanese artillery fire. He was at the head of his rifle company, leading the early-morning attack, and did not see the Japanese infantryman dug into his "spider" hole only a few yards away. The Jap's machine gun was set low. His first burst caught Agnew five times in the left leg, once in the stomach and once in the right leg.

One night when the darkness of our ward was dotted with the glow of cigarettes and we were swapping combat stories, Agnew told us of his wounding. "That first burst knocked the wind out of me," he said, "but it didn't knock me out. While I was down, he kept shooting and hit me twice more in the side, breaking my ribs, and once more in the right leg. I was pretty much of a mess." He shifted in bed, reaching down to lift his left leg, which still drained from the hole in the knee. We waited, knowing he had not finished. "Then," he said, "my men knocked him out with grenades."

It was ten hours before they got Ed Agnew back to the field hospital. There Army surgeons gave him up for dead, and the Catholic chaplain gave him the last rites. But Agnew wasn't about to die, despite the "times when I didn't care whether I lived or not; it was so hot, and they wouldn't feed me anything because of my stomach."

He arrived at our hospital—Hammond General in Modesto, California—with ten wounds, a Silver Star, a Bronze Star, and some memories of Christmas of 1942 in the Fiji Islands. "Somehow the nurses got a Bing Crosby record of *White Christmas*, and there in the heat of the Fijis we played it again and again, with tears running down our cheeks. And I remember the doctor, all dressed up as Santa Claus, with sweat on his face, making ward rounds with the nurses, trying to cheer us up. And outside the natives sang their beautiful songs."

Ed Agnew spent four of his five Army years in hospitals. When he was finally discharged to return to his home in Dickinson, North Dakota, he had been operated on more than twenty times. He was all right, except for a stiff leg.

Not long ago Ed wrote me a long, reminiscing letter about our ward mates and our nurses and our horizontal years in the exclusive white world of hospitals. He suggested a reunion.

"We'll find Pearson—remember how he used to break all speed records in a wheel chair and never once bump into a bed? And Peterson is somewhere near San Diego; I wonder if his legs are still full of brass? And we'll get Solot up from Arizona, and Lawlor out of San Francisco—he lost that leg, you know; and we'll get Jenks and Jim Novak. I can still see Novak running around like mad; he was my favorite wardboy. I used to hear from him at Christmas, but haven't for years. I wish I could locate him. I owe him and Jenks so much. My hopes are that God will be good to him wherever he is."

I, too, have lost contact with Jim Novak. Wartime friendships are often cut off by Army discharge orders, and it is fifteen years since I have seen him. But I hear from Harry Lawlor that Jim works out of Portland, Oregon, erecting miles of chain-link fencing. A fence-erecting Novak is not the man I knew; I remember a chunky, conscientious wardboy serving thirty bed patients in Ward A-18. I cannot remember whether Novak was a private or a corporal or a sergeant, but it doesn't matter now and never did. Hospital medics don't wear stripes on their white jackets. What you remember is how they change sweat-soaked bedsheets, or carry bedpans, or hold basins to the lips of retching patients.

It was Jim Novak who lifted us, oh, so gently, onto the cart in the early mornings and rolled us, groggy from morphine and sleeping capsules, down to surgery. It was Jim who eased us back into bed when we returned unconscious, wrapped in wet, white plaster. It was Jim who produced the pillow to ease the ache in the stump of an amputated arm. It was Jim who brought us our rattling wheel chairs, and crutches, and arm slings, and our personal trifles from the clothing room. He pushed us to the movies, the Post Exchange and out into the hot California sun; he kept us from falling when we started to learn to walk again. He was our legs and our arms and

Jim Grimsley of Los Angeles as he is today (left), and as he was in 1945 (right) when he was one of the author's mates at Letterman General Hospital. Grimsley suffered head wounds in the South Pacific that blinded him temporarily and left him with "tubular" vision.

Left. 1945: Nurse Leota Jensen with two of the author's hospital buddies, Pete Peterson and Bob Evans. Center. 1960: Peterson at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City, where he recently auditioned as a singer. Right. 1960: Bob Evans and nurse Jensen during a reunion in San Francisco.

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sometimes our eyes for more than two years.

There were more than 1000 of us at Hammond, and Hammond became our home. News of V-E Day came to us while we were there. We were not particularly gleeful, for we knew the Pacific war was far from finished. On V-J Day we were still in plaster casts and slings and Stader splints, and now that the war was over someone poured three bottles of whisky into the water cooler in the ward.

Then, because the shooting was finished, and the supply of beds was greater than the number of bodies needing mending, the Government closed Hammond, and we were transferred to other hospitals.

Jim Novak somehow disappeared in the consolidation, but our nurse went with us. We had more than one nurse, of course. There was Alice Duane with her special concern for the paralyzed; and Marguerite Haynes, who shampooed our heads so vigorously that we claimed our scalps ran red; and Mary Lou Keaton, who seemed to sense a too-tight bandage; and Eleanor Siemson with her quiet smile and gentle hands.

Still, just as quiet Jim Novak stood out among the wardboys, we had a special nurse, Capt. Leota Jensen. We called her "Jenks"; we loved her. Tall, blond, efficient and brusque, *Jenks was a no-nonsense nurse who com*manded respect and earned devotion.

It could not have been easy to maintain discipline and morale among thirty men who knew they faced years of hospitalization. There were unhappy times when a wardmate died, and gleeful times when a wardmate walked—and these were occasions when the ward could have tottered into chaos. But it never did, for Jenks had a 1st sergeant's instinct for command.

Once an irascible patient, wounded in the head and leg, pushed his dinner tray onto the floor and cursed at Jim Novak in a fit of childish anger. Jenks came to the foot of his bed and lectured him until he winced, warning him that she would wash his mouth out with soap "if you ever swear at one of these men again." That day every one of us could feel her strength.

And once three wheel-chair patients started a water fight in the ward, drenching those of us in bed and finally emptying the fire buckets, leaving huge puddles flooding the floor. We stopped the (Continued on Page 131)

September, 1944. As the Allies pushed relentlessly toward Germany, countless GIs paid the price of victory.

Left: Mort Solot at his father's real-estate firm in Tucson, Arizona. He is shown at right with the author at Hammond General Hospital, Modesto, California, in 1945. Solot's forearms were shattered by artillery fire on Leyte during the invasion of the Philippines. (See box at right for the reason Evan Hill was in the wheel chair.)

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Evan Hill went on active duty with the Alaska National Guard in 1941 and volunteered for combat shortly before D Day. He joined the 79th Infantry Division as a replacement in Normandy in July, 1944, fought through Normandy, across the Seine, into Belgium and to the Nancy and Metz area of France. In September, 1944, he was wounded by artillery fire while his company was holding a roadblock near Lunéville, France. A shell fragment shattered the femur in his left leg, severed the sciatic nerve and pierced his right leg.

While at Hammond General Hospital in Modesto, California, and Letterman Hospital in San Francisco, Hill underwent six major operations on his left leg. After four years of hospitalization he was discharged in August, 1948.

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Synagogue in Moscow. "There is no room for the Jews in the 'Socialist Community of Nations,'" says the author, "though there is space for them, space sealed off and surrounded by hatred."

HOW MY COMRADES LIVE

CONCLUSION

The Ordeal of the Jews

In Russia the Jews are a frightened, suspicious people who are often slandered, persecuted, humiliated and, at best, treated as if they did not exist.

By Joseph Novak

Once, out of curiosity, I attended a lecture at Lomonosov University in Moscow. The speaker's subject was "The Community of Soviet Nations—Pride of Socialism in the U.S.S.R." Lengthy and monotonous, the lecture ran on about the national cultures blooming in socialist form in the socialist commonwealth of nations.

After it was finished a student who was my friend introduced me to a young man in horn-rimmed glasses. "I want you to meet my colleague, Chaim Z—baum," my friend said. "He is studying mathematics."

Chaim walked home with me. When we were alone on the street, Chaim said, "You'll be staying here a long time, won't you? If you do, you'll find out that two nations are in extreme positions here—the Russian nation chosen to rule, and the Jewish nation chosen to be hated. You have become acquainted with the Russian nation, I presume. You must try to learn about the other one."

During my two-year stay in the U.S.S.R. I met many Jews, though arranging the meetings was more difficult than I had expected. These people were usually frightened and suspicious. I could prove that I had come from a satellite nation to study Soviet life, but I found it hard to persuade them that I had no bad intentions, that I hadn't been "sent" by anybody.

The behavior of these people reminded me of the Jews who were hiding from the Germans during the last war. Fear of the death camps paralyzed their minds. When I first arrived in the U.S.S.R., twelve years after the war, I couldn't understand at first the tragic mood of the Jews I met there. At first I attributed it to the ordeals of the past; but I soon learned that it was not the past that saddened them but the present. Chaim Z—baum was right. There is no room for the Jews in the "Socialist Community of Nations," though there is space for them in the U.S.S.R.—space sealed off and surrounded by hatred.

(Continued on Page 101)

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STAND-IN GIRL

By STEVE McNEIL

Is it a waste of time to go out with a man who's in love with someone else?

Joey Patterson walked up Broadway, his brow as wrinkled as a dried prune, his morale around his socks.

He was a black-haired young man with intense brown eyes, a wide, normally smiling mouth and very white teeth. He was wearing sun-tan trousers and a short-sleeved sweater, and he turned into a restaurant which had a sign, ART'S PLACE, hanging out over the sidewalk.

It was Saturday afternoon in the middle of the month of April. The weather was clear and warm, which would have made everyone in Oceancrest happy if they hadn't just finished paying their taxes.

Art automatically poured a cup of coffee and put it in front of Joey. "Well, how's pea pickin'?"

Joey spooned in a liberal amount of sugar, tasted the coffee, glared at Art and said, "Go lay an egg."

Art raised his eyebrows. "Me?"

"Yes, you."

"What did I do," Art said, "outside of showing a friendly, constructive interest in my customer's welfare, and serving the best coffee you can find from here to the Pacific Ocean?"

"Big deal."

Art shrugged. "Can I help it if the Pacific is only a hundred yards from here?" He poured himself a cup of coffee and then peered at Joey. "What's your trouble? Someone steal your lollipop?"

"Engineers," Joey said.

"Railroad, automotive or civil?"

"Mechanical. Specifically, David Grant."

Art lighted a cigarette and squinted through the smoke. "Outside of being smart, handsome, solvent financially, owning a sports car and being a three-handicap golfer, what's wrong with him?"

"You got a couple of hours? I could lay it out for you."

"If you're referring to the fact that Theresa Jacobsen was out (Continued on Page 121)

"That was nice, Joey," she said, "even if I am a substitute."

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The Face of AMERICA

Logging Train

Smell the pine on the young day's air. Smell the sweet steam of the sawdust piles. Hear the petulant rumble of the logs, the mill pond's sleepy protest and the lazy panting of old No. 7 as she waits for the last load of ponderosa to go overboard. This is the start of a new morning in Klickitat Canyon, on the southern rim of the timber country of Washington State. Now old No. 7 will haul the empties eighteen miles up the rugged, winding canyon to a loading point where the log trucks dump their loads from the cutting areas 100 miles away. If you'll look carefully at the little locomotive, you'll find that No. 7 is a rare and implausible collection of bits and pieces. Known as a Lima-Shay geared engine—made by Lima, dreamed up by Ephraim Shay, an inventive logger of the last century—this thirty-one-year-old, ninety-ton lady carries her oil-fired boiler offset to the left and three vertical steam pistons amidships on the right side. The driveshaft, articulated for maneuverability, is geared to *all* the right-side engine and tender wheels—giving No. 7 the traction of a herd of bull elephants. Speed? "She'll do thirteen miles an hour when the grade's her way, maybe faster off the edge of a cliff." Photograph by John Bickel

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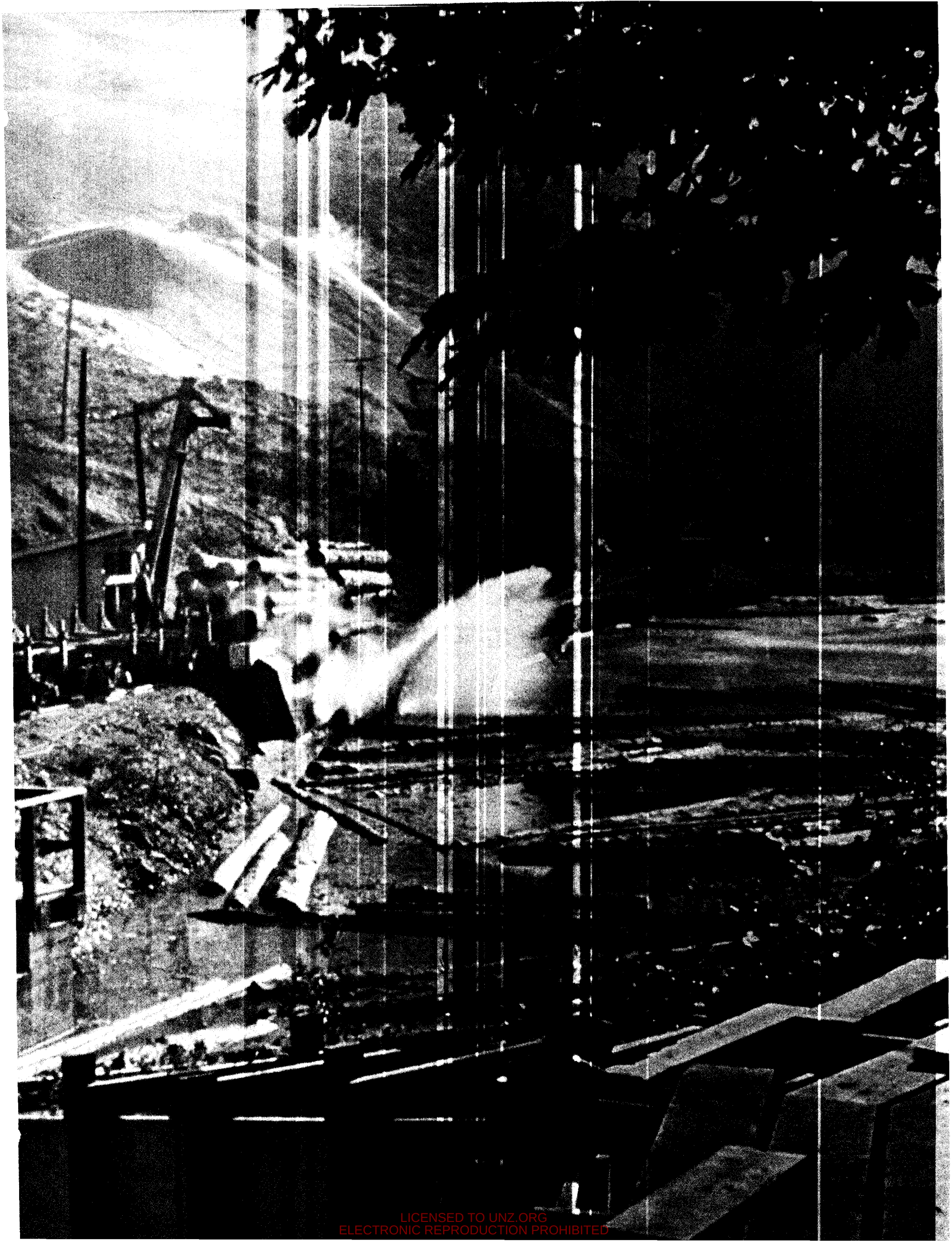

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As the Zulu raised his spear to plunge it into Bates, Francina fired.

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Journey Into Danger

By STUART CLOETE

The savages were overrunning them. How much longer could the trekkers hold out?

I will tell all that I saw black devils dancing and a great fire," screamed *Tante* Maria Prinsloo. But her brother-in-law, Willem, refused to heed her prophecy of doom for his trek to the north. Willem's beautiful grandniece, Francina, shared his enthusiasm. She would ride her beloved horse, Blaubooi, off on this great adventure. Moreover, she had become engaged to Barend Beyers, a steady young man who both adored and disapproved of this wild girl. As the trek advanced, Willem met Johannes Ullman and his family and welcomed them into the caravan. Then, to observe Christmas, the trekkers halted at Ullman's campground.

Meanwhile, three outlaws raced to join the trek. They were Harry Bates, an English Army deserter, his Zulu servant, Nzobo, and Fred Carter. Carter was consumed with two ambitions—first, to kill Bates and collect the reward which the English offered for him; and second, to have Francina.

IV

Oom Willem stood under the big thorn by which the Ullmans had made their camp. "My brothers," he said, "tomorrow is Christmas Eve. All over the world at this time rejoicing and prayer commemorate the birth of our Saviour. Here, isolated and alone in the wilderness, we cannot rejoice. We can only pray for God's guidance. We can pray too for God's help and protection, for this and our guns are our only hope. We shall stay here for three days to praise the Lord and rest our beasts. Our new friend, Johannes Ullman, tells me that grazing is good and the water strong."

But *Oom* Willem was not prepared to leave everything only to God or put his trust in the peacefulness of the Christmas season, and so a great laager was begun.

With much shouting and clapping of whips, the wagons were drawn into a close circle, and the spans went out to drag in trees and bushes that were stuffed into the spaces between the wagon wheels.

All the old guns that were not beyond use—even blunderbusses that he had told the people to bring with them—were loaded with anything that came to hand. There was not, *Oom* Willem told them, any likelihood of attack. But it was as well to be ready for it. While the men prepared the wagons for battle the women attended to the Christmas feast. In fact, once the camp was made and its purpose forgotten, the trek settled down to enjoy itself. They sang hymns and carols. They sang the songs they loved. They danced in the light of the fires, of the moon and the lanterns hanging from their tall wagon whips.

Francina was filled with excitement. The night was warm and soft. The shining moon seemed bigger than any she had seen before. The men, cleaned up for the party, looked different—more alive and handsome.

Love was in her mind. The food, the music, the moon, the firelight, the dancing, all went to excite her further, so that when a hand reached out and drew her into the shadow she made no protest, nor did she hang back as she recognized Flip Beyers. He drew her to him, raised her face with his hand and kissed her.

Harry Bates, Fred Carter and Nzobo had no great difficulty in following the Prinsloo trek. As the farms became more scattered as the three men penetrated deeper into the country, people spoke of nothing else. They all knew *Oom* Willem Prinsloo of Groenplaas and were surprised that such an established farmer should care to risk his all, including his life, in the savage North.

Later, when they were beyond the established roads, the spoor of the wagons was easy to follow. The horsemen traveled much faster than the trek, making twenty or thirty miles a day.

When they came to the old camping places, Carter thought of Francina eating and sleeping there. Sometimes he was sure that this was where she had sat eating her meal. His nostrils grew wide as he sniffed the air like a hound.

At other times he looked lovingly at Harry Bates and flung an arm about his shoulders. "'Arry," he'd say, "it's a fine thing to have a pal like you, an old messmate from the Tenth." Then he'd laugh.

They pressed on hard—Carter eager for company, mad to get near Francina; Bates wanting to meet the Boers and start a new life and sure that Francina, who had taken such chances to warn him of the dragoons, would be able to persuade the old man to accept them.

At last they knew they were getting near. They came to a camp where the ants were still eating the scraps of meat left on discarded bones. At the next camp there were vultures and crows picking in the refuse. At the next, the ashes were warm. The wagons could not be more than a few miles ahead. Soon they saw the dust of the moving herds. Then they saw the camp.

"Fire a shot," Harry said.

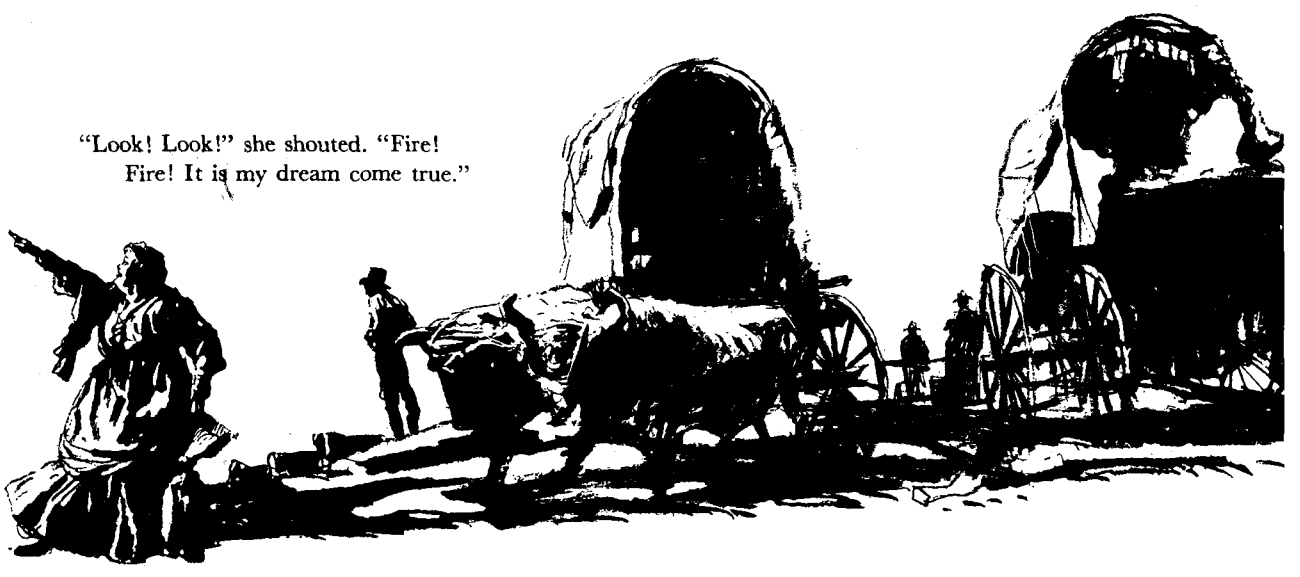
The camp burst into life like a disturbed beehive at the sound. In a few minutes several horsemen were galloping toward them. The Boers pulled up, three lengths away. "Who are you?" *Oom* Willem asked.

"You don't know me, *Meneer* Prinsloo?" Harry Bates swept off his hat. His red hair flamed in the sun.

"The soldier," *Oom* Willem said. "The soldier with the gray stallion."

"I am he."

(Continued on Page 66)



"Look! Look!" she shouted. "Fire! Fire! It is my dream come true."

Illustrated by Austin Briggs

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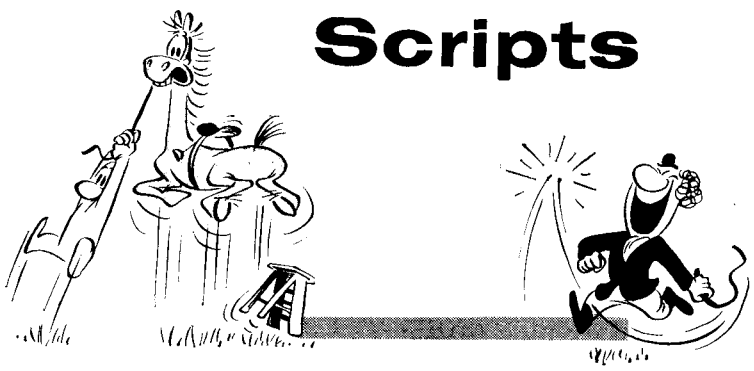
Post Scripts



Politician's Letter

(First Draft)

Dear ~~Mr. Sir~~ Hank:

~~Thanks for~~ In regard to your ~~recent~~ letter asking for my support during the coming election and ~~threatening~~ urging me to put in a good word for you to ~~Knuckles~~ Clyde Morehead, I wish to state that I'll ~~be happy willing to go along with~~ do what I can.

However, I'm ~~really steamed~~ disturbed over the fact that you recently came out in support of a ~~slob nonentity~~ candidate like Owen Frisbee, who, in my opinion, is a ~~jerk of the first water~~ person who deserves no place in public office.

~~Are you so stupid, Hank~~ Perhaps you don't realize, Hank, that ~~this turncoat~~ Frisbee has, on ~~several~~ nine occasions, referred to me as ~~a dirty, low-down~~ in a derogatory manner.

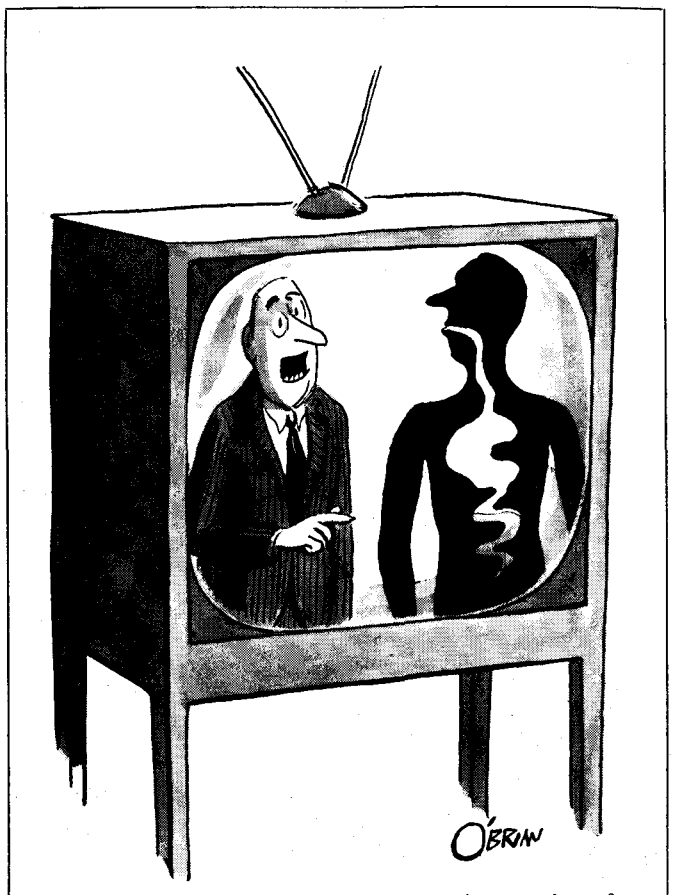
From the way he talked during one of his recent speeches, I think he ~~may have got wind of the fact that~~ aims to blacken my character with a ~~bunch of dirty~~ host of prevarications about some of my recent ~~escapades~~ activities.

I'm sure, Hank, you'll agree there's no room in our ~~machine~~ party for ~~blabbermouths~~ irresponsible talk, and I'm bringing the matter to your attention in the hope you'll see fit to ~~lower the boom~~ have a little talk with ~~this mud-slinger~~ Frisbee in the near future.

~~Sincerely,~~ ~~Cordially,~~ Your pal,

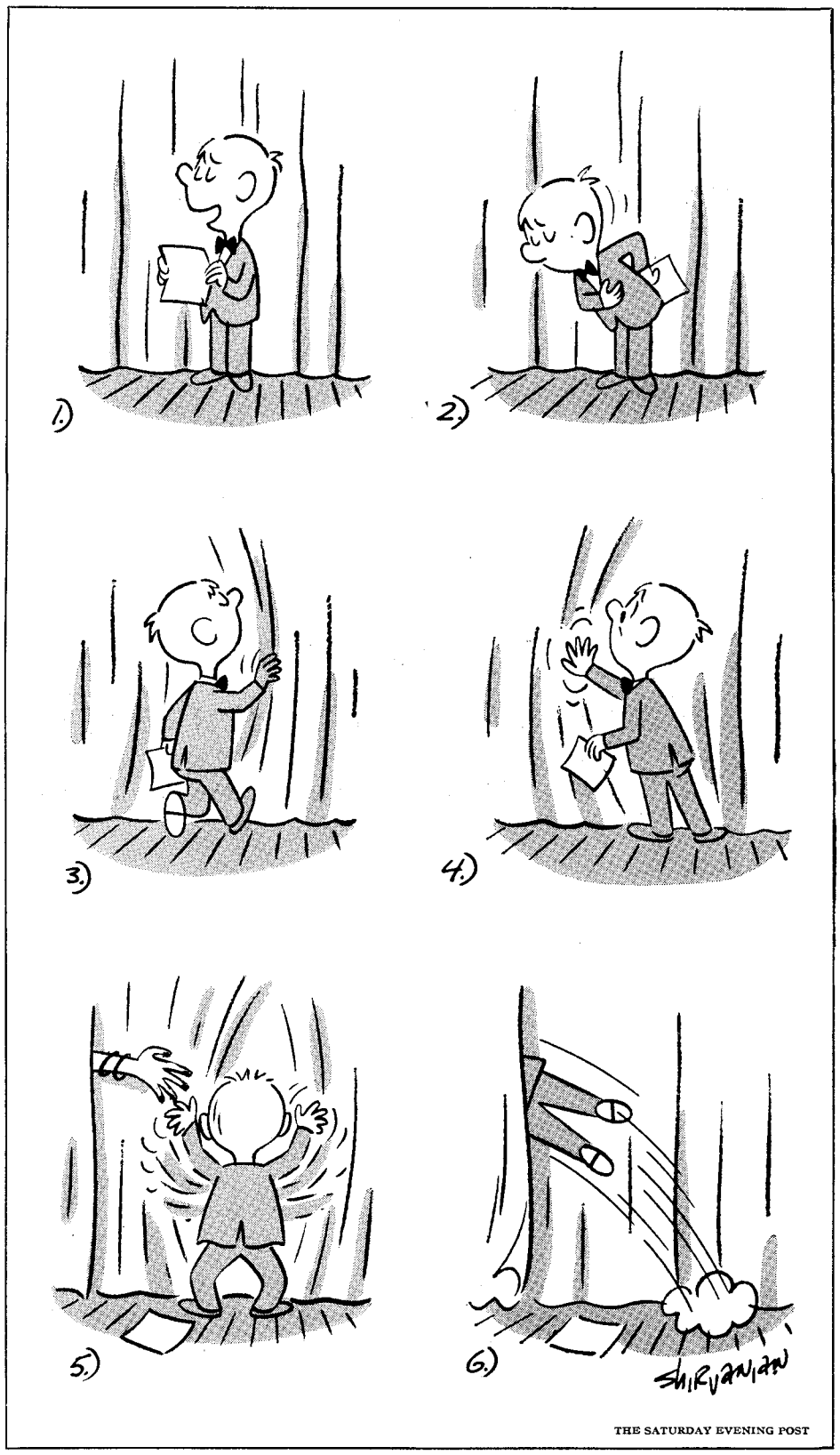
~~Slats~~ Ken

VERNON H. KURTZ



"And now, before we hear the opening strains of *Tristan und Isolde*, a word about acid stomach."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Fringe Benefits

My good neighbor Brown, planning time out of town,
Has one little favor to seek:
Would I sprinkle the lawn each day while he's gone?
He had it reseeded last week.

And now that he thinks of it, since I'll be over,
How about feeding the cat and old Rover?
He'd put them to board, but they act like it's jail.
And while I am there, would I bring in the mail
And water the house plants? And hey, feed the fish.
Their food's on the shelf in that little brown dish.
But sprinkling the lawn is the main thing he needs.
He sure wouldn't ask it except for those seeds.

So I nod and agree, and I'm left with the key,
And thinking of blowing a gasket.
But still I confess I admire his finesse
In putting his begs in one ask-it!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Scooped Again

"Oh, look, Jim, the *Morning News* announces that George Winfield is going to run for mayor!"
"Uh-huh. I read that in last night's paper."

"Good heavens, Jim, the radio says the old Cornwall Building just burned to the ground!"
"Yeah. Quite a blaze. I saw it on my way home."

"I talked to Marge today. You'll never in a million years guess what they bought!"
"Do you mean the airplane or the Brahman bull?"

"Well, dear, your son has done it again. What do you suppose happened today?"
"He called Disneyland. The long-distance operator called me about my credit card."

"Well, have I got news for *you!* This morning I went to ——"
"I know—Doctor Evans. I ran into him at lunch, and he congratulated me. *When* in November?"

HILARIE BROWN

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KEEP THEM ALL TOGETHER

That's the best way to handle the situation when you're buying a car "on time" too. With the GMAC Plan, you can take care of all phases of your purchase in a single convenient transaction. You finance where you buy—with the dealer. There's not another person you have to see!

The General Motors dealer who uses GMAC can arrange to finance **your car, your car insurance premiums,** also **creditor life insurance** to give your family added protection—all on terms to fit your budget and at reasonable cost.

Circumstances sometimes change. If they do, you can depend on GMAC for friendly, considerate treatment. Should you move, another GMAC office will be conveniently located to continue serving you. There are more than 300 such offices in the U.S. and Canada. If you need tires, parts or major repairs, it is good to know that you have GMAC credit facilities available to finance them.

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IT PAYS TO FINANCE WHERE YOU BUY!

GMAC
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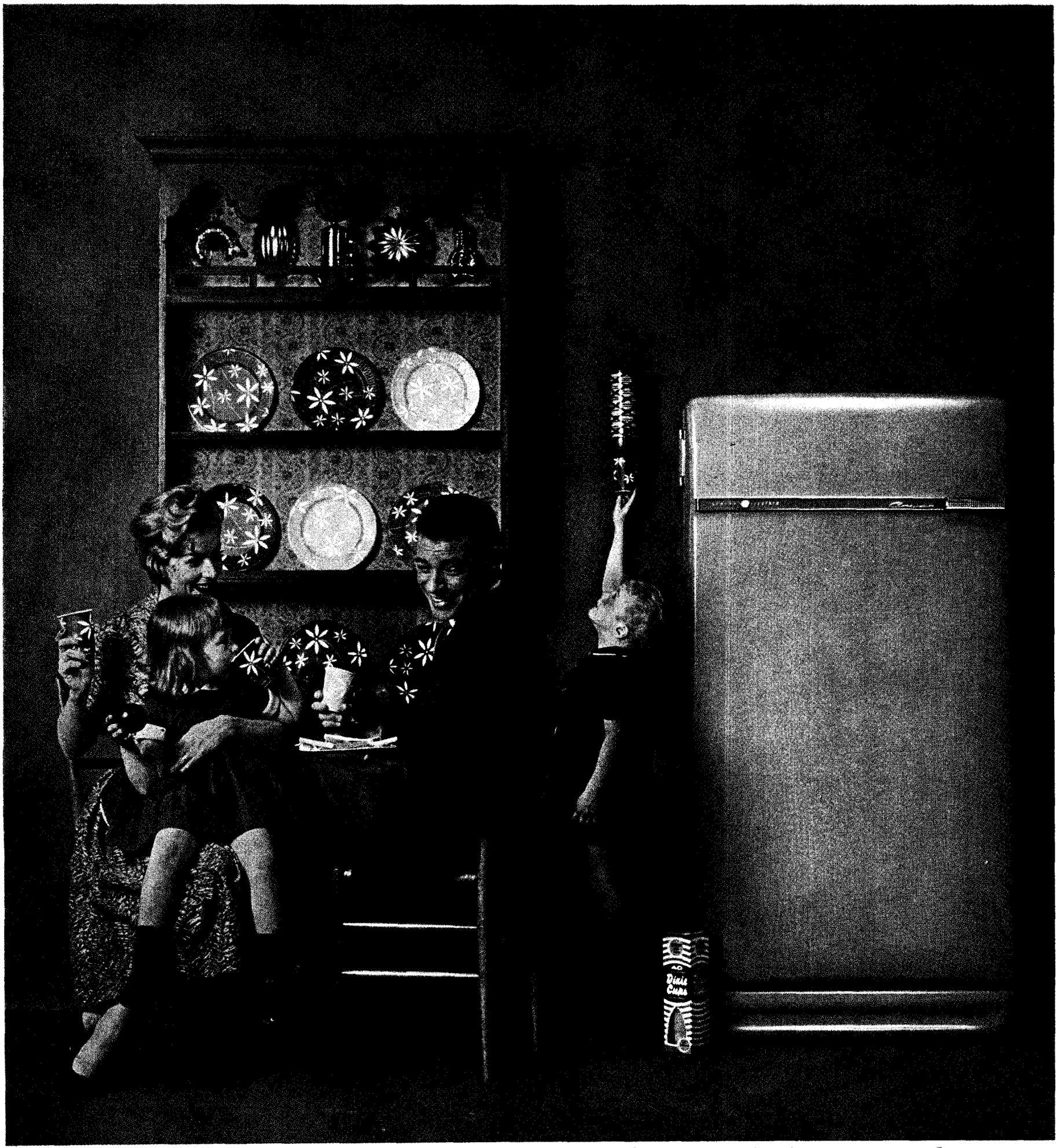

Quick meals are a cinch with cups from Dixie's new 9-ounce Dispenser and matching Dixie plates. Now you can serve tumbler-size drinks without glass washing. Or, kids can be "on their own" without danger to themselves or your good china and crystal. **Dixie® Cups, Plates, Dispensers** are products of American Can Co.

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The first U.S. stamps, in 1847, were the Benjamin Franklin (above) and a ten-cent George Washington.

"Commemorative" stamps reached a peak of sorts with the famous chicken stamp (above) of 1948. Also immortalized over the years: Indians, firemen, gymnasts, antelopes and whooping cranes.

TALES OF THE STAMP COLLECTORS

By BEN PEARSE

Sometimes this traditional, quiet hobby leads to strange adventures and unexpected wealth.

The biggest retail chain in the United States today is the postal system with 45,000 outlets doing an annual business of $2,500,000,000. But since Benjamin Franklin cleared nearly £3000 a year running the system for King George III it has never shown a profit, not even with its present sales volume of 25,000,000,000 stamps annually. In all the Post Office Department's activities from Maine to Okinawa, just one of its divisions balances its books in black ink. That division happens to be the one which sells stamps that are never used.

Those who buy stamps to put into albums instead of mailboxes are sometimes called philatelists, sometimes just stamp collectors. Many of them also save stamps that have served their purpose of prepaying postage and have been canceled to prevent re-use—once a common practice. But enough people buy collectors' stamps to net the Post Office Department about $25,000,000 a year.

How many men, women and children are contributing to this cozy total nobody knows exactly. Some experts estimate that there are 20,000,000 stamp collectors in the United States. Harry L. Lindquist, who has been editing collectors' publications since he was thirteen and heads the President's People-to-People hobby program, thinks there are even more abroad. In any case, the number seems to be increasing. Business is nearly 25 per cent ahead of a year ago (Continued on Page 127)

A sheet of 100 copies of this misprinted airmail stamp was released in 1918 and bought by W. T. Robey (below). He later sold them for $15,000. Today the famous "inverts" would sell for $610,000.

Below: This Russian stamp appeared almost simultaneously with the launching of Sputnik I in 1957. Rocket pioneer K. E. Ziolkovsky is pictured in the engraving.

Below: The one-cent 1856 British Guiana stamp reported to be the rarest in the world. Estimates of its value run as high as $100,000.

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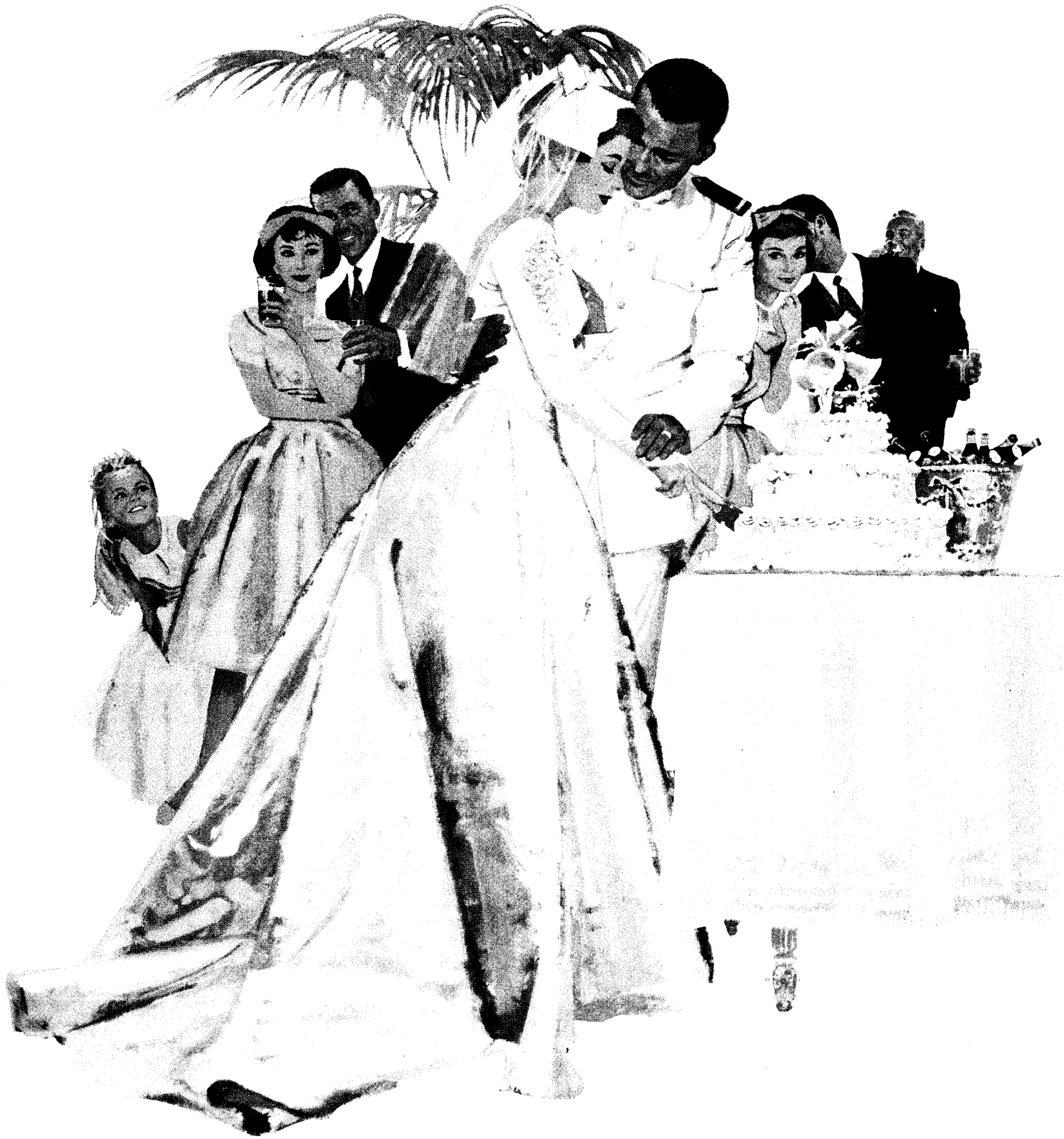
THE SOCIABLES prefer Pepsi



They make wedding bells ring . . . and share the happy moment with friends. Pepsi-Cola is part of the occasion. Pepsi refreshes without filling . . . is always on hand wherever The Sociables gather. You're one of them. Have a Pepsi. It's the light refreshment of today's young moderns.

"PEPSI-COLA" AND "PEPSI" ARE TRADEMARKS OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY, REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Be Sociable, Have a Pepsi

Refresh without filling

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By AMELIA BEAN

THE TEWKSBURY FEUD

If the court refused to execute Breed Tewksbury, Anne Graham would do the job herself.

I come peaceful—unarmed—to tell you I didn't kill Tom Graham," Breed said to Sheriff McKinney.

The only evidence against Breed Tewksbury was circumstantial. Al Rose and his two children had seen Breed with Graham shortly before the shooting. The years-old feud between the Grahams and the Tewksburys also weighed heavily against Breed.

"It wasn't me," Breed explained. "Me and Tom shook hands today."

McKinney had no choice but to take Breed in. As they rode toward Globe, Graham's murderer, Apocada the Mexican, made tracks in another direction.

CONCLUSION

Elizabeth Melton paced about her small parlor, wrenching at her sodden handkerchief, biting her pale lips. Was she herself the only adult in all of Globe who did not want to be present when Breed Tewksbury was indicted for the murder of Tom Graham?

Preacher Melton's wife held her aching head in her hands. She could not cope with the tragic disaster of Tom Graham's murder and she was terrified at its effect on Anne. The girl had shriveled before her eyes, and the mother was afraid the girl meant to destroy herself.

She had come down the hall one night in soft slippers and paused outside Anne's half-open door. The girl was standing beside her bureau, unaware that she was being watched. She held Tom's big Colt .45 in her two small hands—a trunk of his personal belongings had been brought to them—as the appalled mother watched; she seemed to caress the gun, placing her tiny palm and fingers where a man's hand would grip. Then Anne placed the gun in a drawer, covering it tenderly with a layer of her own clothing.

Elizabeth heard a step along the upper hall now and raised her head fearfully. Anne came down the stairs with unhurried deliberation, the black taffeta skirts swishing softly. The veil was raised and pinned back from her hat, a small black pancake. She wore a short black-velvet cape, matching the wide muff which concealed both her hands.

Elizabeth came across to her. "Anne, my darling child," she begged, "please—please, dear, do not go to this ——" She put out a detaining hand toward Anne's forearm, but the girl moved quickly, evading the contact.

Elizabeth hastily pinned on her hat and went with her. "Honey," she suggested timidly, "why don't you lower your veil? People are apt to stare so."

Anne turned her head, looked full at her mother. "I want him"—her voice was dead—"to see my face."

When a deputy escorted Breed into the large room that served as a court in Globe, all the benches were crowded. He crossed from a door behind the bench, and as he neared his chair his eyes recognized Anne Graham, sitting beside her mother on the front row. She sat rigidly erect, as white in the face as the surface of a frozen snowbank, her somber clothing no darker than the eyes, which burned up at him with such implacable malignancy that he shivered inside.

Seated with his back toward her, he could feel the look on him like a scorching shroud, and it was an ugly, burdensome thing. He did not look up and did not see his friend, George Newton, push his way to a seat on the front row of the opposite section, nor did he appear to hear as the proceedings got under way and the witnesses filed in, among them Al Rose and his two children.

The judge's bench was an unpainted kitchen table placed on a low, wooden platform at a level which exposed a pair of booted, bow-legged shanks to the view of the seated spectators. The judge was a bald-headed, weather-beaten man with a harassed expression, and he fiddled constantly with a huge pair of steel-rimmed spectacles, which rode low on the bony ridge of his nose.

The office of county attorney was haphazardly performed by a large, beefy individual who kept looking at the judge, dependent on his promptings to bumble through what were obviously unaccustomed paces.

Breed had hired the only available lawyer in Globe—and hoped that the plumpish, clean-shaven young man in his spruce city suit was older than he looked. Attorney Donald Campbell was a Harvard graduate, a native of Philadelphia and very new to the West, which accounted for his constant expression of disconcerted surprise.

Campbell was further discountenanced by the judge's opening admonition, obviously intended for him alone. "This here is only a hearin'—not a trial," his honor said significantly, "so we're gonna do without a lotta rigamarole that'd only take up time."

The county attorney mumbled along to the point of having the witnesses called. They were heard with difficulty because of the continual buzz of whispering from the spectators, who jumped when the judge suddenly roared out, "You want me to indict a man for murder because a coupla little kids seen a horse the same color as his'n?"

A muttering growl from the spectators answered the judge's outburst. The sympathy of the majority was all on one side—they had come with the single-minded purpose of seeing swift vengeance meted out to Tom Graham's murderer.

The judge's gavel beat a furious tattoo, and they subsided into a muttering watchfulness. The judge glared at them over his spectacles. "I'll have this courtroom cleared," he announced, "if anybody (Continued on Page 74)

Anne jammed the muzzle against the prisoner's head.

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Battle Cry for Book Lovers

(Continued from Page 25)

experienced and sensitive than any but the most devoted of amateurs. But they should never assume that it is so; they, of all people, should know the humility which art imposes and avoid the harlotry of a cheap professionalism.

That is why I address this essay, which is about reading and writing, to the clerisy.

Who are the clerisy? They are people who like to read books.

Are they trained in universities? Not necessarily so, for the day has long passed when a university degree was a guaranty of experience in the humanities, or of literacy beyond its barest meaning of being able, after a fashion, to read and write.

Are the clerisy critics and scholars, professionally engaged in judging the merit of books? By no means, for there are critics and scholars who are untouched by books, except as raw material for their own purposes.

Then does the clerisy mean all of the great body of people who read? No; the name can only be applied with justice to those within that body who read for pleasure and with some pretension to taste.

The use of a word so unusual, so out of fashion, can only be excused on the ground that it has no familiar synonym. The word is little known because what it describes has disappeared, though I do not believe that it has gone forever. The clerisy are those who read for pleasure, but not for idleness; who read for pastime, but not to kill time; who love books, but do not live by books.

As lately as a century ago the clerisy had the power to decide the success or failure of a book, and it could do so now. But the clerisy has been persuaded to abdicate its power by several groups, not themselves malign or consciously unfriendly to literature, which are part of the social and business organization of our time. These groups, though entrenched, are not impregnable; if the clerisy would arouse itself, it could regain its sovereignty in the world of letters. For it is to the clerisy, even yet, that the authors, the publishers and the booksellers make their principal appeal.

Has this group any sense of unity? It had, once, and this is written in the hope that it may regain it. This is a call to the clerisy to wake up and assert itself.

Let us consider the actual business of reading—the interpretative act of getting the words off the page and into your head in the most effective way. It is not the quickest way of reading, and for those who think that speed is the greatest good, there are plenty of manuals on how to read a book which profess to tell how to strip off the husk and guzzle the milk, like a chimp attacking a coconut. Who among the clerisy would whisk through a poem, eyes aflicker, and say that he had read it? The answer to that last question must unfortunately be: far too many. For reading is not respected as the art it is.

Perhaps it would be more just to say that most people, the clerisy included, are impatient of any pace of reading except their fastest, and have small faith in their interpretative powers. They do not think of themselves as artists. But unless they make some effort to match their interpretative powers to the quality of what they would read, they are abusing their faculty of appreciation. And if they do not mean to make the most of their faculty of appreciation, why are they reading? To kill time? But it is not time they are killing; it is themselves.

Doubtless there are philosophical terms for the attitude of mind of which hasty reading is one manifestation, but here let us call it "end-gaining," for its victims put *ends* before *means;* they value not reading, but having read. In this, as in so many things, the end-gainers make mischief and spoil all they do; end-gaining is one of the curses of our nervously tense, intellectually flabby civilization. In reading, as in all arts, it is the means, and not the end, which gives delight and brings the true reward. Not straining forward toward the completion, but the pleasure of every page as it comes, is the secret of reading. We must desire *to read* a book, rather than *to have read* it. This change in attitude, so simple to describe, is by no means simple to achieve, if one lives the life of an end-gainer.

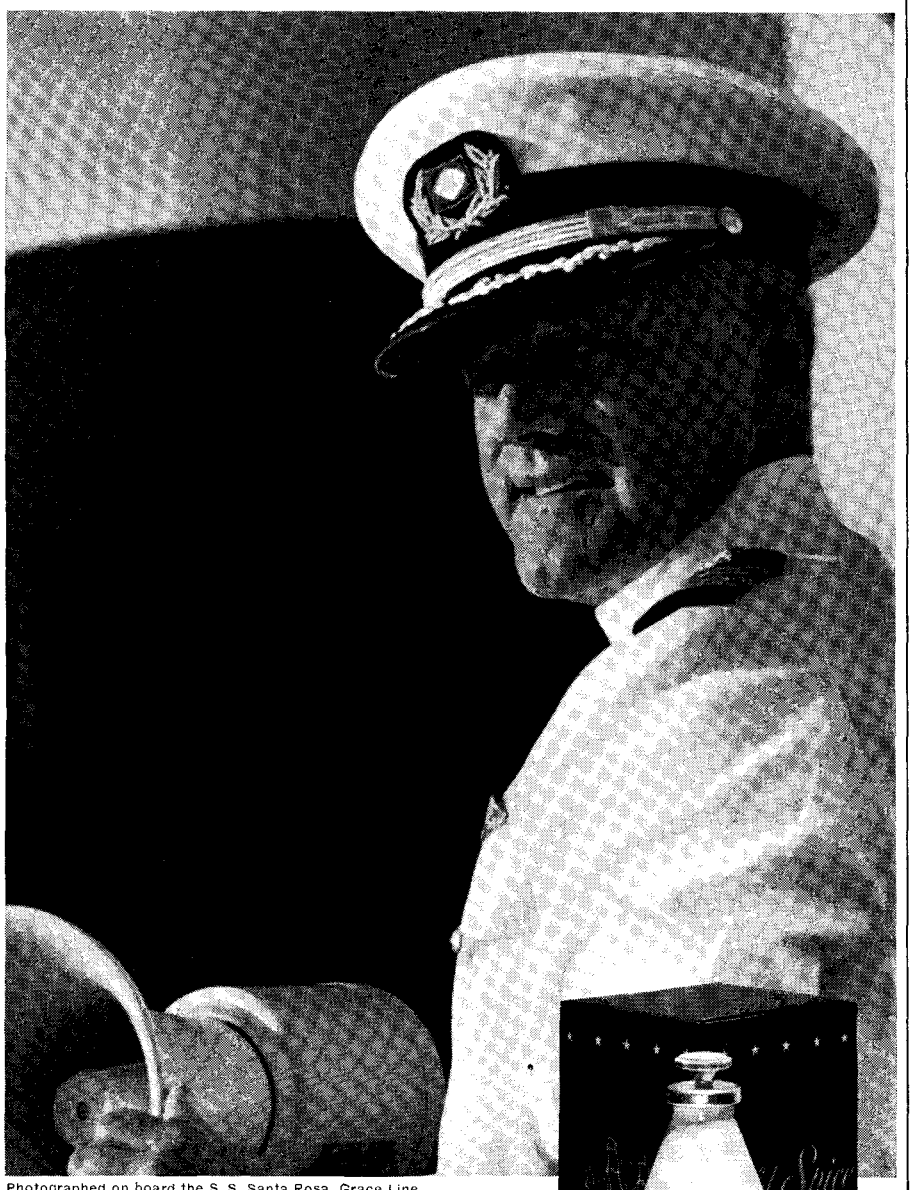
One of the advantages of reading is that it can be done in short spurts and under imperfect conditions. But how often do we read in conditions which are merely decent, not to speak of perfection? How often do we give a book a fair chance to make its effect with us?

Some magazine editors say that the public no longer enjoys fiction; it demands "informative" articles. But informative writing requires less effort to assimilate than does fiction, because good fiction asks the reader to feel.

The clerisy at least want to feel. They have reached that point of maturity where they know that thought and reason, unless matched by feeling, are empty, delusive things. Foolish people laugh at those readers of a century ago who wept over the novels of Dickens. Is it a sign of superior intellect to read anything and everything unmoved, in a gray, unfeeling Limbo? Happy Victorians! Perhaps their tears flowed too readily. But some of Dickens' critics—by no means men of trivial intellect—wept. If this should meet the eye of any modern critic, let me ask him: when did you, sir, last weep over a book? When did you last give a book a fair chance to make you do so?

Feeling is a condition of appreciation, and there can never have been a time when people were so anxious as they now

MEN WHO FACE
SUN AND WIND



Photographed on board the S. S. Santa Rosa, Grace Line

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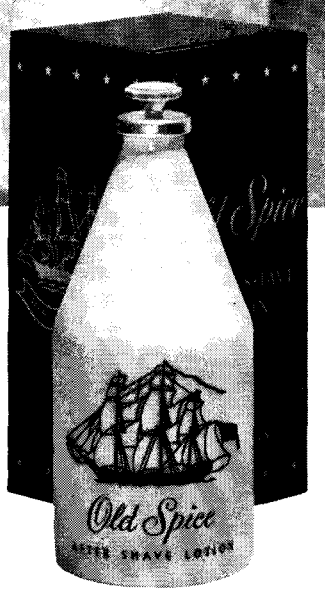

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Old Spice After Shave Lotion is good for your skin: stimulates to a healthy glow, guards against the loss of vital skin-moisture. It feels great—brisk, bracing... tangy Old Spice scent. Happiest ending a shave ever had!

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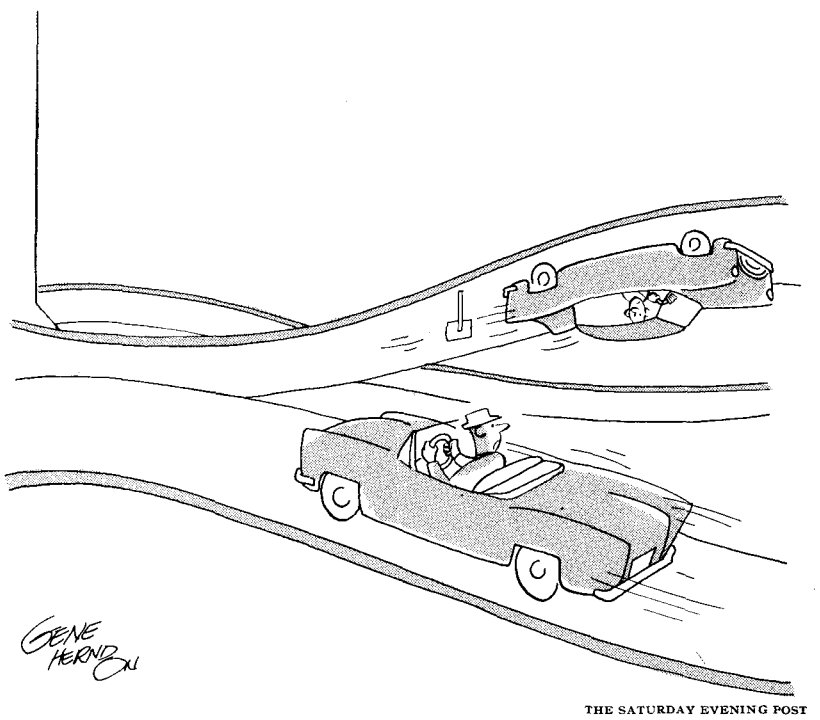

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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are to have emotional experiences, or sought them so consciously. On the North American continent today sensual experience is frankly acknowledged as one of the good things of life. The popularity of "mood music" shows how eagerly we seek to deepen the quality of our experience. Everywhere there is evidence of this anxiety that no shade of sensual enjoyment should be missed; the emphasis indeed is on nursing sensual enjoyment to its uttermost power, and advertising of all sorts reveals it. Do great numbers of people feel that they are missing some of the joy of life? Who can doubt it?

Like all anxiety, this is end-gaining and carries the seeds of its own failure. Not ends, but means, must be the concern of those who seek satisfaction in the pleasures as well as the obligations of life. Take care of the means, and the ends will take care of themselves.

Let us consider the means of satisfactory reading. It is a truism that we shall find nothing in books which has no existence in ourselves. But we all have slumbering realms of sensibility which can be coaxed into wakefulness by books. Aldous Huxley tells us that "writers influence their readers, preachers their auditors, but always, at bottom, to be more themselves."

But do they know what they themselves are? Is not that what they are reading books to find out?

The best of novels are only scenarios, to be completed by the reader's own experience. They do not give us feeling; they draw out such feeling as we have. If fiction is going out of fashion—which is said from time to time, but which I do not believe—it is not because fiction is any worse than it was; the general level of it is probably better. But great numbers of people find fault with fiction because they do not give themselves a chance to respond to it.

It is the way they read which is at fault. The great success of Emlyn Williams in reading Dickens and Dylan Thomas to large audiences shows us where the trouble lies. I have seen Mr. Williams hold a large audience spellbound as he read, in two and a half hours, an abridgment of Dickens' *Bleak House*. He had their undivided attention, and he read with all the resources of a consummate actor. He and his hearers were, for the evening, giving the best of themselves to *Bleak House;* his audience was moved to curiosity, to laughter, to horror, to tears, as audiences are not often moved by plays.

Ah, you may say, but this is a performance by an actor. Yes, and if you want the best from reading, you must learn to give the best performances of which you are capable, sitting soundless in your chair, with your book before you. The gifts demanded of a good reader are less those of the critic than of the actor. You must bestir yourself, and above all certainly you must cultivate the inward ear.

We live in an age when the eye is feasted, and the ear, if not starved, is kept on short rations. Special merit is accorded to the cartoon which makes its effect without a caption. In the theater we expect a higher standard of scenic design, aided by elaborate lighting, than playgoers have ever known. It is not uncommon for a stage setting, at the rise of the curtain, to be greeted with a round of applause.

But how long is it since you heard an actor applauded because he had delivered a fine speech particularly well? This calls attention to our comparative indifference to fine speech; it is not altogether lacking, but we do not insist upon it as we insist on the gratification of the eye. But how do the books you read reach your consciousness? By words which you hear, or pictures which you see? Unless you have a visualizing type of mind, by words. And how do those words reach you?

In the Middle Ages readers spoke aloud the words they read, and a temporary hoarseness or loss of voice was a sufficient reason for a scholar to suspend his studies. In universities a principal means of instruction was the lecture—literally "a reading aloud"—in which the master read to the undergraduates from a work of his own composition. Holy Writ was read aloud in churches, and a point which was greatly emphasized during the Reformation was that it should be read in a language known to all the hearers and not only to the clerisy. The reason for all this vocalizing of what was read was that it might strike inward not only through the eye but also through the ear; even the most learned did not trust to the eye alone, simply because they could read.

Certainly it is not my purpose to suggest that we should return to all this reading aloud, creating in every library a hubbub like that which one hears when walking through the corridors of a conservatory of music. But are we not foolish to give up that inward voice in which books can speak to us? Not *ends*, but *means*, bring delight and fulfillment to the reader, and his means of reading is listening to the inward, reading voice.

What is that voice like? Its quality depends on your ear. If you have a good ear and some talent for mimicry, you can read to yourself in any voice, or as many voices as (*Continued on Page 49*)

How to plan your insurance program

Of course you *could* study many authoritative volumes on insurance. But chances are, after months of reading, you'd still need the personal guidance of an experienced agent to work out the coordinated insurance program you want.

Why not get the professional advice of the independent insurance agent who represents U. S. F. & G.? He can help you develop a planned program of protection for your business, family, home and possessions.

Select and consult your independent insurance agent or broker as you would your doctor or lawyer.

THE USF&G

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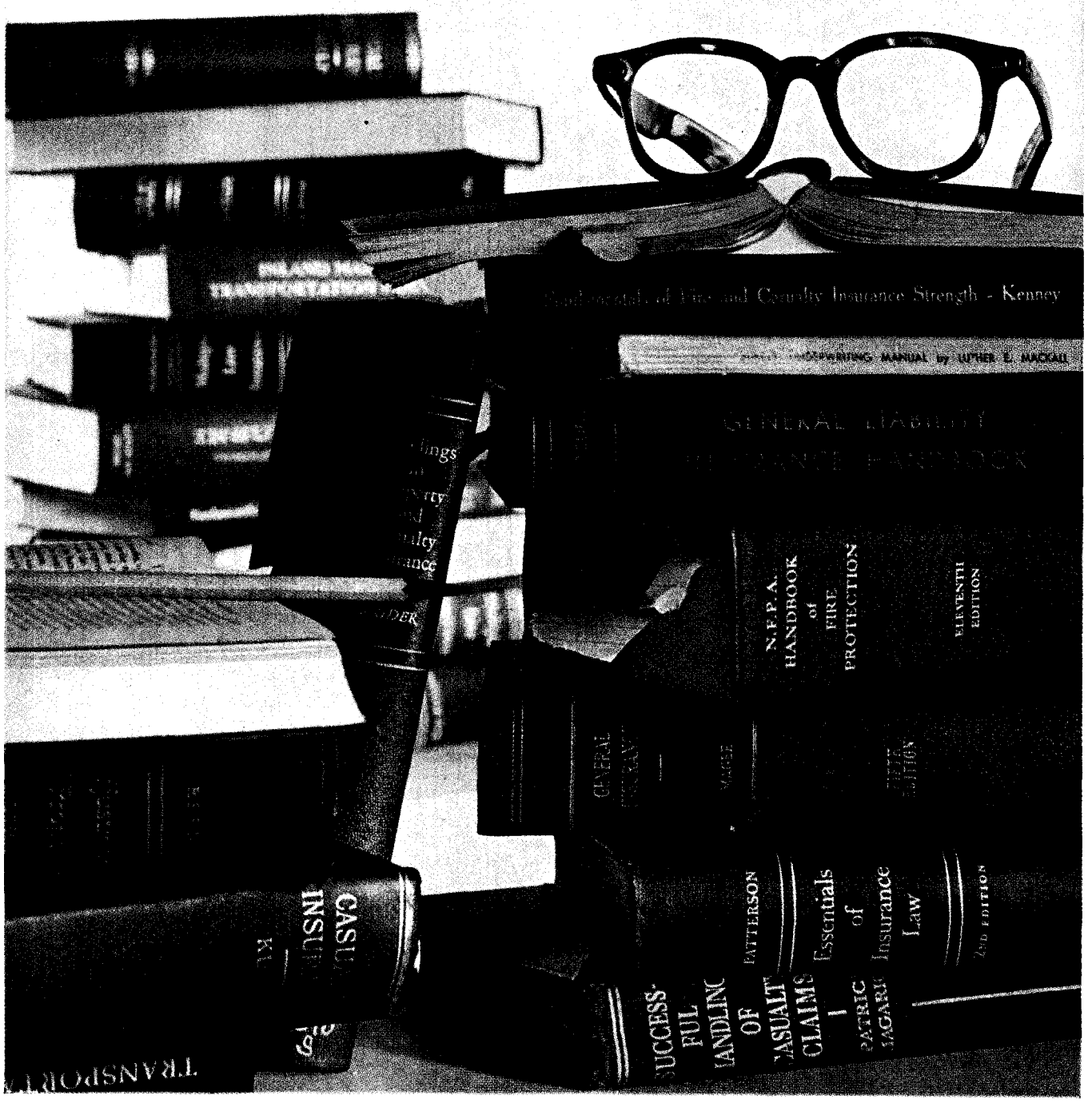
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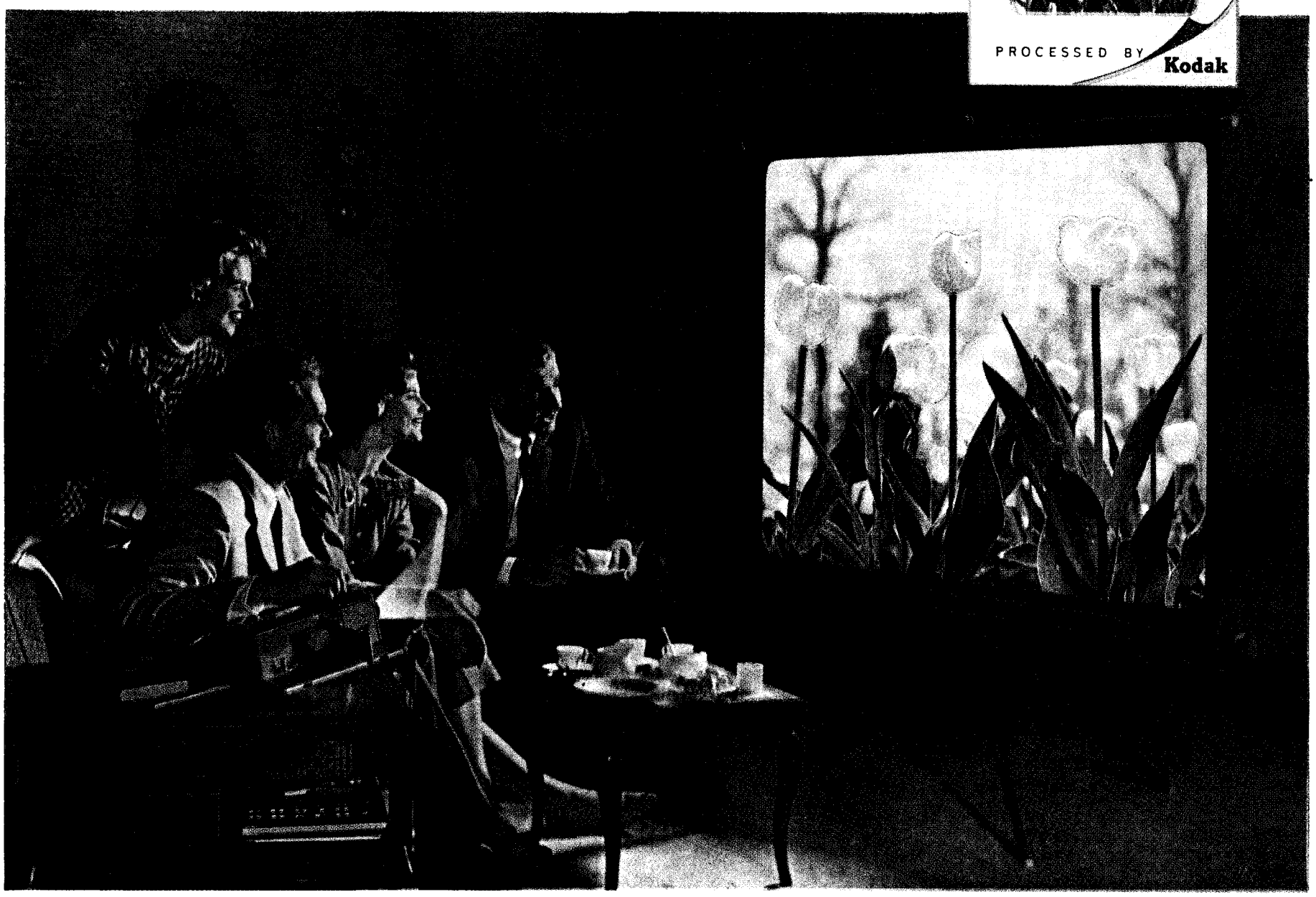
PICTURE IDEA OF THE WEEK



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(*Continued from Page 47*) you please. You have seen Sir Laurence Olivier's film of *Richard III?* Very well, can you hear him again when you read the play? If you can, and if you are a playgoer and a filmgoer, you should be able to find voices for all the characters in the books you read.

This is a game, and a very good game, but it asks for a good ear and makes heavy imaginative demands upon the reader. You may not be able to play it; perhaps you have no desire to do so; it is not for all temperaments. Your taste may be more austere. Besides, it only works with novels and plays. What about reading history or poetry?

The inner voice is of your own choosing, of your own development. It may differ greatly from the voice in which you speak. To read Trollope in the tones of Kansas, or Joyce in the cadences of Alabama, is as barbarous as to read *Huckleberry Finn* with a Yorkshire accent or Edith Wharton in the voice of Glasgow. One of the most dismaying experiences of my college days was to hear the whole of *Hamlet* read by a professor whose voice

• •

Sheep Corral

By Harriet
Gray Blackwell

Land not land,
Sea not sea,
Where off-white waves
Move endlessly.

Land without
A sprig of grass
Whose contoured rug
Is wool, and has

The meek heads of
A thousand sheep,
Gathered close
Before they sleep.

• •

was strongly nasal and whose vocal range was well within one octave. Did he, I wondered, read to himself in that voice? Or did he hear, inside himself, a full, rich, copious, nobly modulated sound unlike the dispirited drone which came out of his mouth? There are, one presumes, utterly tone-deaf readers.

To talk of the rhythms of prose may alarm some readers who have trouble enough with the rhythms of poetry. But poetic rhythm is the rhythm of song, whereas prose rhythm is the rhythm of speech. Not always the speech of the streets or of conversation, but speech rising to nobility, to prophecy, to denunciation. It was Thomas Mann who contrasted the rhythms of verse with "the finer and much less obvious rhythmical laws of prose." Less obvious, but still to be captured by the attentive inward ear, and when so captured, to give a new and splendid dimension to the pleasure of reading.

To some of my readers it may seem that I am advising them to conjure up within themselves a host of dialect comedians and that I want them to read with the embarrassing vehemence of old-fashioned elocutionists. Nothing could be farther from my intention, and I know that many readers are happiest with a low-keyed and antitheatrical approach to their pleasure. But I do seek to urge them to approach reading in a less passive and more interpretative spirit. This cannot be done if the reader hears what he reads declaimed at the speed and in the tones of a tobacco auctioneer.

We would not dream of judging a piece of music which we heard performed on an untuned and neglected piano by a player not up to the work, long out of practice and ill-taught. But we treat a piece of literature, too often, in a comparable fashion. Good reading is the only test of good writing. Can you read this at high speed, without inward vocalizing, and make anything of it?

Rest not in an Ovation, but a Triumph over thy Passions. Let Anger walk hanging down the head; Let Malice go Manicled, and Envy fetter'd after thee. Behold within thee the long train of thy Trophies not without thee. Make the quarreling Lapithytes sleep, and Centaurs within lye quiet. Chain up the unruly Legion of thy breast. Lead thine own captivity captive, and be *Caesar* within thyself.

You have no desire to read Sir Thomas Browne, and do not care what he has to say? Well, what about Mark Twain?

It was a real bully circus. It was the splendidest sight that ever was when they all come riding in, two and two, and gentleman and lady, side by side, the men just in their drawers and undershirts, and no shoes nor stirrups, and resting their hands on their thighs easy and comfortable—there must 'a' been twenty of them—and every lady with a lovely complexion, and perfectly beautiful, and looking just like a gang of real sure-enough queens, and dressed in clothes that cost millions of dollars, and just littered with diamonds. It was a powerful fine sight; I never see anything so lovely. And then one by one they got up and stood, and went aweaving around the ring so gentle and wavy and graceful, the men looking ever so tall and airy and straight, with their heads bobbing and skimming along, away up there under the tent roof, and every lady's rose-leafy dress flapping soft and silky around her hips, and she looked like the most loveliest parasol.

The second of these passages is undoubtedly easier than the first, but neither can be taken at a gallop. The difficult Browne yields his secret, and his exquisite savor, when his pace and tone have been discovered; so does Huck Finn. The reader who has cultivated his appreciation of pace and tone has at his command one of the most powerful of critical instruments, and he will not be content with "those hopelessly banal and enormous novels which are typed out by the thumbs of tense mediocrities and called 'powerful' and 'stark' by the reviewing hack"—to quote Vladimir Nabokov, a modern novelist himself remarkable for the individuality of his pace and tone. Attentive, appreciative reading quickly sorts good writing from bad; to the book gobbler no such discrimination is possible, for he reads so quickly that he has no time in which to discover what is not worth reading.

This is not another evangelistic plea, officiously seeking to insure the literary salvation of its readers by exhorting them to read nothing save "the best." The best, as every true reader knows, is not always what one wants; there are times when one does not feel equal to the demands of the best. Indeed, one may without shame confess that for the time being one is tired of the best. Very often one wants no more than "a good read," to shut out the world while those bruises heal which the world has given. But there are degrees in all things, and degree is vastly more important in those realms which are not quite first-rate than on the level of "the best."

Nor is the exercise of judgment in reading to be confused with the attitude of the journalistic or academic critic. His special heresy is that his trade makes him an explainer, rather than an experiencer, of

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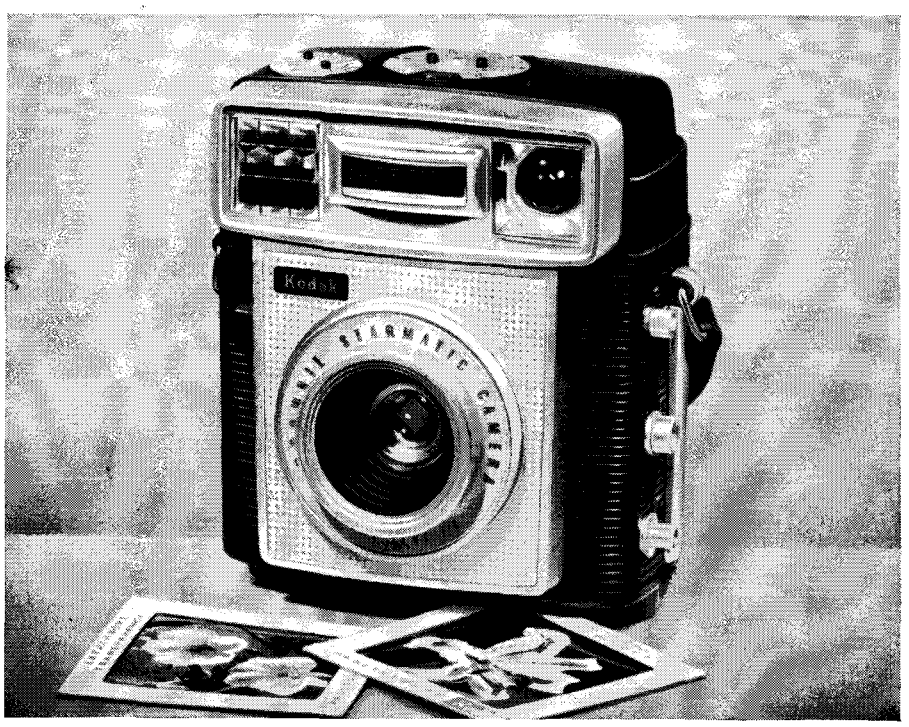

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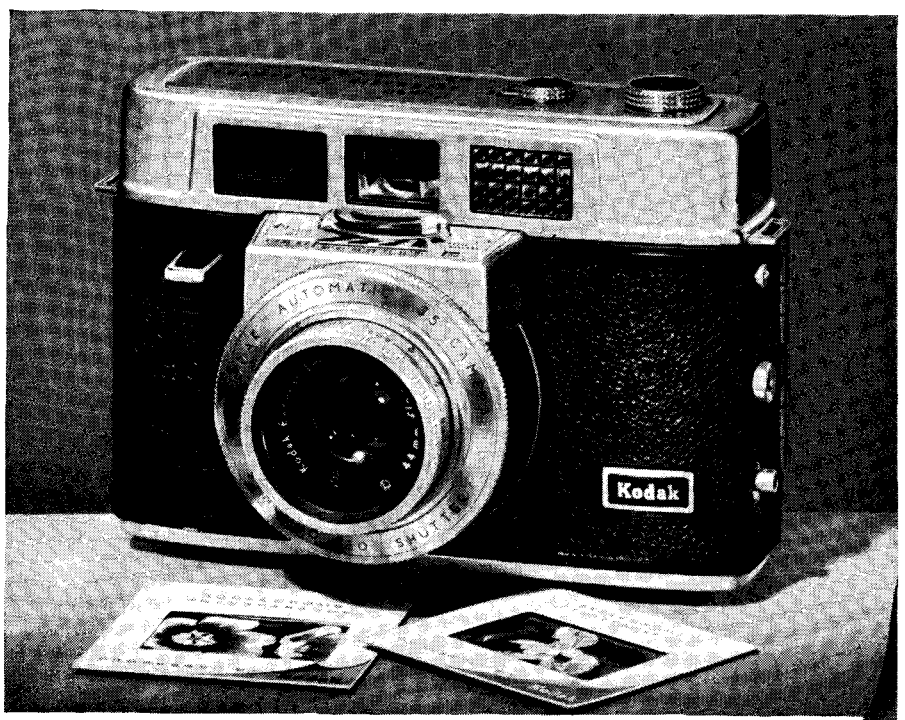

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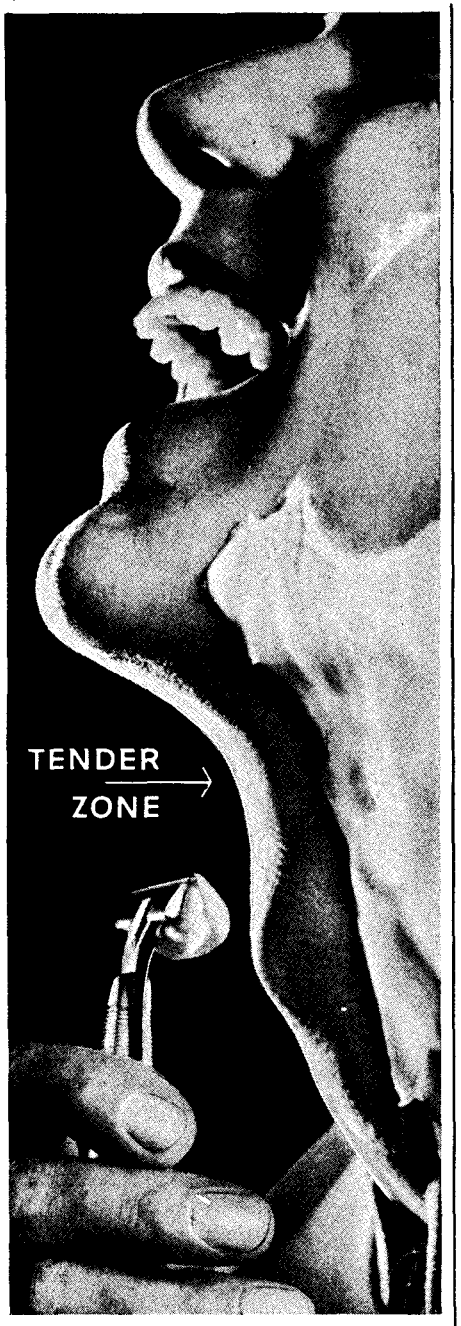

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literature. In this heresy he is followed by many of those intellectuals who are not quite intellectual enough, and who would rather be modish than individual in their taste. All too often, to this type of mind, explaining a thing robs it of value. Having discovered what makes the clock go, it is no longer a matter of interest to them that the clock can tell time.

Most English-speaking people today can read and write. But although they can read, millions of these heirs of eighteenth-century idealism do not read. We need not despair because so many people, having been taught—with what staggering cost in time and money, with what wholesale creation of teachers and building of schools!—to read, read nothing at all, or read trash. The experiment of universal literacy is perhaps the most revolutionary in the history of mankind and, far from being done, it is hardly begun. We have reached the point where English-speaking adults can all read, after a fashion; that is a cause for triumph. Only mad romantics can ever have expected them all to read in the same fashion.

There is no democracy in the world of intellect, and no democracy of taste. Great efforts have been made to pretend that this is not so, but they have failed. The spread of literacy has emphasized what was apparent before. Teach everybody to read, and they will read what appeals to them, what accords with their experience and ideal of life. Their wealth or poverty has little to do with the matter; the man of means who reads rubbish and the poor man who exhausts the classics in his public library are still among us. But in the latter throes of the great experiment the clerisy, as an entity to be reckoned with in the population, has disappeared. It is due for revival, because it is needed if the future stages of the great experiment are to go in the right direction.

Not all readers are prepared, at all times, to make independent judgments. But the failure of modern education to equip them to do so, even when they have the inclination, creates a serious gap in modern culture. The enormously increased production of books and the appearance of an academic and journalistic junta of criticism have robbed the reading public of most of its ability to form its own opinions.

This robbery is not the result of a plot. No cabal of professors and reviewers, meeting in secret, have vowed to cheat the reading public of its rights. The reading public has itself connived at the deprivation, and has helped to shove the junta into power. The temper of the time is unfriendly to independent literary judgment. Readers lack leisure, for we tend to work longer hours than any but the nonreaders of the past. We lack standards of comparison also, for the classical education of a century ago is no longer general, and the literary taste founded on an intimate knowledge of the Bible is equally a thing of the past. To quote the Bible to a modern audience is to invite the same blank stare as greets an allusion to something in Homer. Long toil, a maimed education and small leisure are part of the heavy price we pay for our North American standard of living. It is reputed to be the highest in the world, and so it should be, for it is bought at an inordinate price.

Part of that price has been the resignation of literary taste, by the intelligent reading public, into the hands of professionals, of experts, of an intelligentsia. I have no complaint against the existence of an intelligentsia; on the contrary, I favor it. But I do not favor a small, professional intelligentsia, because the very nature of an intelligentsia is that it should be nonprofessional; belonging to it is not something at which anybody works.

Nevertheless, we have a professional intelligentsia now, and it has lost touch with most of the public. Not that determinedly anti-intellectual public which decries one presidential candidate because he is unmistakably literate, and worries about the chances of another because he has a modest skill in playing the piano. The anti-intellectual pose is one of the unforeseen results of our great experiment in complete literacy. Everybody can be made to read and write, but not everybody is going to like it. No, the public with which the intelligentsia has so unhappily lost touch is itself composed of intelligent humanists—a humanist being, by E. M. Forster's definition, a person possessed of curiosity, a free mind, a belief in good taste and a belief in the human race. The intelligentsia has lost touch with the clerisy.

What is to be done? My proposal is a revival of the clerisy. And surely those who have read thus far will know by now of what the clerisy consists.

If it is to become a more vocal and coherent body on the North American continent the people who comprise it must do a very difficult thing—a thing from which they now shrink. They must accept the fact of their clerisy, and be ready to assert it and defend it with good manners when the need arises. This will expose them to some measure of dislike, and probably a good deal of ridicule. They will find among their ranks many people in whose company they can take no joy—the contentious, the cranks, the ax grinders, the meanly ambitious—those pests who turn up in all large groups, and who seem determined to bring shame upon the cause they espouse. The clerisy must expect to be called "intellectuals," a word which has been given both a comic and a sinister connotation of late years.

Why are so many people ashamed of having intelligence and using it? There is nothing democratic about such an attitude. To pretend to be less intelligent than one is deceives nobody and begets dislike, for intelligence cannot be hidden; like a cough, it will out, stifle it how you may. No man has ever won commendation for standing at less than his full height, either physically, morally or intellectually. If you are an intellectual, your best course is to relax and enjoy it.

Obviously a revived, or awakened, clerisy is not going to be the one which fell asleep in the middle of the nineteenth century. We are the spiritual great-great-grandchildren of those people. Their world is not ours, nor have we their classical education or their Biblical culture; we do not live in a society so frankly class conscious as theirs, but in the dwarf's world of the status seekers. Where they had one new book to read, we have a thousand. Where they had a splendid certainty of their own taste and learning—one recalls the Victorian clergyman who replied to a young lady who observed that his pronunciation of a particular word did not agree with the dictionary: "My dear, dictionaries exist to record the pronunciations of people of education, like myself"—we defer to the opinions of journalistic critics who are, in their turn, reflections of academic critics.

We live in a world where bulk is often equated with quality, and though we know that the best seller is not therefore the best book, we can be awed by impressive sales. Nevertheless, we of the clerisy exist; we are not fools; we can make our existence felt by authors, publishers and critics simply by recognizing that we exist as a class which cuts across all classes and by making our opinions better known, verbally, in public, by correspondence and by the other means which present themselves in the course of daily life. We are people to be reckoned with.

Courteously but firmly we must refuse the outsider role, the layman label, which we have allowed the world of publishers and critics to foist upon us. By our own sheepishness we incurred this loss of our right; by our intelligence we shall reclaim it. We are not ashamed to reverse the words of Sir Nathaniel in *Love's Labour's Lost:* We *have* fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; we *have* eat paper and drunk ink; our intellect is replenished.

For readers who would like to pursue the subject further, the following books are recommended:

Cecil, David
The Fine Art of Reading
Bobbs
$5.00

Lucas, F. L.
Style
Macmillan
$4.00

"I told you it would go to his head."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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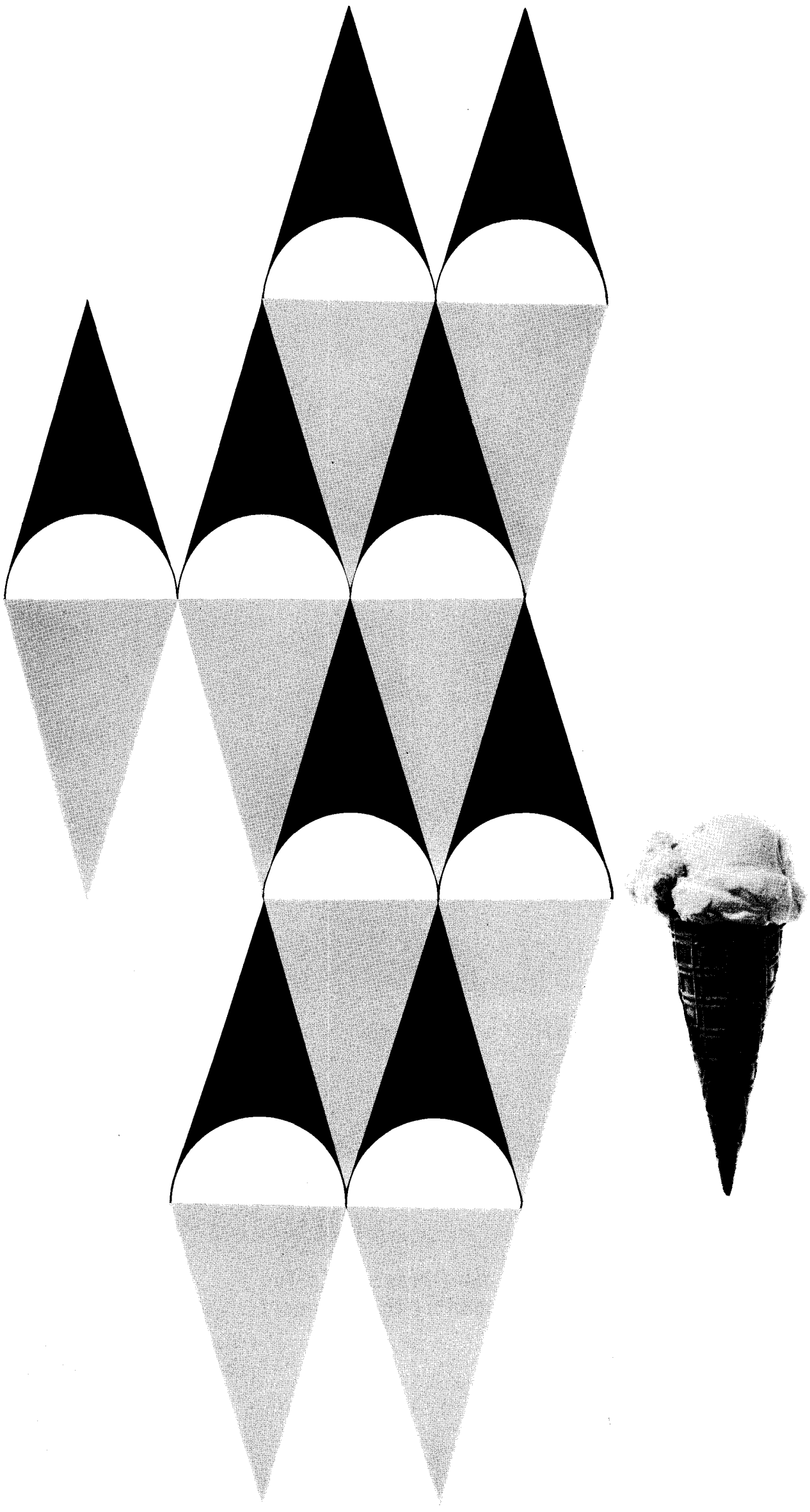

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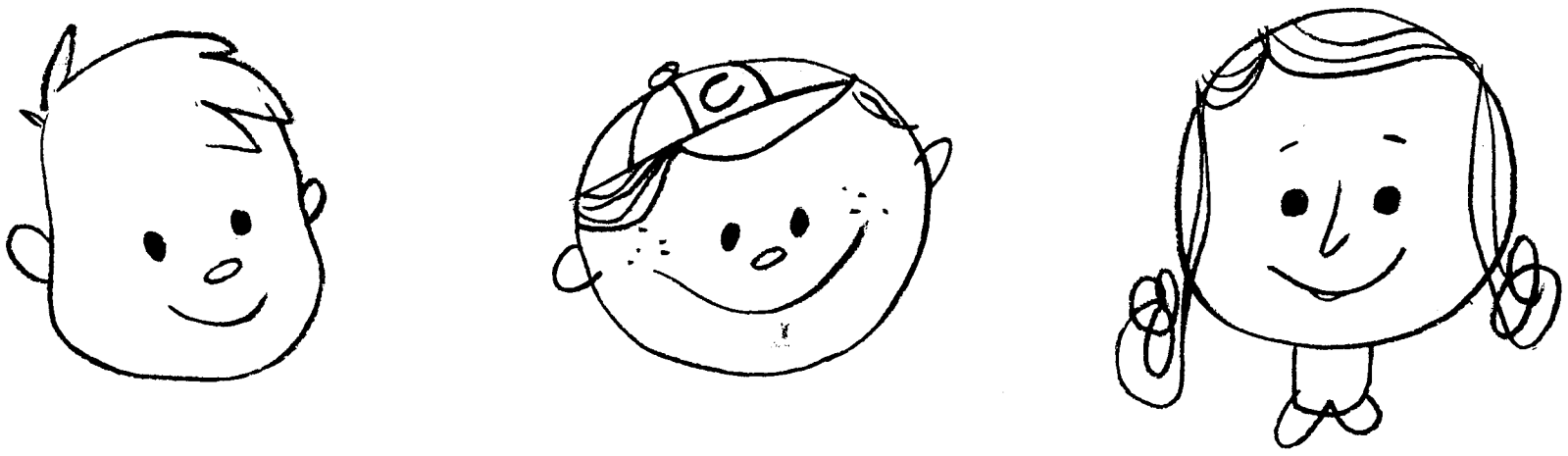

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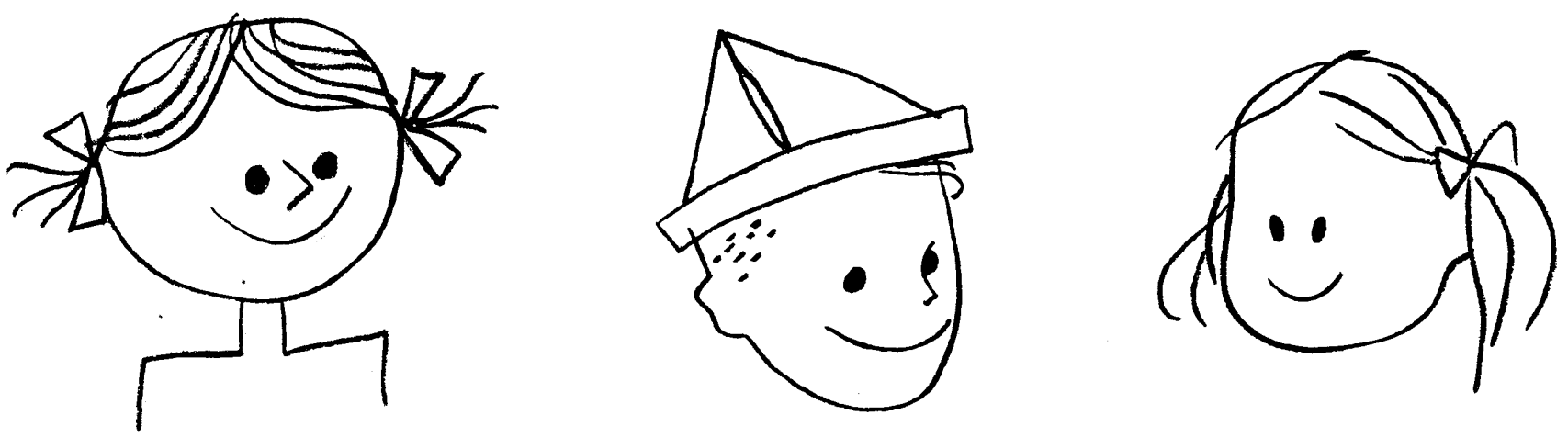

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Stranger at the Window

(Continued from Page 30)

We lived in moonshine country, where most people had big fields of corn. Some of the corn went to the hogs and some of it went to the cows, but most went into likker. Practically every low swampy stretch—that was wide enough and deep enough and tangled with old clumps of hackberry and poison ivy and swamp oak—had one tiny little path cut into it, the sort you couldn't follow unless you knew where you were going. And at the end there'd always be a little still.

People would come from fifty miles away to buy the likker—and that was a long trip in those days. You came by train—the *Smoky Bill* it was called—to Winnfield and then you'd rent a carriage or some kind of wagon and drive the rest of the way. Lots of people did it, and corn whisky was just about the biggest business in the three or four counties around. There was even a special firm that came out from New Orleans and sold nothing but sugar—in any amounts, with no questions asked and no records kept. The business was that big.

Every so often there'd come a reform government in the state capital, and you could see people drifting into town, casually enough. They'd wander around asking innocent questions, and the stills would finish up what they had going and lie idle for a while.

A couple of times those people talked to my mother—once was a Saturday evening when she'd gone into town to deliver the pies she'd baked. She had gone to the drugstore, and as she was coming out, with me tagging along at the end of her primly long skirts and high button shoes, a man I'd never seen before stepped up to her, politely tipping his hat.

"Move off, child," my mother said, and I went to the curb and stared up and down the red dusty street, waiting and trying to hear what they were saying. I couldn't. I caught only the last words and those only because my mother lifted her voice, indignant. "I am not a Judas Iscariot!" She stamped off down the street, her skirts swishing high around her ankles in her haste.

Even so, my mother would have nothing to do with the moonshining business, though there was a nice spot for a still on her property, and she had had offers. She needed money the worst way, but she was a Baptist and she took it seriously.

She didn't countenance any hard likker. We were all brought up to believe that the devil was a tall red man with a pitchfork in one hand and a bottle of whisky in the other. And there was quite a to-do when my brother Roger, who was three steps older than me and must have been about fourteen at the time—a big strong boy with the beard of a man—came home nearly dead drunk and passed out in his bed. My mother got the wheelbarrow, the one that still stank of the chicken yard, and dragged or rolled him out of bed—by herself, though she wasn't a big woman—and carried him out the front gate to the edge of the dirt road where there was a kind of little ditch cut by the rains. She dumped him out there and left him, though it was a sharp night, with a little mold of frost on the ground.

When he did come up to the house the next morning, so stiff and sore and cold he was limping like a cripple, my mother only glanced up from the pot of mush she was stirring. "Morning, Roger," she said. "You look like you had a bad night."

"Yes, ma'am," he said.

She brought us up strictly. Her girls wore cotton stockings summer and winter if they wore any of the shorter skirts. And if they didn't have stockings, they had to have their skirts ankle length.

When you worked all day with chickens and walked the dirt roads, the hems got thick and crusted and heavy with mud and dragged at your feet. Once my sister Rosalie asked if she couldn't pin them up just for a little while, one wet fall when the mud and bramble burrs were caking and scratching. My mother looked at her, looked right through her and didn't even bother answering. And that was the last said about that.

Maybe she was a little rough with her children. But maybe there wasn't any other way for her to do without a man working the place, and the babies coming, year after year, in early summer, June usually.

It couldn't have been easy for her, after our father stopped working and took his dog and went to live in the little shed down by the spring, right on the east side of the swamp. My mother went down each evening carrying his supper on a tin pie plate.

She would always leave us at our supper while she went down. She couldn't have stayed too long, because I remember hearing her come back, hearing the firm steady unhurrying tread of her heavy shoes.

For all of her energy, she wasn't a thin woman or a gaunt one. She was short and inclined to be heavy. Her hair changed from light brown to gray, but her face was full and pink. Her mother had been German, and the blood in her showed. Even mud on her looked clean.

Her children were dark, every last one of them; they all took after their father. I wonder now what she must have thought of him. But she didn't give a sign, nor say a word. She kept on bringing his food and bearing his children.

Not even my oldest brothers, Mark and George, remembered exactly what happened. It was just one day they noticed that they had considerably more of the chores to do and that their father didn't seem to be home for supper. Like kids, they weren't really very interested. They grumbled to themselves about the extra work, then they forgot all about it. Next they noticed what was happening to the fields—they filled with dry stalks that rustled in the wind during the winter until they fell down and blended into the mud and disappeared. And the fields turned into stretches of open ground covered by creepers and grass, and the marks of the old plow lines showed very faintly.

It was maybe six months, maybe a year or maybe more, before the boys found out where their father was living. They found his shack one day in early summer when they were heading for Taylor Pond to see if they could get any green trout. The shack itself had been there for as long as they could remember, only now somebody had worked on it. The walls shone with bright new tar paper. The roof had been patched with sheets of tin, and around the whole thing was a fence of chicken wire.

The boys tried to open the gate—they wanted to peep in the windows and see who was there. The gate wasn't a very good fit and it had warped besides; they were struggling with it when a big yellow hound came rushing out.

They recognized the dog—their father's. It was in worse shape than they had ever seen, ears cut by brambles and coat tangled with burrs, but it was sleek and heavy, as if it'd been lying around for a week and hadn't been cleaned up after the last run.

The boys stopped playing with the gate, not so much because they thought the hound would go for them—they had been around him too much to be afraid of that—but because they were no longer curious. They knew who was living there.

They backed off and tiptoed away, the hound watching them go, and them not talking until they were a half mile off. It was almost like they'd been to a graveyard.

They didn't go to the pond that day after all. Instead they went over to the Tickfaw River and caught some catfish, though it was a mile longer walk, and they didn't particularly like the taste of cat.

And that was that. After a while we forgot he was there, and things went on just the way they had before.

My mother baked, and we brought the cakes and pies and bread into town every Saturday. She made preserves and we'd go combing the country for fruit—wild fruit. From the first blossom we'd know where the berry thickets were and we'd start praying for a good dry spring so the berries wouldn't blight and fall off. There was one particular spot, a kind of swampy one, where the bushes had plenty of sun and their roots were always damp, and we'd be out before daylight, fighting the birds for every single berry. Poison ivy got in our scratches, and we'd cool them by scooping up great handfuls of wet mud and smearing them on the spots until we got home. Then my mother would use a special lotion made of eleven different kinds of leaves, and that would stop the itching.

We helped with the preserving too, watching the long lines of jars stretched out along the kitchen table and over the window sills, and eating the hulls out of the bottom of the jelly bag.

Usually food wasn't any problem. There were plenty of greens in the summer and wild fruit. We grew a little garden too, and my first brother was a good shot with the old Winchester rifle that hung over the kitchen door. The younger boys used slingshots. So we had deer and rabbit and plenty of birds—dove and pheasant and quail. There was fish too, some of it. And my sister Marjorie was very clever at spotting honey trees—so we always had plenty of the sweet and faintly musky tupelo honey.

It was the winters that were hard. They were short and very cold, with little skins of ice on the ground and air so damp you felt you were swimming under water. The house was never warm; the walls dripped, and the wind blew straight through. We put newspapers under the mattresses and newspapers between the blankets, so that the whole night roared with crackling. Even so, we went to bed right after supper—two and three together, for warmth.

The mornings were worse. Sometimes it seemed that there must be a big lump of ice in the middle of my stomach that didn't thaw out until March.

But there were things to be done in the morning, and we had to be out and doing. We ran to keep warm, stumbling because we were so sleepy. I can remember one thing clearer than any other of those winter mornings. On Saturdays my brother John, the next oldest to me, would have to kill and draw the chickens that were going to town to be sold that day. He had to do that outside, in a special little fenced yard where a charcoal burner heated a tub of water. He was very good at the job and very fast and he had added some improvements of his own, ones that saved him from standing in the cold, stamping his feet and waiting. He had one in particular that he was very proud of. When he had slit the throat, instead of throwing the chicken in an empty barrel to bleed, he grabbed it by the feet and swung it around his head like a lariat. The blood drained out faster that way, he said. I can still see him—

(*Continued on Page 56*)

The Perfect Squelch

Hilarious Henry, always the life of the party, was in exceptional form at a stag dinner for a classmate who was about to marry. Laughing uproariously, drinking too much, patting every waitress, he finally decided to try out his high-school Spanish. Summoning an attractive young waitress, he said, "*Poco hielo, por favor.*"

"I'm sorry, sir, I don't understand," the girl replied.

Henry, reaching to encircle the girl's waist, held up his glass with his free hand and said, "*Hielo, hielo*, you know, the stuff we skate on."

"Oh," the girl responded, "you want me to bring you some *thin* ice."

Howard Welsh

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(*Continued from Page 54*)

red blood flying out from him, splashing like a sort of heavy summer rain on ground that was frozen hard into little ruts and hollows. John became a car salesman in Pensacola eventually and never had chicken in his house.

Only once did my mother seem to notice what he was doing. She had occasion to go out back for something and she saw him. "That," she said quietly to no one in particular, "is a great waste of energy." And later that day she said to the kitchen sink, "I wonder if you couldn't do something with chicken blood—seems such a pity to waste it."

That was the way she thought.

One day my father was gone—really gone this time. From my mother you would never have known anything happened. My sister Marjorie came home from hunting honey and whispered to us that the shack was empty and the gate to the yard was standing open.

That evening we were all of us dying to get out. We did that often at night—after my mother had gone to bed and we could tell by her heavy slow breathing that she was asleep.

But this one night was different. She sat rocking. In a while she got up and got some more wood for the range. We could tell the thump of the sticks as she got them out of the basket behind the door and the clank of iron as she put them in the stove. Then the rocker began again.

We lay waiting, not even daring a whisper to one another, because she had sharp quick ears and could tell in a flash what the first whimper of a child meant. She was always the first to tell when a fox or a weasel was bothering her chickens, too; just the slightest flutter told her that.

So we lay and waited. We couldn't creep to the door because the old boards of the house groaned and swayed under the slightest weight. The foundations had needed repairs for years. So we stayed very quiet and waited for her to leave, and one by one we fell asleep. We never did know when she went to bed—or if she did.

That was the same night the shack burned to the ground, leaving only the fence posts. Pretty soon, in the damp and weather, those fell down, and the brush covered it all up again, so we weren't even sure any more just where it had stood.

Days went rolling into weeks, and weeks into years. I remember worrying about my clothes, beginning to wonder how I looked, beginning to fret at the old-fashioned pier glass that was so wavy you could hardly tell if your hair was combed. I was growing too and I remember my mother adding ruffle after ruffle to the hem of my dress. They were all different materials, and my sisters thought the effect was very gay. I thought it was horrid. I had my heart set on a bright blue muslin in Keating's window.

I can still see that dress—as plain now as the day I coveted it so much my stomach was shaky. I can see how it was displayed, pinned up against a silver-paper wall. But I can't remember what my littlest sister looked like then.

The next winter was very hard. I remember that my brother couldn't go hunting for weeks on end, because there were no shells for the Winchester. So the boys set out snares for rabbits. There were always plenty of them, and it seems to me that we had rabbit stew most of that winter. The walk to school was an endless trip of dripping noses and chattering knees. We finally gave that up and stayed at home.

It seemed long, even to us. But then it was over, and my mother was sending us out to dig sassafras root and making us drink the pink tea. And all of a sudden the sun got hot, and the days stretched out and, kid fashion, we forgot that we had ever been cold. We ate the wild water cress that grew around the spring, and dug the young dandelion shoots out in the old pasture field and carried them home in our skirts.

It was sometime that summer that Albert Benton began coming out to the house. He was the foreman of a lumber mill in town, a short squat heavy-set man, with almost white hair and a face always sunburned or wind-burned a bright red.

He came every Sunday, wearing a suit and tie, with his white hair carefully combed. He always brought something for us kids—a bag of apples or peppermint candies.

After a time, my mother began building a new room on the house. We were so excited that we just stood around and watched the Negro carpenter from town—until our mother chased us off with not-so-gentle swats. And every Sunday, Mr. Benton inspected the week's work very carefully, plank by plank.

It did look kind of strange, all those new boards hung on to the blackened paint-stripped main house. After all, any

"I suppose it's fitting that we should stand. After all, we'll outlive them."

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sort of addition was unusual in that part of the world. Most people lived in a house until it was ready to fall down with termites and old age before they built another one a few dozen yards away and moved into that.

Finally on a Sunday morning I noticed that my mother had on a new dress and gloves and a hat. "Elizabeth," she said, "go find the children." So I went out and scurried around the yard and yelled out over the closest fields. I knew before I started that I could find only the littlest ones, because it was fall, and the pheasants and quail were in their prime, and all my brothers were off before daybreak. My sisters were out hunting for field lettuce, which we called lamb's tongue. They wouldn't be back until evening.

I found Marilyn and Junine and Raymond and got them into the kitchen. My mother looked at us. "Where are the others?"

"Out," I said.

She folded her hands in her lap. I saw, all of a sudden, how old and rough and hard they looked against the new, shiny material. I couldn't help glancing over to the net gloves that lay next to the little round bag on the kitchen counter. And I thought how funny it was that a man's hands should wear lacy gloves.

"Well," my mother said, "they will have to find out later."

"Yes, ma'am," I said. "Yes, ma'am."

"I am going to get married," she said. "Mr. Benton is coming this morning. Now go out and play, but sweep the mud off the front steps first."

As I look back now, it seems kind of strange to me, the words she used to tell us. Not, "You're going to have a new father." No, she was a plain-spoken woman. He wasn't our father and he would never be. She had simply found herself another man.

Later that morning Mr. Benton drove up—in a carriage this time—and got my mother and handed her in like a lady. We all stayed very quiet and listened to the hoofs on the dirt road. You could hear them for quite a distance, because it was Sunday, and everything was very quiet.

He was a hard-working man, Mr. Benton. He'd be up early, as early as we were, joking with us over breakfast. Then off he'd go to town and his job in the lumber mill. He kept his own horse in a lean-to he'd built at the side of the kitchen, a small chestnut mare, a bit on the elderly side and a good bit slow, but even-tempered and quiet.

He was a good steady man, and the following spring, first thing I noticed, there was a Negro out with a mule plowing the east field. After that there were a couple of more Negroes planting.

One by one the fields filled up. Very slowly things got back to what they were before my father left. No, I guess they were better. My father hadn't ever been one to make too much money out of the farm, even if he did keep things going. With Mr. Benton it was different. He had a paying job and an all-year one, and whatever the farm made was extra. He had a touch for that too. "Don't grow for yourself," he was always telling my mother. "Grow for money and buy what you need." That was a strange idea for us, because each of the farms around here always tried to be self-sufficient.

Mr. Benton just laughed at them. "With money," he would say, "nobody ever got hurt yet."

And I can see my mother sitting and looking at him, her fat smooth face coming alight with a kind of liveliness she didn't usually have.

They got the house painted, and my mother even started a little bed of cosmos along the new front porch. Then there was a cow in the pasture. My mother milked it herself twice a day and would never let anyone else come near it. And each Sunday she and Mr. Benton went off to church, all dressed up, looking smug and fat and altogether satisfied with life. They even had their picture taken. That picture was standing in a big gilt frame on the handkerchief table in the corner, the one that my grandfather had made years ago.

I don't know how long Mr. Benton was there, but it must have been quite a while, because we had stopped noticing what he did and what he said. He was just there; there was no particular importance to him any more.

Then something happened, along one fall when the rains that bring in winter had started. It was evening, late evening. It had been pouring sheets all day, but along toward the time of sunset it slacked off, leaving just a light drizzle hanging like heavy smoke. The wet air was beginning to turn a funny fishy color, a sort of silver.

I was in the kitchen helping with supper. I even remember that my mother was wearing a blue dress and a big freshly starched apron that crackled as she walked. All the kids were inside, too, in that sort of weather. There was a new kitten in the box just inside the door; you could hear it mewing. I think somebody was feeding it with a piece of rag dipped in milk.

My brother Jesse, who would have been seven or so, yelled out from the front of the house, "There's a man standing outside the fence, right in the road." Nobody paid attention to him. So he stood in the doorway and repeated, "He's standing (*Continued on Page 60*)

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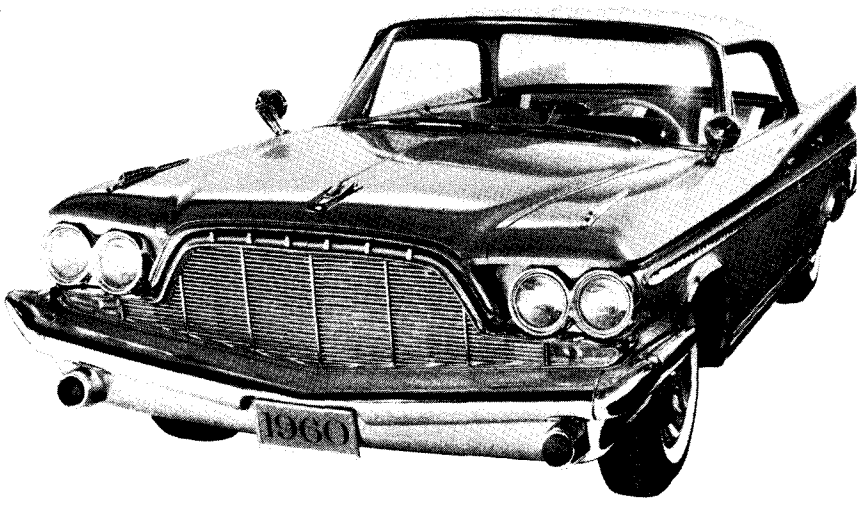

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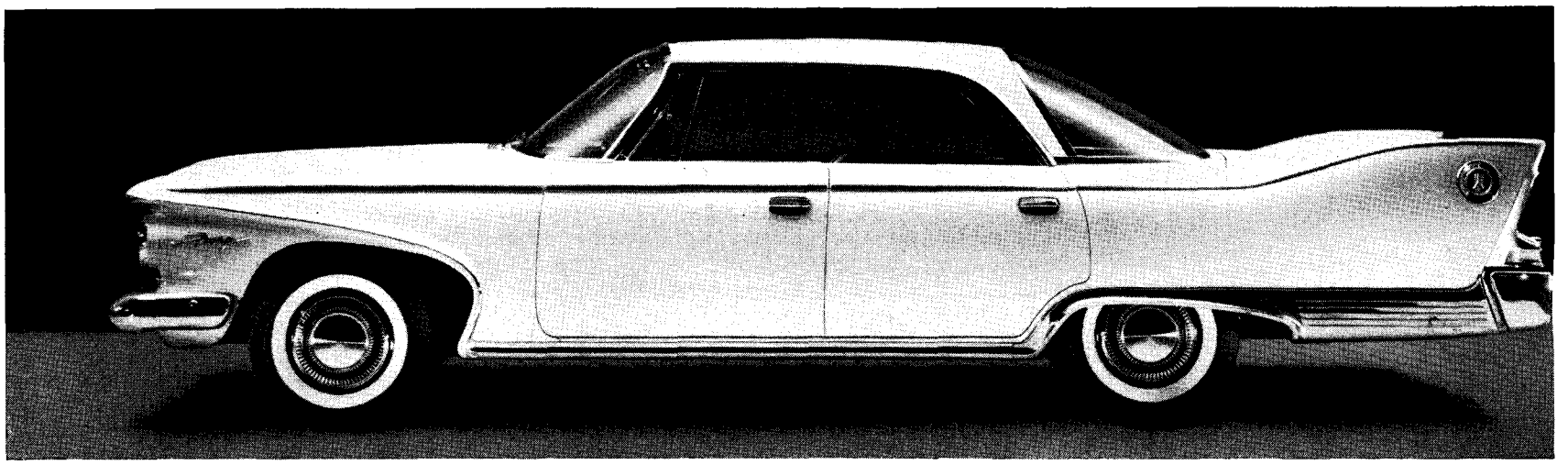

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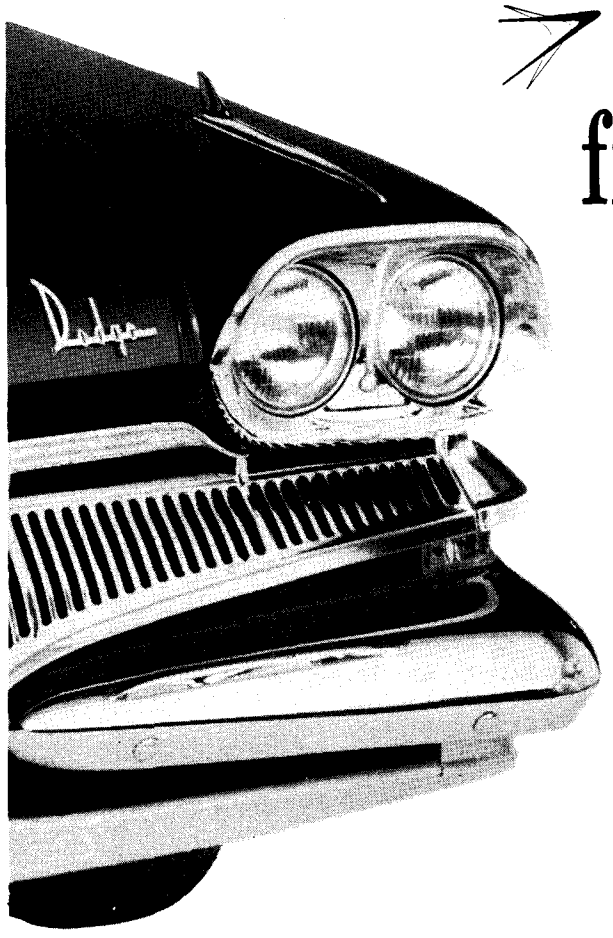

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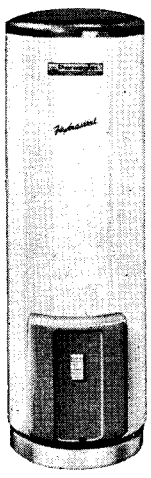

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(*Continued from Page 57*) still, right in the road, looking at the house."

"Well," Mr. Benton said, "maybe he wants to stay out in the rain."

Jesse hopped up and down on one foot. "He's got a big old sack over one shoulder."

"Bogey man," my sister Marilyn said and shoved him back through the door. But she went out with him.

"Tramp," Mr. Benton said. "Must have got thrown off the cars over by Ellenville."

From the front room Marilyn began a singsong chant, "He's alooking right in, he's alooking right in." Jesse made delighted squealing noises.

"Kids," Mr. Benton muttered through his pipe.

My brother George, who must have been about sixteen then, slipped into the other room. Everybody else stayed where he was; they were more interested in supper. Raymond and Junine, feeding the kitten in the corner, giggled softly, their heads close together over some private joke.

I had just finished a whole dish of potatoes, scraped clean, and I was beginning to quarter them. All of a sudden I noticed my mother. She stood in front of the range, and her hands held a wooden spoon crosswise in front of her, just the way I'd seen people hold whips when they stood and talked on the main street in town. She was staring straight ahead at the wall, where the line of pots hung. They were mostly new, and some of them were copper, burnished so that they winked at you. And some of them were iron, blackened and greasy, and some were porcelain, mottled like a wild bird's egg.

I stood and watched, the point of my knife digging little holes in the potato I was supposed to be quartering. She didn't so much as move her fingers for the longest time. Then she said very quietly, so that you could hardly hear it over the giggles of the kids and the bubbling of the pots on the range, "Make him go."

Mr. Benton looked up, puzzled, as if he'd heard a far-off sound and was trying to place its direction.

She turned around then and walked crisply over to her chair, the black painted rocker that stood right by the kitchen table. And she sat down in it. She didn't look particularly excited. She folded her hands over her stomach and began to rock, tapping her heels on the floor. And you could have heard breathing, for then there was just the whimpering of the kitten.

It was like hearing the roof fall, this sort of quiet.

She repeated, "Make him go." Mr. Benton was on his feet now, scrubbing at his cheek. "Don't let him stand out there and look; make him go."

> To the average dancer, the primary difference between a rumba, a samba or a tango is in the spelling.
>
> BOB ALLEGER

For a couple of seconds Mr. Benton figured out what she was telling him. He went out through the front door. My mother stayed in her chair, rocking the same sleepy rhythm. You'd have thought she was perfectly calm if you hadn't seen her eyes.

I was so busy staring at her that I forgot about following Mr. Benton. When I finally got to the porch he was standing at the front gate, looking down the road which curved just below the house. The tramp wasn't anywhere in sight. My brother George was standing right beside Mr. Benton, dancing up and down in excitement. "Who was that?" he kept asking.

After a bit, Mr. Benton looked at him. "Nobody," he said. "A tramp."

My brother made a quick move to dodge around Mr. Benton and dash out the gate. I knew he was going to because I could see his feet shift just slightly on the ground. Mr. Benton saw it, too, because when George lunged for the gate, Mr. Benton's hand caught him by the shoulder and spun him around. Then he grabbed him by collar and belt and swung him off his feet, carrying him on one side, the way you'd carry a bag of meal. That was the way they came back, slogging through the gumbo mud of the yard.

When they got near the porch, Mr. Benton gave him a swing and tossed him up, just the way you'd toss meal on a wagon. George landed like a cat, on all fours.

"Kids," Mr. Benton said. "Get on inside." And we went fast enough. My mother was still rocking quietly.

"He's gone," Mr. Benton said.

"Who was that?" my brother Dan asked.

And Jesse, taking courage from the question, asked, "Did you know him?"

"No," Mr. Benton said. My mother said nothing. Mr. Benton said, "There was nothing to get scared about."

"He went away," my mother said.

"You said to send him off."

"Yes," my mother said, and you could see that her eyes were coming back to normal.

Mr. Benton sat down, slumped way down in his chair, solidly, so that he looked a part of it. It seemed to me that he had never looked quite that way before.

That was a long time ago, of course. It worries me sometimes, comes back to worry me. I suppose we could have asked my mother about that tramp, but none of us did, not even when she was an old lady sitting in a wheel chair, long after Mr. Benton had died—just an old old lady sitting on her front porch looking out across a yard that she had carefully planted in flowers.

We didn't know. And we didn't ask. Sometimes we would think that it was. And sometimes we would think that it wasn't. I guess we liked it that way.

Ordeal Over the Channel

(Continued from Page 23)

the inboard propeller windmilled, slowed and stopped as the blades turned flat, facing us.

Daigh raised his voice over the heavier sound of the three remaining engines running on almost full climbing power. "About time," he said. "I was beginning to lose confidence in him."

A minute or so later the captain came on the tube and told us about it. He had a flat British tone. He was brisk and cheerful. No problems, he said, the three other engines were in fine shape. We were an hour off the Irish coast. "We'll just pop into Shannon and have a look at it," he said. "Thank you."

"Thenk y'," I mimicked him. "There's nothing like a limey in the clutch," I said. "He'd have sounded just the same if a wing was falling off the thing."

"I know," Daigh said. "But they can come unstuck too, just like people. And when they do, it's worse, somehow."

"I suppose so," I said. "I never saw it happen."

"They're the world's toughest people," Daigh said. "The Germans think they're tough, and so do the Americans. Not all Frenchmen are hard, but a hard Frenchman is very hard indeed, and a really hard Israeli is something to make a backcountry Mississippi sheriff run up a tree. The Turks are hard, and so are the Russians, and they both talk about it; but the British are harder than any of them."

"And look less like it," I said. "I remember one of those indoctrination booklets they gave us. It was talking about British speech and it said, 'Don't deceive yourself; three quarters of the globe was not marked out in red by a bunch of pantywaists.'"

"That's right," Daigh said. He offered a package of cigarettes. "We might as well smoke," he said, "while we're waiting to see if we're going to get our feet wet."

"We won't," I said.

He shrugged. "About coming unstuck," he said, "I flew with a British crew in 'Forty-two. Three missions—in Wellingtons. The first two were nothing much, looking back on them now, although at the time it seemed to me that nobody had ever done anything half so terrifying. Up to then I hadn't quite accepted the idea that people were really going to try to kill me. Anyway, we came back from the first two with nothing worse to show for it than a couple of little flak holes in the airplane. The third was another matter.

"The skipper was a flight lieutenant of about twenty short summers, a redheaded kid who sported one of those mustaches that made you sure, looking at it, he'd never seen a Mack Sennett comedy—and, of course, he hadn't; he was too young by a long way. His name was Mike Dawson. He was a pretty good pilot and he was as cold, I thought, as a man could get. To tell you the truth, I thought he overdid it by quite a bit. You know how it was early on there, the British had been fighting for three years by Nineteen forty-two, and we were new boys, and they didn't pass up many chances to let us know it.

"I was having a beer with Dawson and some other types one night when he heard that one of his close friends had been killed. 'Pity,' he said. 'I'd got him a date for tonight. I shall have to find someone else now. What about you, Yank?'

"I started to tell him thanks a lot, but no thanks, then I changed my mind and I went along. I didn't like it much, though. Anyway, he had the aircraft this third mission, and I was flying copilot. It was a run to Hamburg. We crossed the coast at Coxhaven and all the rest of the way in we had seven tenths' cloud cover. It wasn't quite so bad over the target—our primary was a complex of warehouses along the dock front—and anyway, the pathfinders had been in. There was flak all around, and two planes were knocked out of our own formation, but we weren't touched.

"It was the first time I'd seen what the Germans could do when they were really trying, and I was scared stiff, I can tell you that. It seemed absurd to think we could get through that stuff. Flak at night was meaner (*Continued on Page 62*)

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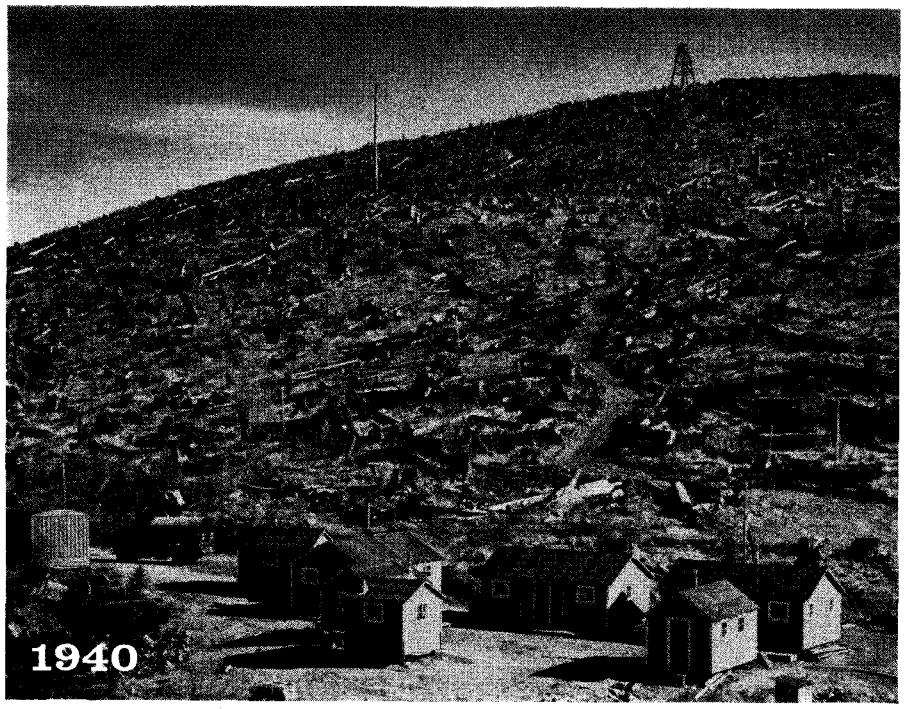

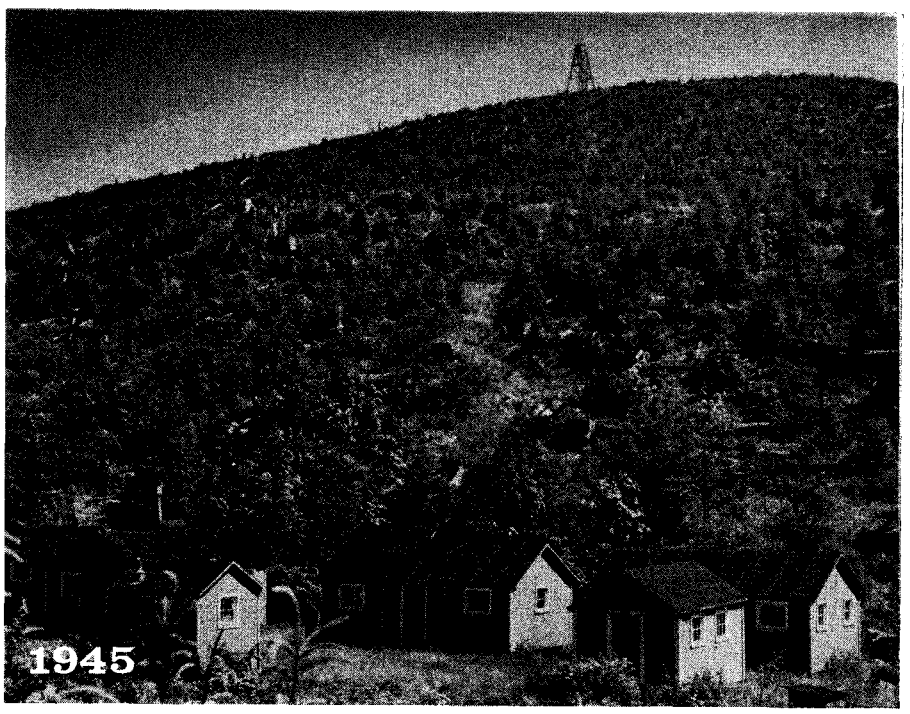

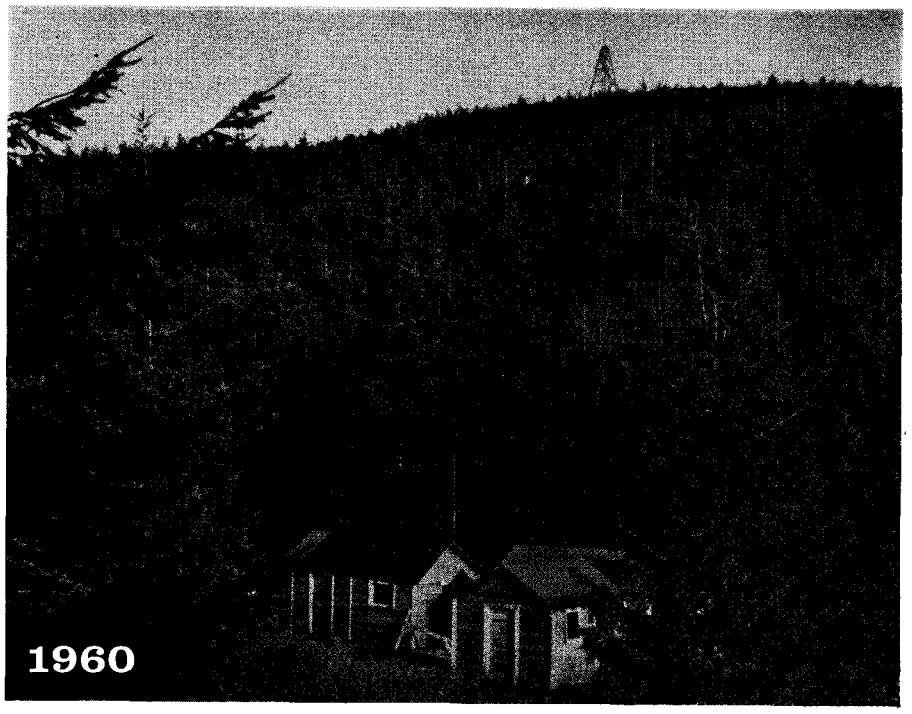

PROGRESS OF REFORESTATION on a logged area of our St. Helens Tree Farm near Longview, Washington, as recorded from the same camera point. The new forest will be ready to harvest in about 60 more years. Thereupon the land will be reforested again, starting still another cycle of production.

new trees follow the old on Weyerhaeuser tree farms

Millions of new trees are born on commercial forestlands year after year. Each is living proof that timber is a renewable resource. With proper management it can be grown, harvested and replaced in endless cycles of repeated crops.

Every autumn countless seeds are scattered across harvested lands on Weyerhaeuser tree farms. In some areas they swirl down from helicopters busy at the task of sowing new forest crops. In others, they drift in on the wind from nearby seed trees left under the harvesting plan. Whatever the origin, the seed is intended to replace the timber we harvest today with trees to serve the needs of tomorrow. Where artificial or natural seeding is impractical, young nursery stock is planted by hand.

Effective reforestation practices perpetuate not only our wood supply, but other forest benefits as well. Sheltered by growing trees of all ages, our lands retain their value as natural watersheds and wildlife habitats. In addition, they will continue to provide payrolls, recreation and other social benefits for man. *Write to us at Box A, Tacoma, Washington for a free booklet,* ***Forest Products from Tree Farm to You.***

Producers of lumber, plywood, pulp, paperboard, shipping containers, folding boxes, milk cartons, hardboard, particle board, Ply-Veneer, bark and wood fiber products.

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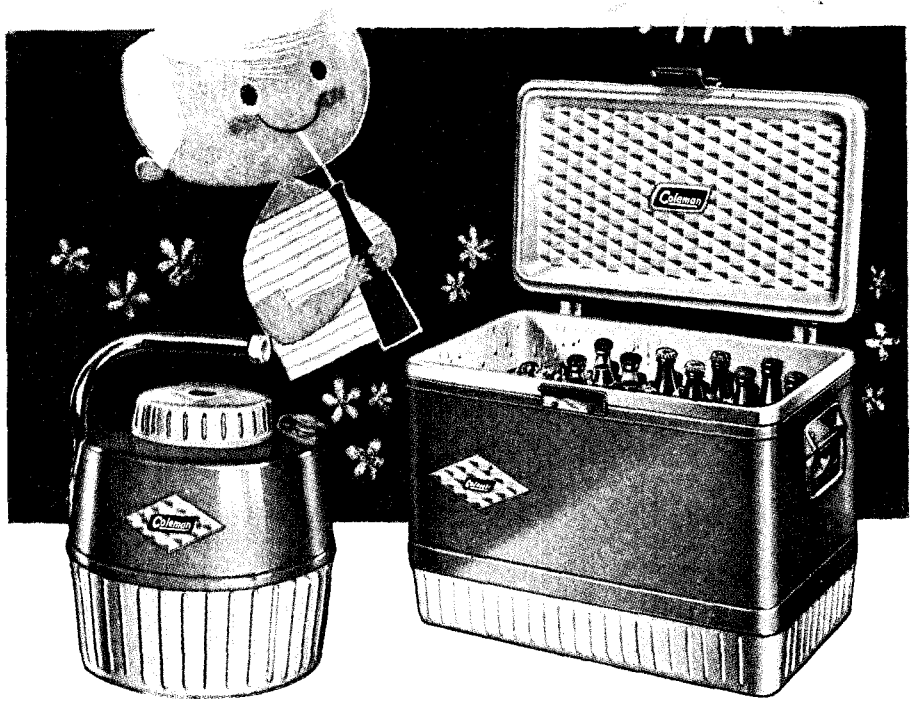

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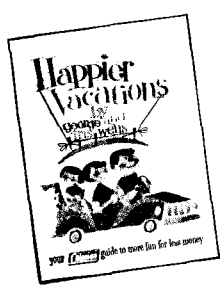

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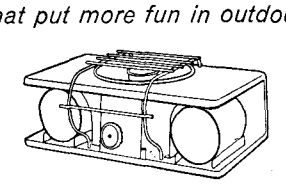
Other Coleman Products that put more fun in outdoor living

Floodlight Lanterns

Folding Camp Stove


LP-Gas Picnic Stove

Folding Camp Stool

(*Continued from Page 60*) than flak in the daytime, it always seemed to me, maybe because the flash was so much brighter. That night over Hamburg it was like flying through six old-fashioned Fourth of July displays piled on top of one another. I sat there, bug-eyed, and flew the airplane and felt it bounce on the turbulence all around us. Dawson had given me the controls as soon as bombs were away. He had his arms folded, and his chin was down on his chest, and he looked half asleep. Once he yelled over to me, 'Every one of those crumps costs the Hun about ten quid. That's a thought to warm the heart, isn't it?'

"We came out of it after a while and cranked around for England. The weather got steadily worse, and somewhere off the West Frisians we bored into a tremendous cloud bank—gray and dirty and rough inside too—and came out of it alone. There wasn't a trace of the formation. I wasn't very much surprised. We'd been behind, and then, too, no matter how hard you tried not to, your tendency was to open up in really thick stuff, spread out away from one another.

"That was when Dawson began to get edgy—at least that was when I noticed it first. He sat up straight and he took the airplane away from me. He got on the tube. 'Sharp lookout, chaps,' he said.

"There was a strip of pink on the sea behind us now, although it was as black as your hat ahead, and we could see a long way out on either side. We were hanging there alone. We figured to cross the English coast at Great Yarmouth, and we were about forty-five minutes out when the tail gunner let out a yipe—two bogies, Messerschmitt 109's. He got off two long bursts before we were hit and he was hit. They got him on the first pass, killed him, dropping down from each side and crossing under us to climb, roll off and come in again. The second time around they hit the radioman and fired up the Number One engine. I can tell you, it was rough; these weren't boys. They'd done it before—they worked together like a pair of acrobats. They poured it into us like hail on a tin roof.

"We got the Number One engine shut down and the fire out. They were slow coming in for the third pass, and Dawson was yelling like a witch, trying to raise the tail gunner and cursing out the rest of us. When the Messerschmitts got us lined up again—we were trying to get down on the deck—Dawson let go of the yoke and ducked. I got really scared then, because I had him figured for a genuine hard rock, and I thought if he was cracking up, we must have really bought it. That was the last time around, though—another gunner got one of them, and the other one pulled out. I don't know why. One more pass would have put us down, I think. Maybe he was out of ammo, low on fuel, whatever; anyway, he saw his buddy go straight in and he went home.

"Dawson was shaking and wild-eyed; he was pale and he stuttered. We leveled off about a hundred feet above the water. Then we checked things over. The tail gunner was dead, the guy in the nose was dead, the radioman had taken two through the stomach and was unconscious but alive; the other three of us were O.K. The Number One engine was out, the Number Two was running rough, fuel was leaking from somewhere, and the port-aileron control was gone. We started to climb carefully. I figured we could just make England and grease it onto the first airfield we saw.

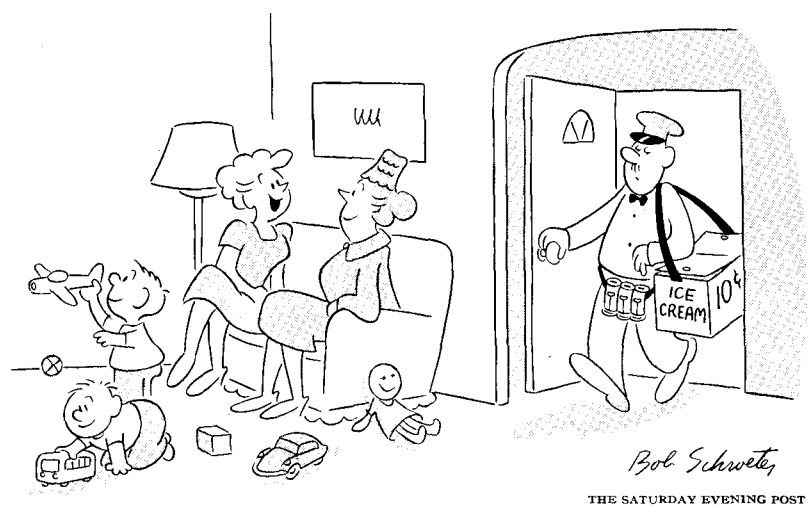
"Dawson didn't think so. He wanted to cross the coast, do one-eighty, head it out over the Channel and jump. He said that since we could hardly hold the airplane straight and level in the air, we'd never land it. I thought we could, and he ripped me off, told me he'd been flying combat before I'd soloed and it couldn't be done. He was wild, he was pounding on the yoke and yelling, and it was a mean thing to see. If he'd been a maniac to start with, like some of the characters I'd trained with, it wouldn't have been so bad, but to see that coldness, that control, crack open and show you a man, a boy really, on the edge of hysteria—that was rough.

"The remaining gunner, a crooked-faced midget Cockney named Howley, reminded him that the radioman couldn't jump. I was glad I didn't have to tell him. I think he really had forgotten. But maybe not. In the light of what happened finally, maybe not. But I wouldn't want to blame him. I found out afterward Dawson had done sixty-two missions. And he was twenty, as I think I told you before. Think of that.

"He was quiet for a minute or two and then he said, very well he'd try to bring it in, but he knew it wouldn't work, so the gunner and I were to jump I started to argue about it, and he tore another strip off me. 'Blast you,' he yelled. 'You're not in Texas now, you're flying in a British aircraft, and I'm damn well in command here and I say you jump, and that's damn well an order!'

"We crossed the coast and lined it up for the base, near Peterborough; and when he told us to bail out, we went, the gunner and I, from about twenty-five hundred, and it was no sweat at all.

"We heard about the rest of it that night. He dragged the field once, he didn't make a real pass at all. He told the tower that he couldn't get it on, that he was the only man alive in the airplane and requested permission to dump it and jump. They said O.K., and that's what he did. He came down in the water, and a patrol boat had him in five minutes."



"Wait'll you meet my husband—the children idolize him."

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I thought about it. "Maybe he really couldn't have got it on," I said. "After all, he did know the airplane."

"Maybe," Daigh said.

"And the radioman could have died after you jumped," I said.

"Sure," Daigh said. "Dawson might have put it on automatic and taken a quick look at him. I don't think the aircraft would have flown for long on the automatic—but maybe, for a few seconds. Sure, I thought of that. Anyway, I never saw him again. They kept him in the hospital for a while after they pulled him out of the Channel, and I was transferred to another outfit. I never even heard of him again. I often wondered about him. He was unique with me. He was the only Englishman I ever saw cracking up. Until then, I didn't think they did it, like people."

He looked out the window. "You hear that?" he said.

"I hear it," I said. "He's got another one running rough, on the other side."

"I hate airplanes!" Daigh said. "I know I'm safer sitting here than I am crossing Forty-second Street in New York, but I know it only in my head. My belly hasn't got the word yet."

"This one doesn't sound too bad," I said. "It may last. Anything ahead?"

He laid his cheek against the window. "Yeah," he said. "Lights—ten miles or so. Some early-rising Irish."

"He's starting to let down too," I said.

"That's no problem, the shape he's in," Daigh said. "This airplane really wants to let down."

The other sick engine—it turned out to be the No. 4—quit cold suddenly about half a mile off the end of the runway. And it was an odd landing—instead of drifting down, the engines turning so slowly that you could hear only a muffled burbling, we came in with the two we had left running flat out. It was a very neat landing, though. We broke out of the overcast and fog with the center of the runway dead ahead, hit and stayed on.

"On top of everything else, he came in on the gauges," Daigh said. "Instruments all the way. I can hardly see the wing lights. This field is shut down tight—must be they let us in only because it was this or nothing."

"Good man up there," I said.

"Say it again," Daigh said.

"Nothing like a limey in the clutch," I said.

"Yeah," Daigh said. "This time, anyway—yes, and most times."

The plane ran along up to the ramp, and the two remaining engines shut down. Everybody got up and milled down the aisle.

"Stick around," Daigh said. "I'd like to have a look at him."

We were standing, shrugging into our coats, when the door opened. There were four of them up there, standing silhouetted against the dim glow of red and blue and orange lights. Finally they broke apart and came down the aisle, the skipper first. He had braid halfway up to his elbow, a short, stocky, cocky-looking man. He had a red mustache and a red beard and, when he was close enough for us to see it, solid gray hair. He was plainly in superb shape, but he was fifty-five years old if he was a minute and he might have been more.

"You made a good trip out of it, captain," I said. "Thanks a lot."

"Oh?" he said. "Well, now, thank you very much. Very kind of you to say so."

"My thanks too, captain," Daigh said. "I flew four-engine equipment during the war, so I have some notion of what it was like for you up there tonight."

"Did you? Did you?" the captain said. "Well, you're both most kind, I must say. It wasn't all that bad. We knew the Number four was on its last legs, so to speak. We weren't surprised."

"My name is Daigh," Pete said. He introduced me.

"Michael Dawson," the captain said, and for him the conversation was obviously over.

Pete looked at him. "You know, sir," he said, "I think I knew your son Mike, in the R.A.F. Bomber Command."

"Couldn't have been, I'm afraid," the captain said. "I don't have a son."

"I'm sorry," Pete said.

"What I mean to say," Dawson said, "I never did have a son." He moved, and we leaned into the seats on either side to let him pass. "Good morning, gentlemen," he said. He strode down the aisle, looking a big man for all his five feet eight or so, and his crew moved along behind him. The last man spoke softly to Daigh as he passed.

"Actually you were right, you know," he said. "He did have."

"I know," Daigh said. "I know."

We picked up our bags and walked down the aisle, our legs stiff and shaky. We said good-by to the stewardess and put our feet on the wet Irish concrete. We could see the crew heading for the gate through the fog, walking in a tight little knot behind the skipper.

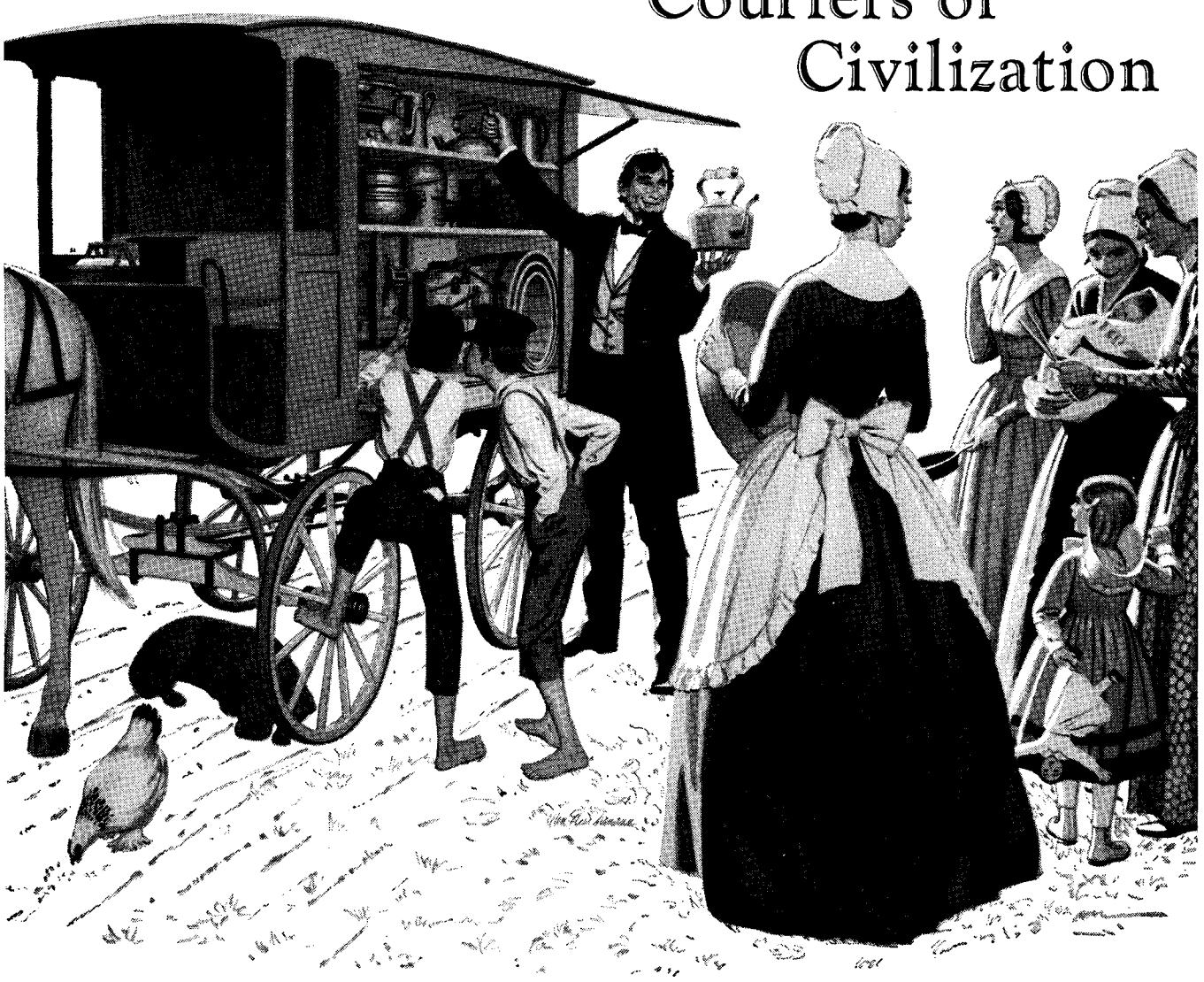
"Harder than that," Daigh said, "they don't get."

"Let's find a drink," I said.

"It's enough to break your heart," Daigh said. "The poor man. Poor Mike Dawson."

"Which one do you mean," I said, "the father or the son?"

"Both of them," Daigh said. "I mean both of them." THE END



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Guardian Agents *followed with the new miracle of life insurance*

In 1860, when THE GUARDIAN was founded, itinerant merchants carried commerce to distant farms, gristmills and villages.

A blast on a bugle announced the arrival of the man with the exciting cargo of clocks and calicoes, pots and pans, scissors and spices, tea and tinware. Women stopped working, men hurried from the fields and children whooped.

Wherever pioneers ventured, salesmen followed with the comforts of civilization. Early agents of THE GUARDIAN traveled by coach, boat and "iron horse" to bring the benefits of life insurance to the country. Everywhere they found people eager for freedom from the economic uncertainties of life.

Now in its Centennial year, THE GUARDIAN is conscious of the great debt it owes to its pioneer agents who gave strength to the infant company—and to the men and women who represent the company today in cities and towns throughout the country.

Perhaps you know your local GUARDIAN representative. You may have met him at some community affair in which you are both active. If so, you've found that he is a good neighbor and friend—and a man you can trust with your personal affairs.

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Our Centennial Year

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May 28, 1960

THROUGH IN TIRE MANUFACTURE

Gives you Action Traction in the center of the tread... Puts up to 83% more working elements on the road at all times... Increases tire mileage up to 35%... Assures safer stops and faster starts... Provides an extra margin of safety at high speeds... Sets new standards of protection against blowouts, punctures and skidding.

NYLON "500" WITH POWER TREAD

Now... for the FIRST time in tire history... comes a break-through in tire manufacture that gives you ACTION Traction in the center of the tread, where you need it most! *First* from Firestone, and *only* from Firestone, comes the amazing new POWER TREAD that gives you safety and performance advantages never before possible with conventional treads with non-action centers.

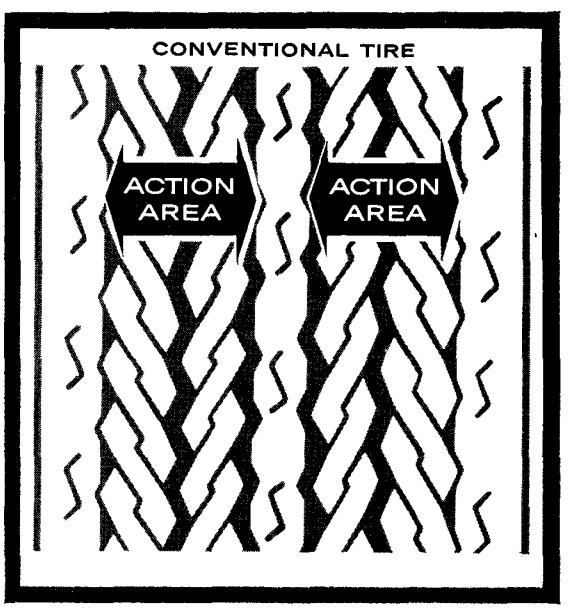
The new Firestone Nylon "500" combines this new Power Tread with Firestone Rubber-X-101, the squeal-less "hush-hush" rubber, and Firestone Safety-Fortified Nylon Cord, made in Firestone's own factories, to give you:

1. Action Traction in the center of the tread...
2. Up to 83% more working elements on the road at all times...
3. Increased tire mileage up to 35%...
4. Safer stops and faster starts...
5. An extra margin of safety at high speeds...
6. New standards of protection against blowouts, punctures and skidding.

Like all Firestone tires, the new Firestone Nylon "500" is speedway-proved for your turnpike safety... a true champion in EVERY test of tire safety. Isn't this the kind of tire you want and need to protect your life and the lives of your loved ones? You can buy it on convenient budget terms, if you desire, at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.

Here's how... for the FIRST TIME in tire history... Firestone gives you ACTION Traction in the CENTER of the tread and up to 83% more working elements on the road at all times.

Diagram at left shows how the new Power Tread of the new Firestone Nylon "500" tire is precision cast in a single-unit tread mold to give you ACTION Traction in the CENTER of the tread where you need it most, with 83% more working elements in contact with the road at all times. ■ Diagram at right shows conventional tread cast in two-piece mold with rigid, non-action riding rib in the center of the tread.



Firestone

BETTER RUBBER FROM START TO FINISH / copyright 1960, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

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"DADDY!"

Your call from out of town—what a thrill for her and a joy for you!

The whole family will get a kick out of hearing your voice and your news. And you'll feel better knowing everything's o.k. with them.

So do the thoughtful thing and call Long Distance whenever you're away from home.

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These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 p.m. and all day Sunday. Add the 10% federal excise tax.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Call by number. It's twice as fast.

Journey Into Danger (Continued from Page 39)

"And what do you want?"

"To join your trek. We are good men, well mounted and armed."

"You are English bandits," Bokman said. "*Ja*, rooineks—the very men who have driven us from our homes into the wilderness."

Looking over the heads of the Boers toward the camp, Harry saw a rider on a gray horse break away from a group of people and come galloping toward them. It was Francina. She rode past the Boers, driving her horse between Bates and the Zulu.

"You," she said. "What is it now? Are you still pursued?"

"I have come to join you if you will have me."

"Have you? You, to whom I owe my Blaubooi? You, who come mounted with three guns? *Oupa*," she said, "these are good men. It is also the Christmas season. I think perhaps the Lord God has sent them to us, and that it would be impious to refuse them."

There was some argument with the other Boers. Harry suddenly dropped his reins on his horse's neck and stripped off his shirt. "Look, brothers," he said, "and see if I have cause to love the English."

One look at his scarred back was enough. The whole group rode back to the camp together. "It is a pity," *Oom* Willem said, "that you missed our Christmas feast."

"Christmas?" Harry said. "*Meneer*, I had forgotten it."

"*Ja*. I can see it is time you came to live with civilized Christian people again. *Ja*," he went on, "Christmas is over, but the feast is not. Much food is left, and we are resting here for a few days to praise God and fatten ourselves and our beasts for the trials that lie before us."

"We could do with some good food and rest, *Oom* Willem," Bates said. It was strange to be among people again, among women and children. Neither Harry nor Fred could take his eyes off Francina as she tended their wants, pressing food and drink upon them. The children crowded around them, fascinated by the strangers and the big Zulu they had brought with them.

In the evening the music began. *Oom* Willem got out his fiddle, and Louis blew some tentative notes on his flute when the couples who were getting ready to dance were interrupted by a scream from *Tante* Maria.

"Look! Look!" she shouted. "Fire! Fire! It is my dream come true."

They looked to the east at the horizon that was hidden from them by the wagons. As far as one could see, the world was edged with fire. Now they could smell the smoke and, in the awe-struck silence, hear the distant crackle of the fire. The whole horizon burned like fat spilled on a stove.

Oom Willem shouted, "Burn a breakback." Quickly the men ran out and with torches made of grass lighted the veld in front of them. Servants with branches controlled the new fires.

Fortunately they had made their camp round Ullman's big thorn tree. Having been there with his stock for a month the grass was tramped out.

The horses and cattle were driven with the utmost difficulty onto the new burn. Some broke away and fled into the night rather than step on the black, still-hot ground. Where an hour ago there had been the peace of Christmas, there was now chaos. Terrified livestock bellowed, charged and were beaten back with clapping whips. But at last it was over. All that could be done had been done.

Harry Bates, his Zulu and Fred Carter lay wrapped in their blankets, their heads on their saddles, against the wheels of the Prinsloo wagon.

It had been a day of excitement for everyone. They had eaten the remains of the Christmas feast. Two strange Englishmen and a big black Kaffir had joined them. They had almost been consumed by a fire which had raged down upon them. So all slept deeply.

Suddenly the dogs began to bark. Flip went forward after them, gun in hand. They heard him fire a shot and shout, "Kaffirs! The Kaffirs are upon us!" as he ran.

"Stand to the wagons," *Oom* Willem cried. "Stand to and do not fire till they reach the wheels."

Harry Bates, Fred Carter and Nzobo climbed up onto the wagon. They cut holes in the canvas tent and waited for the attack. There seemed to be hundreds of Kaffirs in the faint light of dawn. But they were poor marks against the black cinders of the veld.

And then, with a hissing roar, they charged, a black sea of tossing plumes, shields, flashing spears, white eyeballs and grinning teeth.

Thinking they had taken the Boers unaware and exhausted from fighting the fire, the Zulus were triumphant, shouting exultantly. But it was too soon. For it was now, as the tide lashed against defensive walls of the wagons, that the Boers fired. As each man shot, a woman thrust a loaded gun into his hand. The volley of broken iron pots, nails, glass and pebbles blasted the Zulus back. Out of range, the Kaffirs reformed.

"They are Zulus," Nzobo said. "They are the Crows—a famous impi, a regiment," he said when he had seen their black-and-white shields. "We will beat them back, and they will come again—and again. *Baas*, this will be a battle."

For a few moments there was silence. Both sides seemed to be waiting for the sun to rise over the rim of the world, out of the eastern sea, out of Zululand.

The dead lay still, their greased bodies glistening in the early light. The wounded thrashed about like fish fresh caught and flung upon a bank. A pied crow dived upon a half-burned tortoise, rose and dropped it from a height so that its shell broke, and then came down to eat between the camp and the Kaffirs.

"A crow," Nzobo said. "It is a sign." He touched his master's arm. "Shoot."

"And waste a shot?"

"It will not be wasted."

The crow, hit by a heavy bullet, burst into a cloud of loose black feathers. A groan went up from the impi.

Harry turned to Francina—who put a newly loaded gun in his hand. She smiled at him, her eyes bright in her powder-blackened face.

They stared out of the torn canvas tent together. It could not be real, Francina

Bonehead Benefit

One thing that is pleasant
about being dumb
(A state that I'm chronically
in):
When anything's said that
goes over my head,
It doesn't get under my skin.

S. Omar Barker

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felt. The grouped Zulus were not as tall as her little fingernail. The dead lay like broken dolls. Only the birds seemed natural, as they hovered over the veld, looking for the smaller victims of the fire. She looked at *Oom* Willem and *Tante* Maria. He stood watching the Kaffirs. *Tante* Maria was ramming a charge home in another of the guns. No one spoke. The Boers seemed to feel that peace would last as long as the silence was not broken.

But the Zulus broke it, charging suddenly, wildly, intent on getting home with their short stabbing spears. The guns met them, but they pressed on, leaping onto the ramparts of their own dead.

Below the wagons the colored servants, tame Kaffirs and the dogs fought between the spokes of the wheels. The dogs savaged the legs and feet of those who tried to climb the wagon rampart. The colored girls screamed and sobbed in terror. In the center of the camp the working oxen and horses milled round, sending up clouds of dust that rose like red smoke above the camp.

A Zulu somehow got into the Prinsloo wagon without being seen. His assagai was raised, ready to plunge into Harry Bates, when Francina, a newly loaded gun in her hand, fired without raising it to her shoulder, almost blowing him apart. Then she fell to her knees, sobbing and covering her eyes with her hands.

Tante Maria continued loading for *Oom* Willem and shouting that she had foreseen all this. Her advice should have been taken, she said; they should have turned back or, better still, never have come at all.

Oom Willem, his blue eyes flashing, shouted, "Come on and be smitten!" as the Zulus came to their deaths in the Boers' fire. The attack slackened and died. The Zulus fell back, halted a moment out of range of the guns, and then, without even looking back, were gone.

Oom Willem passed his hand over his face and fell on his knees. It had been a narrow escape. If they had not made camp; if they had camped anywhere else in the dry, waist-high grass; if he, Willem Prinsloo, had not told them to bring all the old guns from their homes when they had trekked and had not had them loaded and ready —— With bowed head, he thanked the Lord.

"There are men dead, *Oom* Willem," Bokman said.

"Dead!"

"*Ja*, and children motherless. The Van der Merwes are dead, killed in the last rush of the Kaffirs. The Kaffirs got into their wagon. Lysbet could no longer load for him, for she had begun to give birth. That was how we found them, and the other children crowded like frightened lambs against the wagon tent."

"Enough! Enough!" *Tante* Maria shouted. "And they are not orphans, for from this instant I am their mother." She glared round her as if someone were about to take the Van der Merwe children from her.

Two white people dead, three colored men dead also and two menservants wounded.

Oom Willem sent Louis to keep the Zulus in sight. Flip and Barend with some colored riders were sent after the herds. The two Englishmen were posted on one of the wagontops to watch for danger. And now they must inspan and move before the dead began to rot in the summer heat. But their own dead must be buried. They should lie where they had died in the Christmas camp beneath the Ullman's thorn.

The Zulus lay piled against the wagons. Sprawled in death, they lay as they had fallen under the bullets of the guns, a black mattress, axle high, that thinned out in the distance into odd bodies that lay like rocks in the blackened veld. There were some wounded. These must be killed.

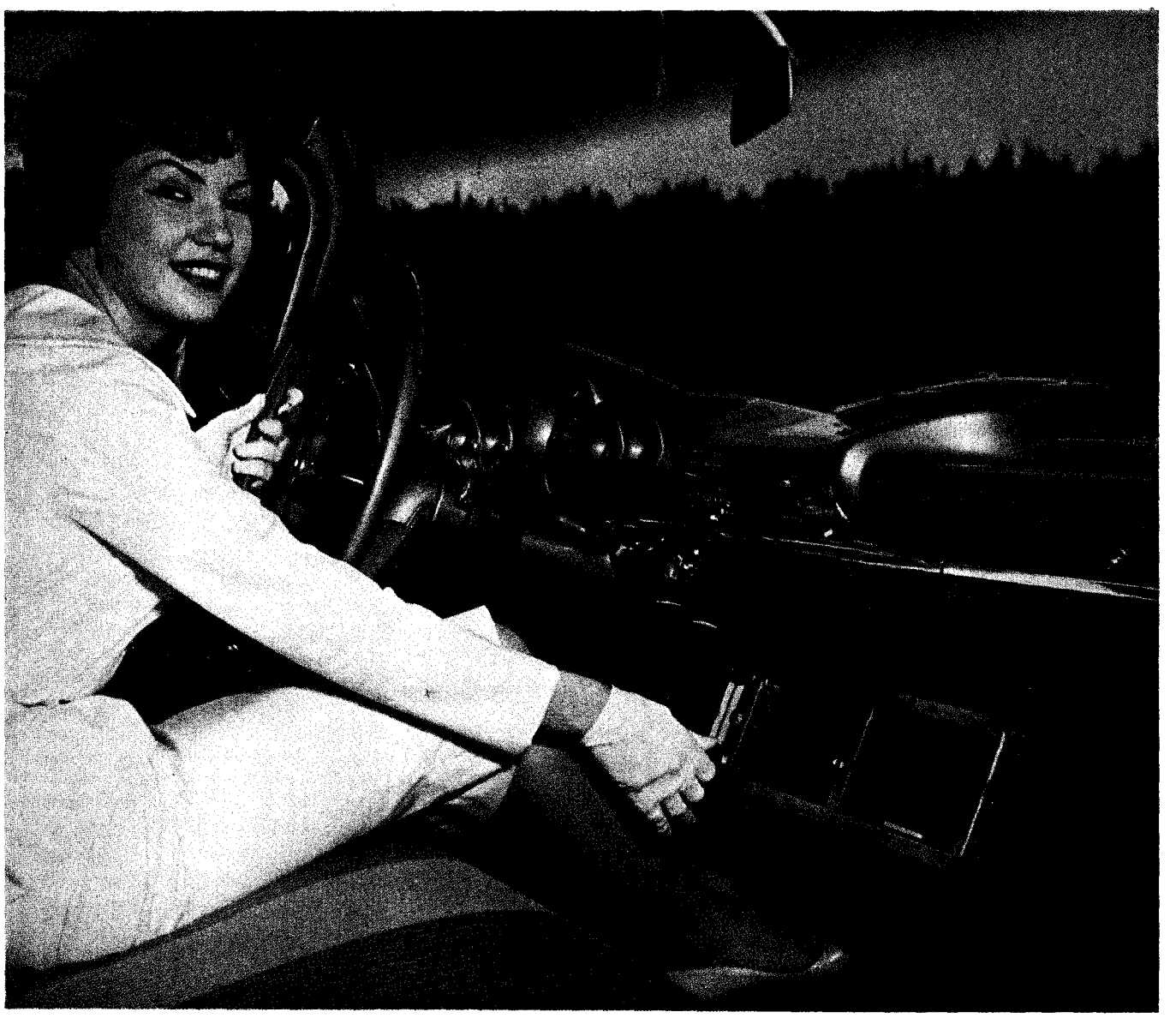
The Boers left this to their servants who, safe now, avenged their earlier fears, cracking the skulls of the exhausted men who, weak from loss of blood, expected no other fate.

The double grave for the Van der Merwes was dug. These were the first of their dead. *Tante* Maria stood with the orphans beside her. So, surrounded by their children and their friends, the Van der Merwes were laid to rest, the couple and their half-born baby that had died under a spear before it was fully alive. Next to them were dug the graves of the servants.

Oom Willem said such words of the funeral service as he could remember. "Brothers, these are our dead. In their flesh they shall see God. They shall see for themselves, and their eyes shall behold Him. When we die they will be there to welcome us, for they are part of us, of our bodies, of our trek. Many will pass this way. This ancient tree is the landmark of a battle—that of the Christmas camp—for so will men speak of it, and it will not be forgotten. If the Lord had not been on our side, the Kaffirs would have swallowed us up quick. *Ja*, it was the Lord that covered our heads and made us to stand in the day of battle. Praise ye the Lord."

"Praise ye the Lord," the people echoed.

And already, while they stood about the grave, as the boys shoveled in the dry red soil, the shadows of the circling vultures passed *(Continued on Page 70)*



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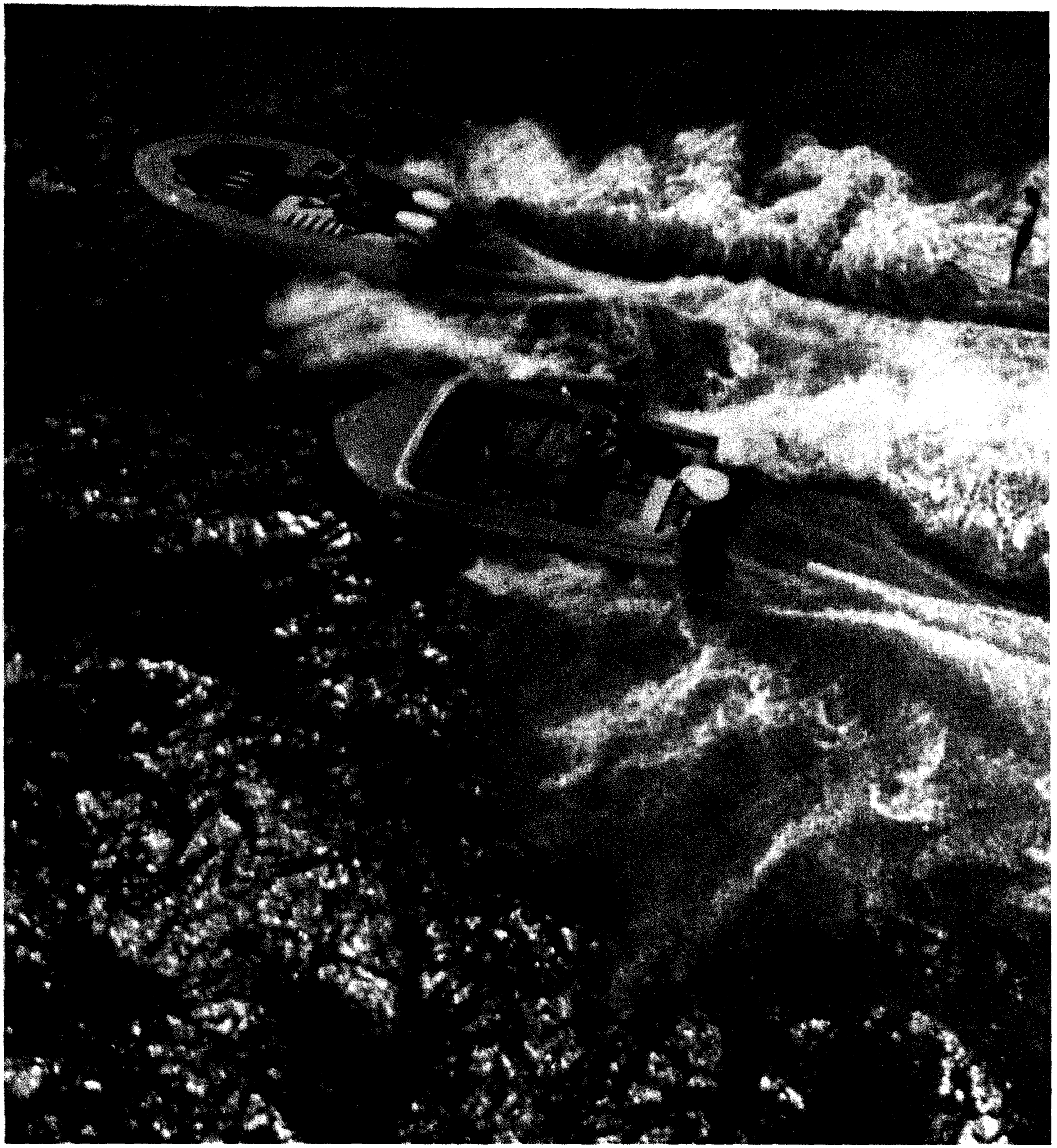

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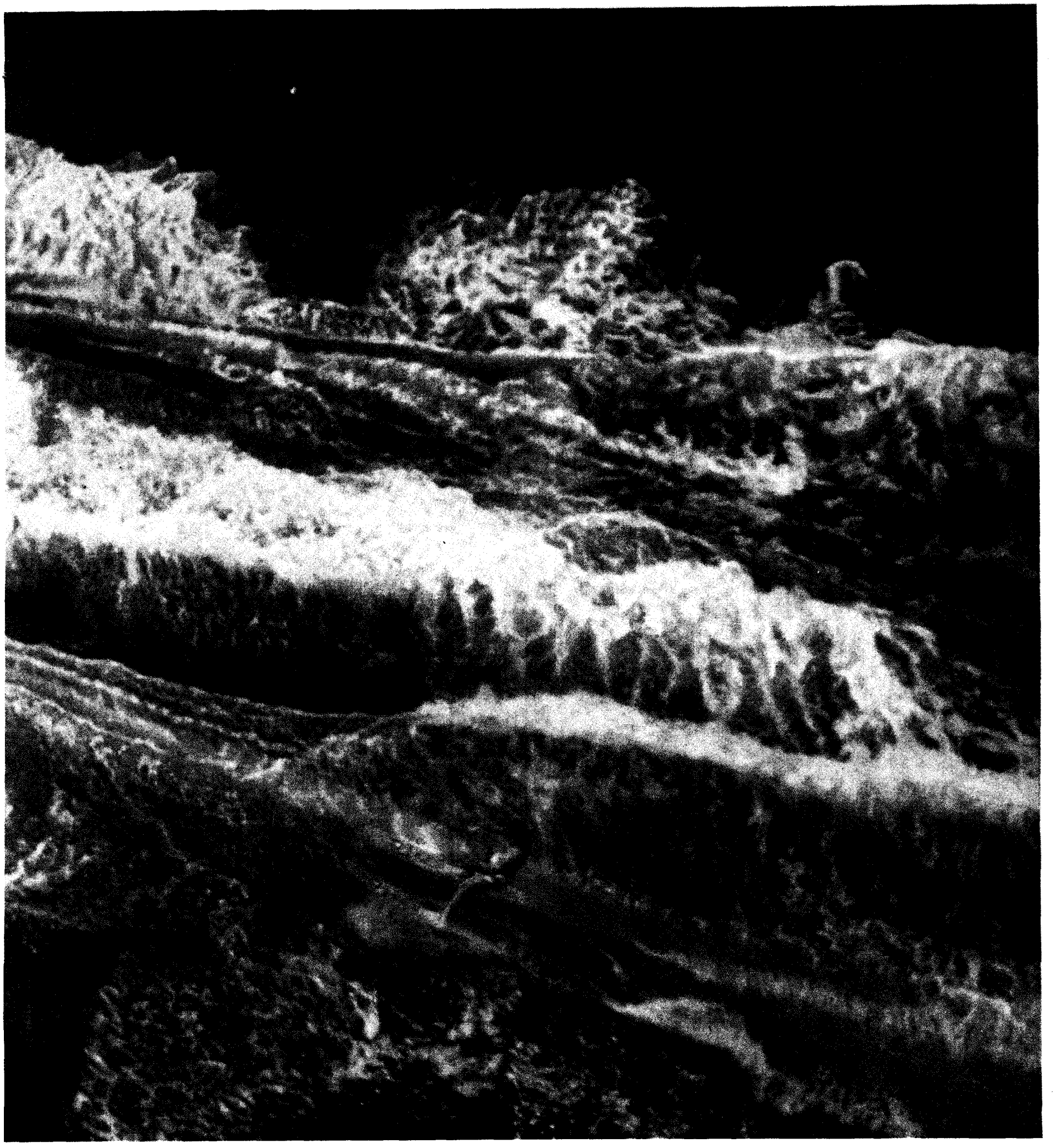

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(*Continued from Page 67*) over them, waiting for the living to go so that their feast could begin.

Cina could not forget the battle. Why had some been killed and not others? Why the parents of innocent children? Why had the Van der Merwes been taken? Why had her own parents been killed when she was a child?

The young men hoped for more fights and told Miemie how they would defend her as she sat, her long lashes lying against her cheeks, and looked down at her hands. The older men took more precautions than ever. The women prayed that the trek would be spared more death. The pregnant women, feeling life move beneath their hearts, said nothing, but looked into one another's eyes for comfort.

But apart from the thoughts of the company, their life was again uneventful—a routine of daily treks. Five miles, ten miles, according to the condition of the stock and the veld.

Day followed day, and each was lost in the immense boredom of this stolid progress, this routine of inspanning, outspanning, fire lighting, camping and making defensive encampments against attacks that never came.

Francina slept with the orphaned children in the Van der Merwe wagon. Each night they lay like puppies against her. Half child, half woman, wild, tender, her love ready as a bud to burst into flower with the first hot rays of the sun, Cina waited for time to pass—for it was only time that stood between her and the fullness of womanhood.

In her sleep she put an arm around the boy who lay next to her. She never knew that Fred Carter had got up and was watching her. In his mind he already possessed her. The back of the wagon tent had not been securely fastened down. The moonlight illumined Cina's face. Her lips were parted in a smile. He wondered if he could touch her, if she would scream. He put his hand into the wagon. As he moved his foot to come closer something gripped his leg. He had forgotten her dogs.

When he drew back, the dog let go. It was only the dogs which had prevented the fruition of his hope. For the girl might well have given in rather than create a scandal. Fred Carter's lust was now mixed with rage.

Ullman did most of the hunting. He was a good hunter who lived only for the chase. Each day he went out with a couple of boys to shoot meat and seldom returned empty-handed. So when one day neither he nor his servants returned, there was some consternation in the camp. His wife, wringing her hands, saw herself a widow—and pregnant at that. All through the night, at each hour, three signal shots were fired, one after the other; and in the morning all others remained in camp while Flip Beyers, with a boy, went out to seek news.

They had ridden west for a couple of hours when they saw the smoke of a fire and found Ullman camped beside an elephant he had killed. So busy were the hunters with their game that they were unaware of Flip's approach, till he came close and said, "So you have been off elephant hunting."

"*Ja*, Flip. I can never resist an elephant."

"We thought you might be in trouble, so the *oubaas* sent me to see."

"Trouble? I am in no trouble. Just look at those tusks—two hundred pounds of ivory at ten shillings a pound."

"That is the price a thousand miles away," Flip said. "But even if you could sell it here today, what could you buy?" He looked out over the empty veld and laughed. "Gold is no good here. You cannot eat or drink it." With that, he turned his horse and left, followed by his after-rider.

Ullman was mad. Who but a madman would bother with hunting elephants on a trek like this? Who but a lunatic would throw out food, furniture, tools or other necessities to make room for something so utterly useless as ivory? No one would profit from his idiocy except the vultures. Flip hated *aasvogels*. Last month it had been the dead Zulus. Today dead elephants. Tomorrow? Who knew what they would be eating tomorrow?

Flip had not been the only one to see the vultures. He was hardly out of sight when the first Kaffirs appeared—four men carrying spears and naked but for a small apron of leather cut into strings. Ullman signaled to them by raising his gun. They came closer. He handed his gun to a boy and came toward them unarmed.

Soon more Kaffirs came—first singly, then in pairs and small groups, all of them

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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armed with spears, and finally women and children by the score, accompanied by their starving curs. All Africa seemed to be surrounding the dead elephant in a black ring that pressed ever closer. The inside of the ring was prickly with spears of the men, the outside a howling, yelling, seething mass of women hungry for meat—of children screaming with excitement and dogs which could not bark, whimpering, howling and making curious sounds that almost resembled a woman's weeping.

Then, like a pack of hounds breaking up a kill, the Kaffirs were upon the elephant—men, women and children. They dived into the cavity of its belly to cut out the fat around its kidneys. They stripped great sheets of skin from the elephant's back and, using them as platters, handed the meat to the women, who bore it back to the village upon their heads.

Mounting their horses, Ullman and his boys went after them, following in their bloody spoor. The next move, Ullman knew, would be the arrival of some elder or captain who would lead him to the chief. This might happen in an hour, or they might make him wait a day or more.

Two hours passed before an old man appeared and made signs for Ullman to follow as he turned toward the entrance of the royal kraal. Leaving one boy with the horses, Ullman told the other to come with him for, being a tame Kaffir, he could make himself understood by most tribes.

The chief sat on a low carved stool. He was dressed in a kilt of monkey tails. Behind him stood two young warriors armed with spears and kerries.

For a few moments they stared at one another. Then the king spoke, and Ullman's Kaffir translated. "The great King Endula says welcome white man. He says the tusks of the elephants you slew will soon be brought in—tomorrow or the day after. He says that he has many elephant teeth and wishes to trade them for lead and powder. With a wagon you could transport the ivory to the coast and come back with all that is needed in his kingdom. He says he will make you rich. That he will send guides with you."

Ullman smiled. This was what he had been looking for. Now he would have a chance to get on his feet again. "I will go and return with my wagon," he said.

As he slept that night in a new hut, on a mat of clean woven reeds, Ullman dreamed of fortune, of the new farm he would buy and how he would stock it with the finest beasts. Of how, instead of going North with a pack of madmen, he would return in triumph to his own district and show them what could be accomplished by a man who combined courage with intelligence.

Leaving at dawn, he rode back to the wagons, but was somewhat surprised at his reception. Apart from his wife and children, who had thought themselves widowed and orphaned, no one seemed glad to see him. He had caused them too much anxiety and delay. His story of hunting elephants was believed, but regarded as a somewhat childish escapade considering the seriousness of their position.

When he told his wife of his plan to become the trader of a Kaffir chief she broke down. "No," she said. "No! You shall not do it. You shall not kill my children, my sons and the child within my womb. For this is death. Only a month ago we were all but overrun by naked savages, and now you place yourself alone and helpless in their hands."

"It is God's will, Sybella," he said, "and I trust the king."

"You trust!" she said. "I trusted too. Before God I trusted my life to you when we married; trusted a man who, seeing a puff adder at his feet, says, 'This is nothing. It is only a worm.'"

Her husband said, "Scream as much as you like. We are going." Now to find *Oom* Willem and tell him of his plan to leave the trek. But the story had preceded him.

"What's all this I hear?" the old man roared.

"I do not know what you have heard, *Oom* Willem," Ullman said, "but I have made certain plans and have come to inform you of their nature. This trek and all treks are mad. I was mad to have been talked into leaving my home. So I am about to give up and return with my family to the Cape. However, since I refuse to go empty-handed, I have made a pact with a native chief to trade his ivory, trekking it to the coast and bringing back such goods as he needs."

"Goods, goods!" *Oom* Willem shouted. "I know the goods—lead and powder, axes, six-inch nails that can be hammered into spears, iron bars and chains. Those are the goods the Kaffirs want. Ammunition, iron that they can weld and beat into weapons. Chains to fasten the slaves they capture."

"I do not think ——" Ullman began.

"*Ja*, that is it. You do not think."

"He needs a trader," Ullman said. "A man is safer as a trader alone than in such a company as this."

"*Magtig*"—*Oom* Willem raised his voice into a shout—"if I had enough men to hold you prisoner, I would do it."

"It is you who are mad, *Oom* Willem," Ullman said. "You with your promised land—you who see yourself a Moses leading the people out of Egypt."

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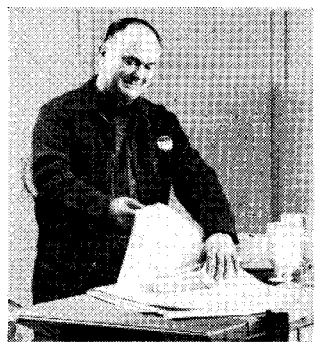

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Sybella now came up to the group with her children clinging to her skirt. "Stop him," she cried.

"I cannot stop him, woman," *Oom* Willem said. "A man's life is his own."

"*Ja*," *Tante* Maria said, turning her immense bulk toward Ullman and waddling in his direction. "A man's life is his own. But this woman"—she pushed Sybella behind her—"is more than a life. She is more than the other life within her. She is life itself. She is our hope, like these others who grow big as we travel. This baby is not yours, *meneer*. It is ours. It belongs to the trek, to the new Africa that we will make. Go, but you go alone; for unless your wife goes of her own free will, she and her children remain with us. Go, and when you wish to return you will be welcome."

"A man's wife must cleave to him," Ullman said. "Tell her to obey me, *Oom* Willem." Ullman's voice was desperate.

"Why must she obey you when you will not obey me? You asked to join our trek. You agreed to abide by our laws. We are not asking you to leave us. On the contrary, *meneer*. In the name of God, of our land and the success of our undertaking, I implore you to remain." Turning to Sybella, *Oom* Willem said, "Do you wish to go with him or to stay with us?"

For a moment the Ullmans stared at each other. Sybella lowered her eyes. "We will stay," she said. "*Ja*, we will stay, I and my sons and the child that is on the way."

To her husband she said, "Johannes, go if you must, but come back. Twice each day I will pray for your safety and return."

Ullman said nothing. He turned away from them and walked toward his wagon.

"Well, he's gone, Miemie," Francina said, as the dust which had lain like a cloud behind Ullman's wagon sank back into place on the horizon.

"*Ja*, he has gone."

Cina looked at Miemie. Not that she could see her face, which was hidden behind the soft leather mask she wore to keep her complexion fair. Through the eyeholes she caught a glimpse of her big blue eyes and around her ears, below the *kappie*, a loose strand of her hair. This girl was pretty—pretty as a peach on a golden plate. But what went on in her mind? All day Miemie guarded her complexion and wore old clothes, but in the evening when the campfires were lighted and the men were eating, Miemie changed. Then there was no *kappie*. There was no mask. Her dresses were fresh and clean—pink, white or blue linen. Her long hair was parted in the middle and twisted into a knot at the back of her head. No one except Cina wore her hair long and down. It was contrary to all custom.

Anxious to get away and forget the scene, Cina sent for Blaubooi and rode off to look at the herds of stock. The big blood stallion was at his best. The trek had suited him. His almost-white tail and mane floated like banners. The brass on his saddlery that Cina tended herself shone like gold.

Cina as usual wore men's moleskin trousers and a man's short leather jacket over a white linen shirt. Around her waist she had a scarlet sash made from some material the smous had given her. On her head was a wide-brimmed hat. Her hair was tied with a red ribbon and hung down almost to her saddle.

In the distance she saw Barend and waved to him. They rode toward each other at a slow canter. "Well," Barend said, "he has gone."

Cina, who had been thinking how well he looked on the black horse she had given him did not know what he meant. Then she said, "*Ja*, and I hope he is right in his trust of the Kaffirs."

"I do not," Barend said. "For if he is, it will be to their profit and our loss. That he should trade guns and ammunition with Kaffirs is an evil act. For the guns that kill elephants can also be turned against our people."

He drew his horse up beside hers. "Ride with me," he said. "Ride with me." In his eyes she read his meaning. He wanted to kiss her, to hold her, to touch her. The hour by the big tree in the forest came back to her. Then she had been ready. Now that he courted her by the wagon in the evenings when they camped she was less so—not less ready for love, but for Barend she had lost something. Perhaps, even, she had never really had it at all.

"I will ride with you," she laughed, "if you can catch me." For a hundred yards the big black thundered beside her. Then she pulled away, and Barend gave up.

A wild girl that sent him mad. Why could he not court a sensible, quiet Boer maid? And what sort of wife would she make? He doubted her ability to bake bread, to cure biltong, to cook, to make and repair clothes. She could ride and shoot. She could breed cattle and horses and doctor them when they were sick as

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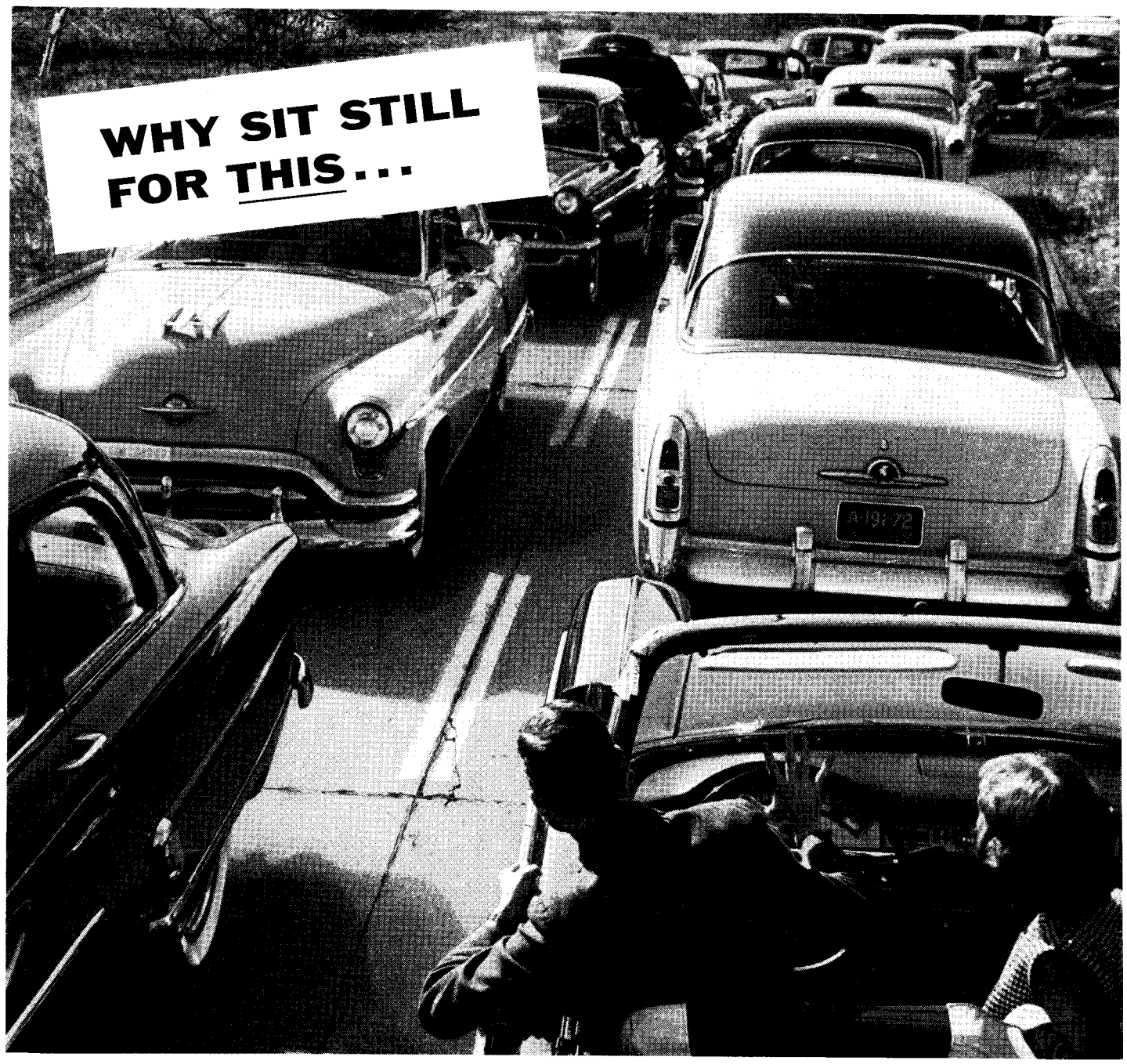

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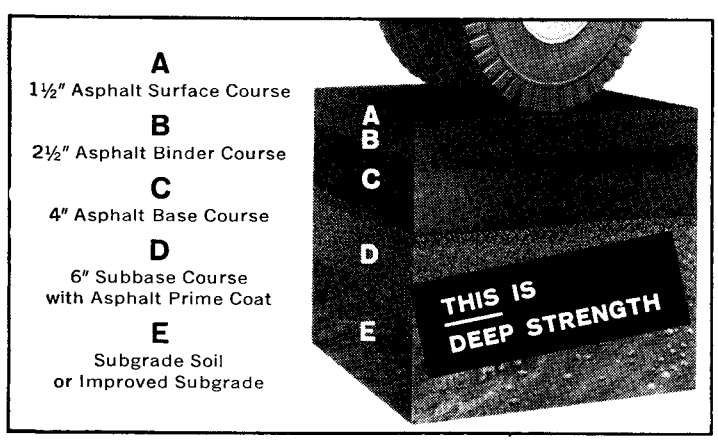

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well as a man could. But was that what a farmer needed in his wife? Cina slowed up once she was well clear of Barend and patted the sweating neck of her horse.

The day was becoming hot now. As the sun rose higher in the sky in a low haze of heat, she saw a mirage—a wonderful lake surrounded by trees and piles of rocks that looked like the castles in a book of fairy stories. She pulled up, entranced.

What a day it had been—Ullman's going, his wife's sorrow, Barend's ardent approach to her, the wild gallop and now this! She sighed with happiness as an idea came to her. Half a mile away there was a *kopje*—a great lump of rock as big as a dozen houses all piled together. On top of it was another rock as big as a single house, and on top of that still a third was balanced. Trees and shrubs grew among the rocks of the *kopje*, and she was sure that she could climb it. That was what she would do—tie her horse at the foot of the rocks where he would be in the shade and climb up to the very top if she could.

She wanted to see what a mirage looked like from above. Perhaps she would see nothing. It might well disappear if looked down upon. She rode slowly toward the little sugarloaf of a hill. How silly Barend was to have said she should not ride about alone; why, when even he on the black hunter could not catch her, should he worry?

She was close to the *kopje* now. Sometimes baboons lived among the crevices and caves of these little hills, sometimes a leopard or a lion. But she was not afraid of baboons. Besides, had there been any, she would have heard one bark. They always had a guard. Lions and leopards? One could not worry about everything.

She dismounted and tied her horse by his head rope to a twisted tree that grew out of the rock. Blaubooi was in the shade here. She slackened his girths and, telling the dogs to wait beside him, flung herself upward, clinging to two saplings that she could reach by standing on tiptoe. Above them were more shrubs that gave her handholds and, after a short scramble on her hands and knees, she found herself on the smooth lawnlike grass that covered most of the lowest rock. There were rock rabbits here, the conies of the Bible, that grazed it down. She found their holes and runways. If they were here, it meant that there were no leopards. She climbed up the next rock. This one was easy. The last and smallest was the most troublesome, for it was smooth and without vegetation. It was also almost too hot to touch where the sun struck it. But at last she got to the top. The mirage had disappeared. But she had a wonderful view of the veld.

When she had looked enough she scrambled down. It would be nice to rest for a while on the short grass of the lowest portion of the *kopje*, drink some water from her flask, eat some biltong and ride back slowly.

It was pleasant lying there on her back. Isolated, away from everything, suspended as it were between the earth and the heavens, she lay so still that the dassies came out to feed quite near to her. A shiny starling, its feathers a metallic blue and green, its eyes orange jewels, sat perched on a twig above her head.

Fred Carter had been detailed to take Ullman's place as the chief hunter of meat. He had no stock to care for, and it had seemed a natural choice.

Hunting suited his temperament. He loved the search, the stalk and the kill. The Boers wearied him with their heaviness, their absurd interest in their livestock, with the religion that they took so seriously. Only the girl excited him. He had never seen her like—so wild, so free, so girlish in her boy's clothes. He was a man who hated to see things free. Freedom should be his alone. To pull himself up he had to pull others down.

With his boys he had delivered meat to the wagons and, changing horses, had ridden out again, alone. He had a compulsion to be alone, away from the stupid Boers, away from Harry, who was now as bad as they were. It looked as if virtue might be contagious. He laughed at the idea. They enraged him with their smugness. And he had to think now. He had to figure out a way to deal with Harry and his Zulu. That was the trouble. It always had been. How did one murder two men and make it appear to be an accident?

He pulled up his horse, lighted his pipe and stared about him. This country bored him too. A country full of long waving grass, odd trees, patches of bush and big rock outcrops. Suddenly he saw something. Shading his eyes with his hands under the brim of his hat, he looked more closely. Something—it was the girl! She was climbing down from the big outcrop he had been looking at. Now he could catch her alone. She would have to talk to him. They would ride back to camp together. Then he saw that she was not coming down. She had settled herself with her back against the rock. This was even better. He would join her up there. Looking carefully, he saw where she had tied her horse. The dogs would be beside him. He would approach from the far side. He did not want her horse to neigh or her dogs to bark. How he wished he could kill those dogs! He still felt those teeth in his leg. The girl and her dogs; Harry and his Zulu—there was always something that stood between him and his desire.

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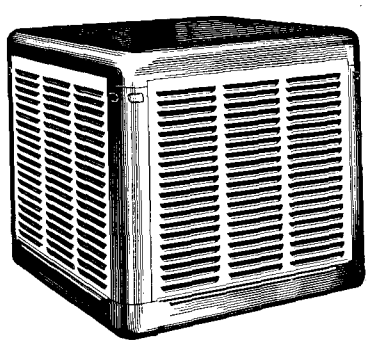

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McGRAW EDISON

The Tewksbury Feud (Continued from Page 45)

lets out another peep!" The judge closed his mouth on whatever else he had been about to roar and essayed an expression of courteous condolence toward the lady who had risen from her seat and stepped slowly forward.

Not a soul in the courtroom but knew Anne Graham the instant she rose, her face like the carven marble of a gravestone. Her small shoulders were squared, her hands concealed by the deep muff.

Breed heard the swishing of her taffeta skirts, and as she came near him there was the clean sweet scent of lavender. He bent his head and closed his eyes, not wishing to look at her. When there came a small, hard pressure against the back of his head he knew it was a gun, but he did not move a muscle.

The spectators were caught in horrified paralysis as Tom Graham's young widow drew a Colt .45 from her muff, jammed the muzzle against the prisoner's head and pulled the trigger.

The click of misfiring carried into the far corners of the unbreathing courtroom; the tiny metallic sound of it was more thunderous with shock than a lightning bolt.

Campbell flung himself on Anne, wrenching the revolver from her hands. The deputies and county attorney lumbered forward. Elizabeth Melton fought to reach her daughter, now struggling against the restraining hands of the embarrassed men who held her. Anne began to scream, an agony of pleading, "Let me kill him! For God's sake, let me kill him!"

Elizabeth could not hold her, and the deputies closed in and helped to carry her out the side door. A man in the forefront of those crowding up into the aisle from the back of the room shouted, "By God, she's right! We'd oughta take him and lynch him right now!"

The spectators were on their feet with a swelling roar of angry denunciation for the court as they surged up the aisle like a howling wolf pack.

Young Campbell, still in possession of the gun he had wrested from Anne, swung around, shielding his client. He leveled the big Colt awkwardly, the freckles on his suddenly pale face like small brown protrusions. The deputies, the only ones allowed arms in the courtroom, pressed forward, and George Newton came to stand facing the crowd alongside Campbell.

Breed lifted his head and saw the short, single line of men which formed a frail barricade against the mob. He rose to his feet and faced it, his dark face wooden, his cavernous eyes regarding them from his greater height.

That leaden stare gave them pause, and they then noticed the leveled guns. Young Campbell's had steadied; it pointed at the belt buckle of the closest man, he whose shout had kindled the mob.

The judge had mounted his chair, from high above the crowd his furious bellowing reached down. "So help me God," he threatened, "I'm gonna give the boys the order to open fire!" He tore off his spectacles and shook them at the crowd, "Clear the courtroom, I said—open the back doors, somebody!"

Someone obeyed as George Newton seized a rifle from the deputy nearest him and climbed a chair, his sandy-mustached face grim with anger. "I'll shoot the first critter that moves forward," he shouted, cocking the gun.

They believed him, for they knew him to be a friend of the prisoner, and the retreat began slowly and then speeded up. When the courtroom was empty of all the spectators, the judge dismounted from his perch. "Close and bolt the door, Joe," he ordered.

As the deputy obeyed, the ominous growling sound of angry men in the streets outside reached into them within the building.

Young Campbell's color seeped back; he stepped over and placed the Colt revolver on the judge's table. "Your honor," he began in a strained voice, "in view of the ample evidence of bias and—ah—prejudice"—the judge leaned forward, squinting with concentration over his spectacles—"I hereby petition," Campbell continued, "change of venue."

"Granted!" The judge's shout and hammering gavel exploded as soon as he translated the (*Continued on Page 76*)

B. TOBEY THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It meant memorizing the batting average of every player in the major leagues."

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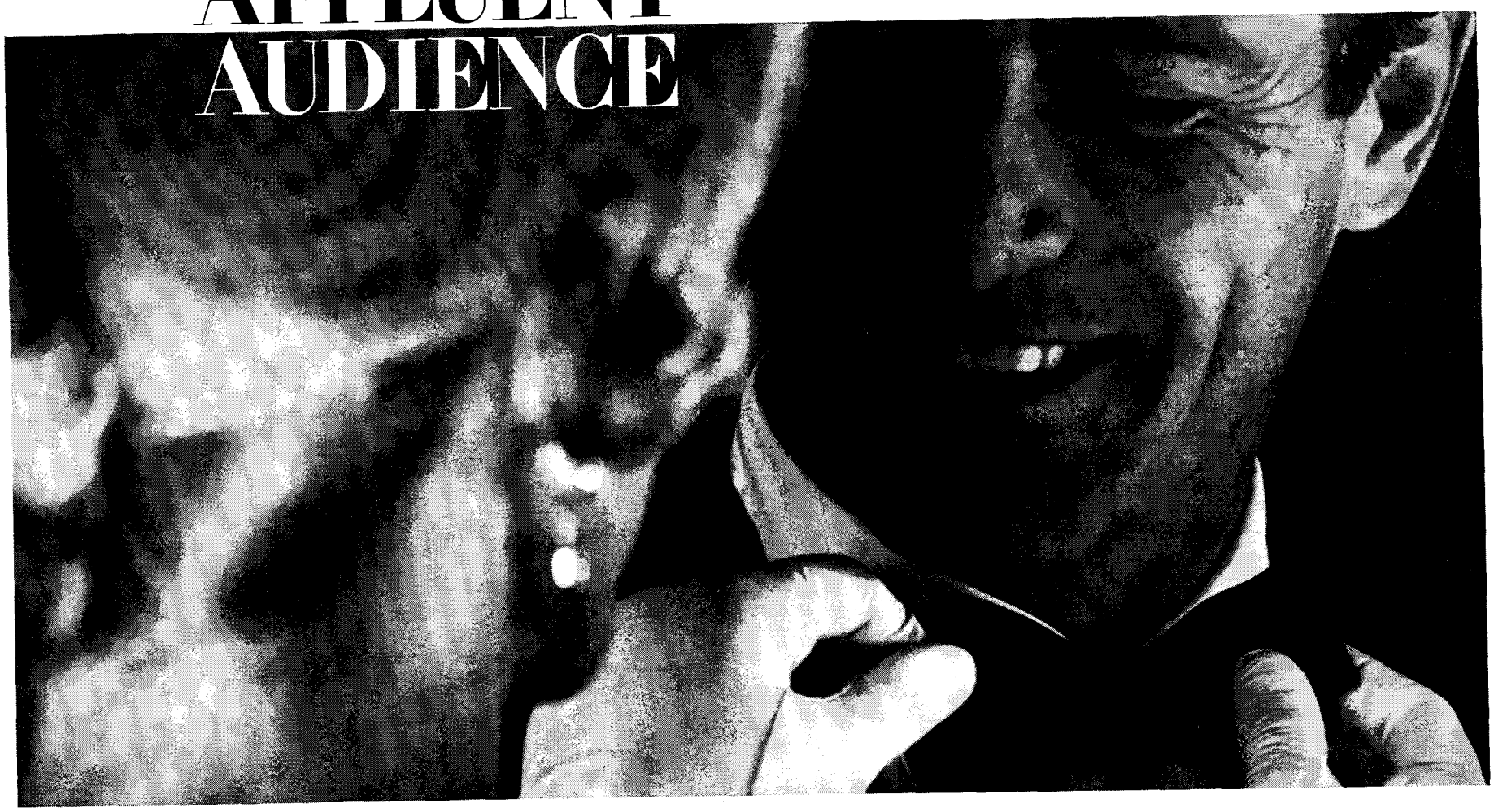
HOLIDAY'S AFFLUENT AUDIENCE



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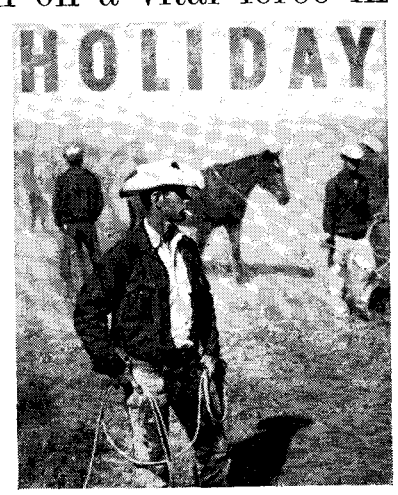

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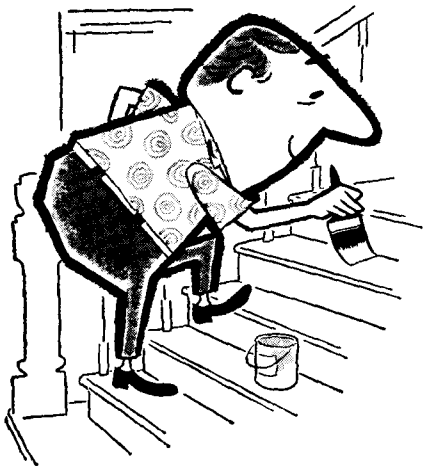
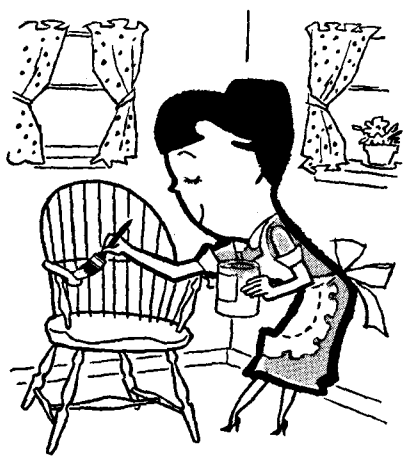


TOUCHING-UP CHAIRS



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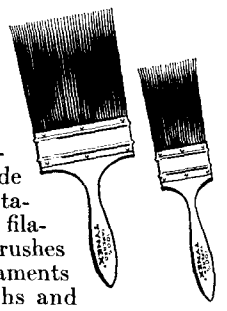

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

(*Continued from Page 74*) legal verbiage. "Granted." He glared around at the men still standing about. "Well, set down, set down," he grumbled. "Now we got to make out some more papers ——"

His attention was distracted by the .45; he reached, and all eyes followed to focus on his gnarled hands as with familiar dexterity he flicked open the loading gate and withdrew the loading from each chamber. Accompanied by an amazement so profound it could be felt, the judge deposited, one by one, six empties on the table.

The judge stared down at them and then up at the circle of watching, stunned faces. "Well, what do you make of that, now?" he inquired of no one in particular. "If ever I saw a lady that meant business, that one did. I wonder how come ——"

Elizabeth Melton, alone, knew the answer. Having feared that Anne meant to take her own life, Elizabeth had removed the live cartridges from Tom's revolver, substituting empty shell casings.

In knots and groups the balked citizens muttered and prowled the streets of Globe, while legal processes muddled along in the echoingly empty courtroom. At about nine o'clock in the evening the crowd, unaware of the change of venue, and properly possessed of a rope and enough whisky to see them through, descended on the jail. And found it empty—the prisoner, in custody of a party of armed deputies, was already hours and miles away from Globe, on the road to Phoenix.

The jail in Phoenix was a squat, adobe building with deep, barred windows set into immensely thick walls which looked out onto the winter-blooming desert. To the prisoner from Pleasant Valley there was an unreality to it: men walking about in their shirt sleeves, squinting in the balmy sunlight a few days before Christmas.

The trial had been set for the middle of January, and as the days passed Breed worried. There had been no word from the Tonto.

He was roused from a restless nap one day by the key turning in his cell door. "Compn'y, Breed," announced Casey, the fat and amiable jailer. Old Crip hobbled briskly in, a wide grin on his toothless gnome's face. Breed reached a long arm and hugged the old man up close to him. "Hey!" Crip ducked his bald head. "See? I ain't Stella—I ain't got red hair!" He cackled delightedly at his own humor.

Casey genially left them alone to talk. The family was fine, Crip said, worried, of course, but in good health. Roberts had had his hands full keeping the womenfolk from packing up and coming to Phoenix. They had desisted only when Roberts reminded that it would cost money for the family to stay as long as the weeks or months the trial might take. Money that might be needed to fight the case in the courts.

Crip said that Hay-soos had pulled in, maybe nine-ten days after Breed left with McKinney. They'd done what he said; the footprints were there, all right, and Roberts had boxed them over with a sheet of tin to keep out the weather.

"He knowed 'em, Breed!" Crip said. "Knowed 'em right off! It was that greasy little skunk—Apocada!" Crip went on, "'Member, it was Hay-soos brung him in—he'd followed close on his heels. Hell, when he pointed out this 'n' that, I could see it myself! Boot heels run down and over—soles wore bad, and he walked on the outside of his foot."

"Nine or ten days' start on Hay-soos—and you've had weather since?"

"Yer damn rights! We've had *weather*—it set to and give us hell. Hay-soos set out that same night, just ahead of a howler. I reckon, though, he got out fore the passes drifted over."

Breed nodded, "What horse was Hay-soos ridin'?"

"Roberts give him Johnny's bay gelding."

Breed approved. "The best," he said. "Wish he had Bullet, but with that much head start on him, guess it don't matter—any one horse couldn't make it up."

Crip spotted the brooding note. "Listen, son," he said, "Hay-soos spoke a piece, a message for you." He squinted, wrestling with his memory to bring forth the exact wording: "'Tell Trader Breed I know the man, I know the gold horse. Tell him I will have help, for my people know Trader Breed. There will be no hiding place for the Mejicano—I will bring him back, and the gold horse!'"

Breed had retained young Campbell, who had applied for a postponement of the trial, hoping to gain time for Hay-soos to come in. The petition was denied. The day set for the trial was balmy and warm, and the courtroom became stuffy because of a large crowd of spectators; but this crowd was apparently more curious than hostile.

The jury was picked from a list of retired oldsters who had nothing better to do. They were a leathery, tobacco-chewing crew of veteran cowboys and miners—and their squinting stares evaluated young Campbell patronizingly.

Campbell had taken the trouble to find out all he could about Dist. Atty. Frank Cox; but he was not encouraged, knowing that Cox was a prosperous cattleman as well. This would ensure him doubly of the respect of a cow-country jury. But at least Cox wasn't running for anything and seemed to have no personal ax to grind in this case.

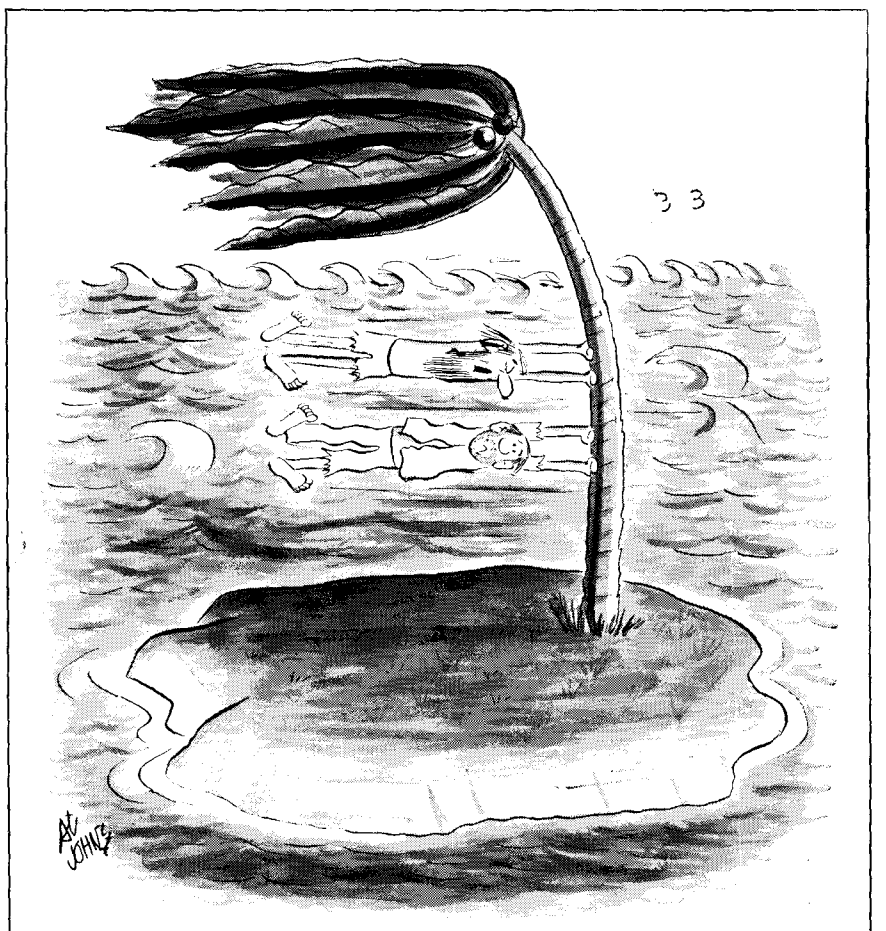
Judge Asa Goodman was a thickset, placid man of late middle age. His features were ordinary, but his steel-rimmed spectacles had such thick lenses that they magnified his light eyes into awesome protrusions. Judge Goodman was a veteran frontier jurist and now inclined to dispense with time-consuming formalities.

After the brisk opening, Campbell, whose excessively limited experience had been in the dignified austerity of Philadelphia courts, where form and tradition were hallowed and unswervingly observed, was dumfounded by the looseness of procedure in Asa Goodman's court. He was at first appalled by what seemed to him a completely unethical tolerance from the bench—and from the district attorney who took liberties wherever he found them practicable. Campbell began to discern after a while an eminently practical, if primitive, sort of co-operative concentration of the court officials on getting at the bottom of a thing, no holds barred and form be damned if it interfered. Campbell mopped his feverish brow and felt his way along, casting a continually wary eye on the poker-faced jury. He did his best to convince them that Breed's innocence would be proved as soon as Hay-soos returned with the Mexican and the buckskin. When they finally filed out with self-conscious importance, Campbell had no idea whether he had impressed them or not. Some of the avid crowd departed for food and drink, but most of them returned hastily. Deputies moved about, flinging doors open wide, raising windows to change the stuffy courtroom air, laden with human smell, for the soft breeze that rose at sunset.

There came a bustling about near the bench. It was realized that the tipstaff had delivered the long-awaited message to Judge Goodman. The insistent gavel brought about breathless silence, and the eyes of all waited on the door and pounced on the jury as they filed in to their box.

They looked ancient, the twelve old men, but their expressions were odd. There was a tense, belligerent pattern on most of the faces, and grizzled chins jutted stubbornly. When called upon to rise and speak, the gaunt foreman got arthritically erect.

"Asa—I mean your honor"—his nasal voice complained—"we ain't been able to reach no (*Continued on Page 78*)



"This is nothing—wait'll the monsoon season starts."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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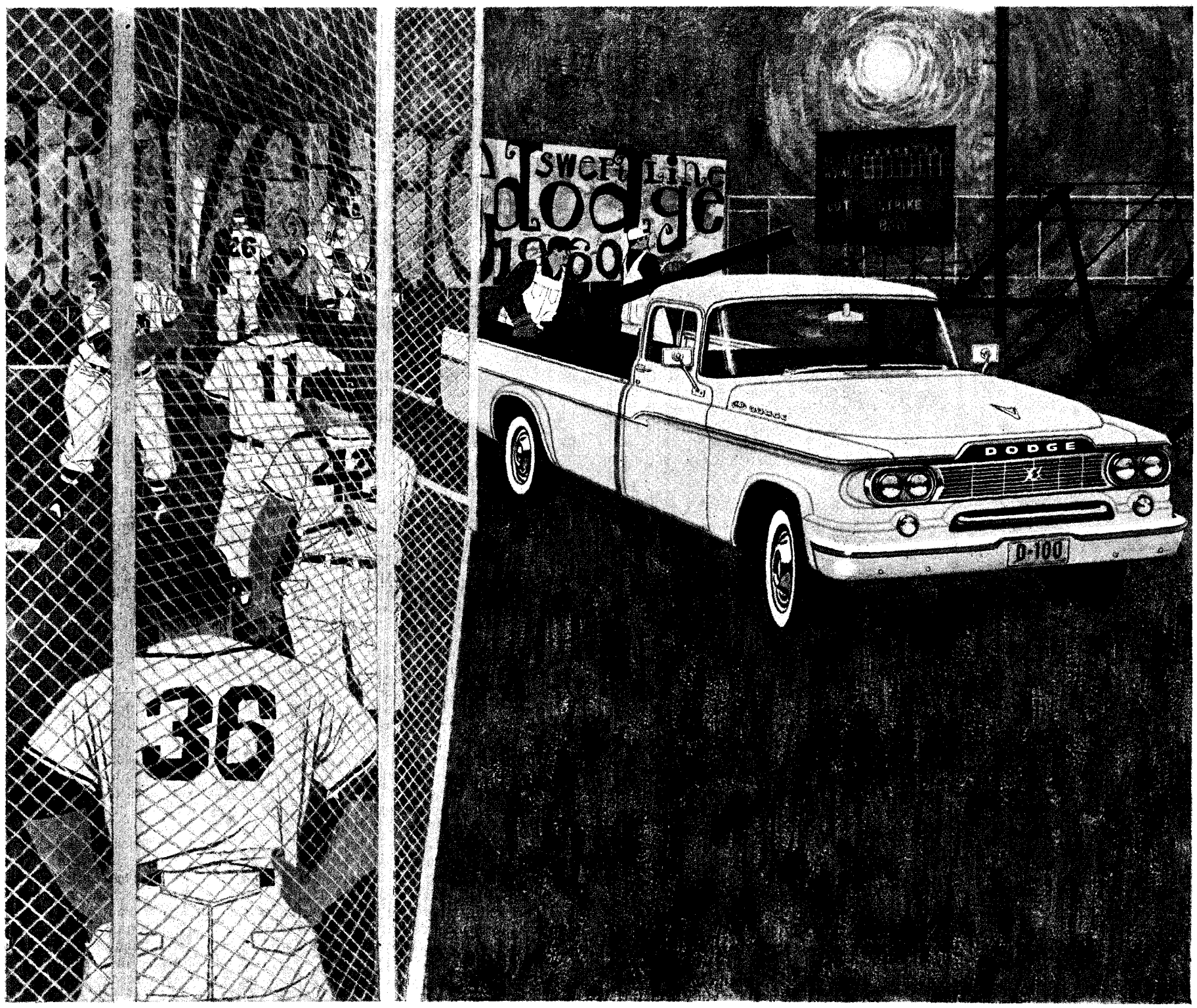

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(*Continued from Page 76*) verdict. We taken a ballot when we first went in and we've took maybe twenty since, and the vote ain't changed at all. We're seven one way and five the other. And I figgered we'd best get on out here and let you get you another jury—it woulda been a fist fight in another more minute. They ain't a single one of these old mules is gonna change his mind!"

Judge Goodman gravely thanked the jury for their efforts and unsuccessfully tried to quell the twinkle of his outsized stare on the twelve bristling old cockerels. He postponed setting a definite date for the retrial, which occasion would have to be determined from the uncertain peregrinations of the overworked small number of district and circuit-court judges.

Breed was escorted back to the jail. Limp with physical and emotional exhaustion, he lay on the hard cot, flat on his back, staring in darkness toward the low ceiling.

The trial over, young Campbell shuffled his papers together dazedly and prepared to leave the courtroom. Frank Cox came over to him, extending a cordial hand, wishing to express his congratulations. "I'd say you won a victory here today," Cox said with generous warmth, "but you're going to need more ammunition for the retrial. I wish, for your sake, that this Apache could show up—with the Mexican riding the buckskin!"

"Oh, he will, Mr. Cox." Campbell's positiveness astounded the district attorney. "Old Mr. Crip and Mr. Tewksbury said that nothing short of death would keep that man from bringing back the evidence we need!"

Two hundred miles south and west, beyond the Mexican border, Hay-soos, the Apache Kid, stood on a narrow tongue of rocky plateau extending out from the foothills of a ragged, cloud-capped mountain range. He looked down at the body of Miguel Apocada, who had died with his face knotted in a grimace of convulsive terror; the eyes had rolled back in his head and his mouth was open, the yellowed teeth snarling through a fringe of the drooping black mustache.

Nearby the buckskin mare propped herself on four spread, trembling legs. Her head was down; her gauntness made her like a skeleton inside a tarnished hide. She had been pushed far beyond the limits of her strength on each of a succession of many days.

Hay-soos picked up a canteen which lay beside the body of the Mexican. He held it up beside his ear, shook it and listened. It was empty. The buckskin shuddered convulsively and swayed. The Indian looked at her, his black eyes as unemotional as slitted, glistening obsidian. If the horse went down, she would never get up. Hay-soos thought she was dying on her feet.

Hay-soos turned, looked at the forbidding mountain heights looming to the north. The moon was low and their shadowy outline, shrouded with drifting clouds, hulked enormously. He slung the canteen strap over his naked shoulder. He did not glance at the body or the trembling horse as he trotted past them, headed for the mountain beyond, taking the path in the direction whence he had come.

Judge Asa Goodman's two-story frame house sat under tall shade trees on a quiet street in Phoenix. On a sultry night in April the hovering clouds opened and spring rain drummed on the roofs of the sleeping desert town. Goodman heard the patter become a deluge and turned over. Then he stirred, raised on an elbow, listening. There was a muffled shouting, a barrage of pounding on his front door, downstairs.

Goodman crawled out of bed, went to the window, raised it to peer out. A furious bellowing boiled up at him from the doorstep, "Come on down here and open this door, Asa!"

All was a shadowy, wet blur without his spectacles, but that indignant roaring could emerge from only one throat. "John Meadows?" he called.

"You're damn right—and I've not rode for two days and nights to pass the time of day standin' in the rain." His rumbling receded because Goodman had snatched on his spectacles, thrusting his arms into the sleeves of his robe as he trotted down the stairs and flung open the door.

A gust of damp sweet cleanness thrust in with the two men—John Meadows and another, smaller man: an Apache whose chopped, shoulder-length black hair streamed with rain water, wrapped in the voluminous folds of a coat, obviously a loan from Meadows.

Asa Goodman led the way to the kitchen, lighting a kerosene lamp on the table. He poked up a fire in the kitchen range and called his wife, who presently descended; a quiet, unsurprised woman, she set out a brandy bottle and glasses, brewed a huge pot of coffee, put out platters of meat and cheese, pyramided thick slices of bulging bread, set all at hand and then took herself back to bed.

When Meadows divulged his business, Goodman looked hard and thoughtfully at the impassive Indian. Then he went to the front door, opened it and stared out through the sliding rain. Two riders sat in his kitchen, but there were three horses at the rail. Even in the darkness Goodman could make out that one animal was a buckskin with a black mane and tail.

While his late guests ate and drank, Goodman roused his young son and sent him with a message to be delivered to two men.

Campbell was the first to arrive. He burst in, stumbling over himself in his excited haste. "Is that the—the—" he stuttered—"is that the buckskin out there?"

Goodman had to grin; Campbell looked like a tousled kid on Christmas morning. "*The* buckskin, indeed," he assured, leading the young man kitchenward. "And here's your Apache."

Campbell stopped short in the doorway, staring dumbly. In the warmth of the kitchen Hay-soos had removed the bulky coat, bundled it in a heap about a sack in the corner. The Indian rose from his chair. He wore only breech leggings and high moccasins. His hairless, naked chest and shoulders seemed woven of wirelike sinews. He was very thin, and his features almost skull-like.

"You are Hay-soos?" Campbell whispered. The Apache nodded; as he waited his eyes narrowed, glinted.

"This here's young Campbell," Meadows supplied. "Breed's lawyer."

Hay-soos stiffened—it was his turn at disbelief. He came with sliding grace from behind the table, stalked slowly toward the rumpled boyish figure. His moccasined feet made no sound as he came, pausing an arm's length from Campbell, his black eyes puzzled. "You are the man," he questioned, "who fights the law for Trader Breed?"

Asa Goodman chuckled. "Like a cornered wildcat," he said. "Put up the darndest scrap I've ever seen!"

Hay-soos smiled, enchanting Campbell with the sudden brilliant warmth of his shining eyes, the flash of big white teeth. Campbell's right hand started up and hesitated, for he was dubious of how the impulse might be received. But Hay-soos had reached, and both hands gripped the

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young lawyer's shoulders, and then they were grinning face to face with the triumphant delight of successful conspirators.

When Frank Cox stalked in out of the rain, to be confronted with the buckskin and the Apache, his stare was dumfounded. He scratched at his graying pompadour. "Well, I'll be damned!" he managed at last.

Meadows and Goodman rumbled with laughter. Cox grinned ruefully. "All right," he said, "I know when I'm licked. I suppose," he looked around at the occupants of the room, "you've already jailed the Mexican?"

Meadows considered the others from beneath his beetling white brows, and his mustache twitched wickedly. "Hay-soos," he said, "they want to know where Apocada is."

The Apache went over and took up the overcoat-swaddled bundle, carried it to the kitchen table and loosed the knotted thong and peeled away the layers of burlap.

The skin was taut, dark as saddle leather, and the dank black droop of mustache outlined exposed long and yellowed teeth; the eyes were shadowed, shrunken cavities but—to any who had known him—the face snarling vacantly on the severed head was still recognizably that of Miguel Apocada.

The appalled silence was shattered by their choking and gasping. They stepped back, for the evil stink of it was pungently-thick and sickening.

Meadows glared around at them, sparks shooting from his brilliant eyes and he snorted at their squeamishness. "Take the stinkin' thing out on the porch, Hay-soos," he said. The Indian obeyed, rewrapping the head with detached but meticulous care. The opening of the kitchen door let in a welcome gust of rain-drenched air. When Hay-soos came in he did not resume his chair, but squatted on lean haunches near the door.

"You're not planning, for God's sake," Cox challenged Meadows, "to use a murdered man's head for evidence, are you, John?"

"Now, hold your horses, Frank," Meadows rumbled. "For one thing, the Mex wasn't murdered—he up and died on Hay-soos. Why don't you all just rest easy and let me tell you all what happened?"

"Won't this keep till morning, John?" Goodman suggested. "You've got us all out of bed ——"

"No," Meadows said bluntly, "it's got to be now. Hay-soos has got to ride out and meet up with some people fore sunup."

"Ride out! But, look here, he's—he can't be let ——" Frank Cox's glare at Meadows was outraged.

"Maybe it would clear a way, John," Goodman placated, "if you could say who it is that's waiting for Hay-soos."

Meadows looked over at Hay-Soos, who returned the look with shuttered calm. "It's—maybe twenty or so of his people."

"Armed?"

"To the teeth."

"And if he doesn't show by sunup?"

"They'll fetch him."

Campbell's alarmed eyes darted from one to the other of the three enraged older men; he couldn't fathom what exactly was being fought out. Asa Goodman settled back, folded his hands across his substantial middle. "All right, John," he said. Cox nodded, shrugging his shoulders irritatedly, but he placed his forearms on the table, his long fingers coddling his elbows.

Meadows helped himself to a water tumbler full of brandy, sipped at it as he talked. "Well," he began, "Hay-soos took the Mexican's trail more'n a week after the killin' of Tom Graham. He knew the man and the horse from the track, because he lassoed Apocada for me once before. He got in touch with some of his people, and the word spread to keep a lookout for this Mex, ridin' a fine buckskin, with a good rifle in the boot—but to leave him be. He was to be saved for Hay-soos, who wanted to know where he was or where headed. When the 'Paches found out that this Mex was the reason Trader Breed Tewksbury was in jail, they hopped onto it. The 'Paches know Breed." Meadows' eyes glinted fiercely.

"It didn't take too long," he went on. "Soon as Hay-soos knowed the direction Apocada had took he got on the trail. He killed four horses—run 'em off their legs—but he come onto fresh trail. And he'd got in sightin' distance of the Mex just about when the last horse went down. But by then the Mex knew he was being stalked—likely he'd glimpsed an Apache or two, seen their signalin' and figgered they were closin' in on him." Meadows shook his head. "All he could do was keep goin'. And that's what he done." The judge paused and took a deep swig from the tumbler.

"Hay-soos took the trail afoot," Meadows went on, "stripped down to his clout and knife. The Mex had lightened the buckskin, too, of everthin' but the bridle and a canteen—he was packin' Breed's rifle hisself." Campbell could not resist a glance at Cox, who nodded soberly. "Hay-soos moved in close to within rifle range," Meadows said, "and likely Apocada knew him—he had reason to remember him. Hay-soos needled him into potshootin', and I guess he got panicky, for he used all his cartridges. When Hay-soos found where he'd ditched the gun, he knew he could soon close in."

Meadows smacked his lips over the brandy, enjoying the enthralled attention of his listeners. "But Hay-soos wanted him and the buckskin alive and he wasn't sure but what Apocada had a handgun; so he figgered he'd have to wear him out or get him at night. One day, long about sundown, he saw the buckskin go down, spilling the Mexican—they were both able to get up but they didn't go on.

"Hay-soos stayed out of sight and come up slow and easy in the dark. He waited a long time, listening, and figgered the Mex had drowsed off. He jumped him then. The Mex (*Continued on Page 81*)

Time Flow

By Herbert Merrill

A river cannot turn around
To run the other way,
Nor has a traveler ever found
A road to yesterday.

Men may wish and women
weep,
But stars will plummet down,
And neither faith nor hope may
keep
A leaf from turning brown.

There is no folly like the fight
Of fools who grasp the sun
And struggle to prevent the
night.
I know, for I am one.

GO LABOR DAY WEEKEND—Especially convenient is the handsome THERMOS Oval Cooler. Designed for carrying ease. To spark vacation appetites take along this big 4-gallon cooler full of salads, sandwiches, deviled eggs, radishes, onions, beer and soft drinks.
GO ANY WEEKEND—THERMOS Outing Kits are a favorite for any outing. They include 2 quart vacuum bottles (standard neck or wide mouth) and 2 plastic sandwich boxes. Complete with Kangaroo Pouch for picnic "extras" . . . even a blanket!
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OFTEN WITH
GO VACATION WEEKS—Ice will last a week to chill food and beverages in the new, amazingly lightweight Chillybin® Ice Chest. Weighs only 6 pounds, yet Chillybin tops all other chests on the market for keeping qualities. It is made of revolutionary foam plastic and is virtually indestructible. Can't absorb moisture or odors.
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Look for these other brands by THERMOS®: ICY HOT®, KEAPSIT®, HOLTEMP® and HOLIDAY®

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Dow announces a major *automotive development*

NEED FOR WATER OR ANTIFREEZE ELIMINATED BY NEW PRODUCT

DOWGARD*

WORLD'S FIRST YEAR 'ROUND COOLING SYSTEM FLUID

New scientific formulation replaces water in summer, antifreeze in winter. Stops rust and corrosion damage, protects against freezing and overheating for 12 full months. Offers new concept of carefree motoring—summer and winter. Should be installed now for immediate benefits!

Dow
DOWGARD
YEAR 'ROUND COOLING SYSTEM FLUID

If you value performance and economy, you will want to have this new product from Dow installed in your cooling system immediately.

You see, ordinary water—even with the addition of antifreeze or a rust inhibitor—can cause rust and corrosion in your cooling system. This can lead to poor gas mileage, ping, knock, reduced heater-defroster efficiency. And, if left unchecked, burned valves, warped cylinders and heads can result.

New concept—Complete fill

However, now you can end worrisome cooling system problems by having DOWGARD cooling system fluid installed in your car. It is a complete formulation, a new blend of protective chemicals and specially treated de-ionized water. DOWGARD fills the cooling system completely from top to bottom. Nothing else is added—no water, antifreeze or rust inhibitors!

Lasts one full year

DOWGARD protects from 240°F. above zero to 40°F. below. It is the only year 'round coolant you can buy. It prevents overheating in summer, freezing in winter.

Why now? Stops summer rust

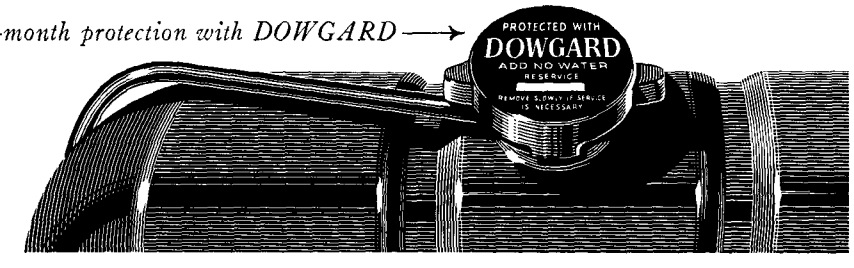
Rust and corrosion can form many times faster in summer than in winter. This is particularly true when old antifreeze is left in the cooling system. The only sure way to prevent this damage, and the trouble it brings, is to have DOWGARD installed *now*.

Sold only at service dealers

Get DOWGARD at your regular service dealer and enjoy the equivalent of a sealed cooling system for one full year. It's a premium product that gives your car the protection it deserves—one of the wisest investments you can make. *TRADEMARK

ONE FULL FILL OF DOWGARD NOW—
CAREFREE MOTORING FOR ONE FULL YEAR

This blue cap is your symbol of complete 12-month protection with DOWGARD →



Dow THE DOW CHEMICAL COMPANY • MIDLAND, MICHIGAN

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(*Continued from Page 79*) let out one awful yell, flung around a little and caved in. I'd guess the poor critter died of fright." Meadows took a long pull at the brandy. Their looks gravitated to the silent Apache who squatted graven as an oriental image. His shuttered face gave no indication as to whether he could understand Meadows' account of his journey.

"Well," Meadows resumed, "the buckskin was on her last legs. Wasn't even a blade of grass on the mesa, all rocky shale. Hay-soos had spotted a little spring leaking out of a crevice, back a few miles. He took the canteen and went back. He toted water to the horse and then he taken the Mex's shirt and made a carryall for grass—clumps of anythin' green he could scrounge. The next day the buckskin could munch a little fodder. They stayed right there till the buckskin was strong enough to take a few steps at a time. Then Hay-soos took her back to where the water was, and I guess he musta darn near carried that mare a time or two.

"Well," Meadows continued, "he'd noticed that the Mexican's head wasn't keepin' too good, so he set to and smoked it while the buckskin was eatin' her way back to strength—that accounts for that mixed-up smoky stink and the way the skin looks." He paused to relish the audible gulping. "When the buckskin was strong enough to be coddled along slow, Hay-soos sent his boys to find me. He didn't know where Breed was—but he knew I'd know—and we all got together back in the hills a ways." Meadows drained his glass before he finished. "Hay-soos is smart enough to know maybe the head ain't enough, and that's why he brung along a few bucks—just in case things get sticky. And they could get sticky if you all are of a mind to make 'em so."

A silence followed this oblique challenge. "Are you threatening—is this an ultimatum, John?" Goodman inquired quietly.

"No, I'm not," Meadows said, "but I ain't speakin' for that bunch of desert wolves out there—nor Hay-soos. I tried to tell 'em I could get Breed free, but they're a mite pigheaded. They know there's been a trial and all they see is that Breed is still behind bars. They don't understand retrials; when a man is tried he's either convicted or released."

"What a bunch of renegades believe or don't believe," Cox said, "is beside the point. Tewksbury can't be freed until the court is satisfied of his innocence."

Meadows reared over the table and shook his finger under the attorney's long nose. "That's the difference between them and you, Frank," he rumbled. "Thing is, they *know* he didn't murder Tom Graham! Like I know it and Hay-soos knows it—and young Campbell here knows it! Sure, they're only a pack of ignorant savages, but they know good and well that Breed Tewksbury coulda killed Tom Graham any day in the week he was a mind to! But they know, too, that if he had he wouldn't have denied it! He's been a man of his word every day of his life, and that's good enough for them—and me too!" Meadows glanced at the window. The darkness was thinning and gray dawn was not far off.

"Whilst we set here hagglin'," he said, "that bunch out there could get restless and maybe jump the gun. Hay-soos has got to ride out—or I wash my hands of what they might figger out to try."

Their eyes turned to the window and then on the rock-still Apache. "John"—Goodman's voice was calm—"I take it Hay-soos' word about how Apocada died is good enough for you?"

"I'd swear to it like I'd seen it myself," he answered.

"Then tell him to ride."

Hay-soos rose at once, which startled them, for they had spoken as though he did not understand. Meadows went out to the horses with him; they spoke a few words and then the Apache mounted. As Meadows returned to the house, those inside heard the drumming sound of a running horse diminishing into the waning night.

Meadows lowered himself into his chair with a grunt and poured another tumbler of brandy. Cox was waiting for him with a battling gleam in his eyes. "John," he charged, "the reason you want Breed so unceremoniously turned loose is because you can't put Hay-soos on the stand, can't even bring him into court—knowing he's the Apache Kid!"

Goodman sat up straight, and Campbell jerked as though poked. Meadows' eyebrows lifted and he looked levelly at Cox. "How come you spotted him?" was all he said.

"I had some business in San Carlos once when he was brought in—a prisoner. Even with chains on, like he had, I thought it was like facing a cougar barehanded, just to look at him."

Meadows nodded. "He's that, all right," he agreed. "They've never been able to fence him, nail him down, and a lot of good men went down the drain tryin'. I've known who he was for quite a spell—most of the time he's been trackin' for me. I guess I was never closer to dyin' than the day I let him know I savvied who he was." Meadows' eyes gleamed over the recollection. "But he trusted me, I guess. And I told him as long as he done the work I set out for him and kept his nose clean, I'd back him to the hilt. He's more'n held up his end. See, Frank. . . . Asa," Meadows' voice deepened, "what I know is this—he can't be fenced, he can't surrender, but he can be used so long as he can keep his pride. And I figger there's more to be gained usin' him than hangin' him. There's this too." He sipped his brandy. "If he gets hunted again, now that he's got him a woman and maybe a son, he'll turn into a rabid wolf and take a hundred men down with him 'fore they kill him."

"A rabid wolf!" Cox exclaimed. "And you connived in letting him ride out of here to lead a pack of renegades ——"

"To *stop* a pack of renegades! Hay-soos give me his word he'd hold 'em until noon, and I told him I'd be out with word, one way or the other."

"What word?"

"Word that Breed is free—or still behind bars."

Frank Cox shot up out of his chair. "Dammit all, John Meadows," he stormed, "you can't ride in here with a bunch of renegade Apaches and dictate terms to the law!"

Meadows glared back at him, his mustache twitching, his eyes marble hard. "Can't I, Frank?" he growled. "Can't I?"

He hitched around in his chair. "All right, keep Breed behind bars, but then don't come cryin' to me when that pack of desert wolves hits some ranch or settlement to work off their vengeance. Don't weep for the women and little kids they'll cut to bits! I'm tryin' to hinder it—but you! you want to sit and prate about due course of law!

"So let it be due course of law, Frank Cox, and I'll tell you how it'll be: Breed Tewksbury will be acquitted, because I'll take the witness stand and I'll be sworn in and I'll say right out loud in front of God and the Territory of Arizona that my Apache tracker that I sent to bring in Apocada brung him in—and I'll swear that I taken down his dyin' confession that he killed Tom Graham!" Meadows glared around at his paralyzed audience; then he snorted and began rummaging in his pockets. "Come to think of it," he remarked, "I got that confession right here, now."

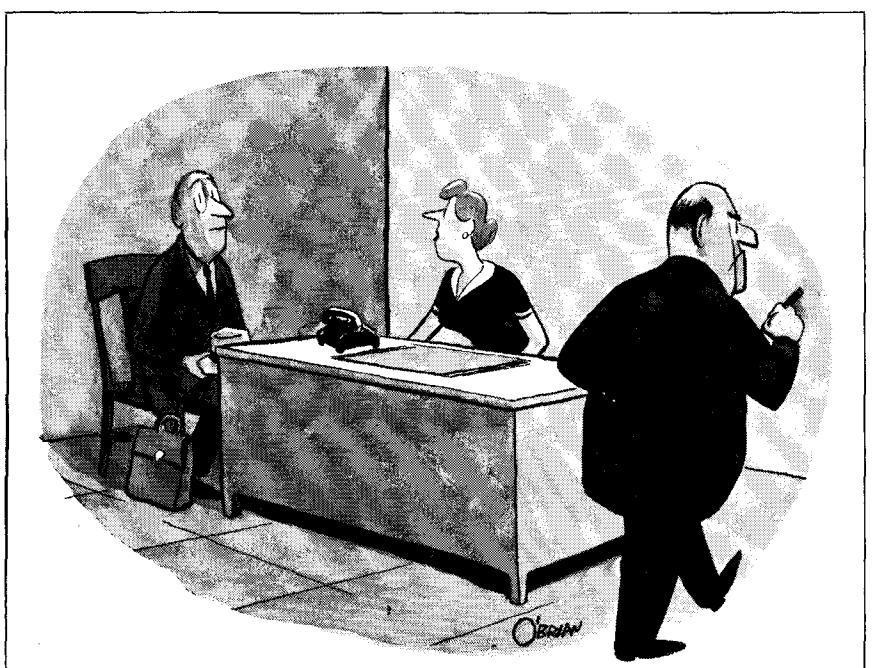
"You'd be swearing to a pack of lies," Cox roared. "And two of us to swear you lie!"

"And two of us to swear I ain't lyin'!" Meadows bellowed and then turned to the petrified Campbell. "Well," he barked, "whose side would you lie on, boy? Speak up!"

Campbell was pasty pale. "Oh!" he gulped. "On yours, of course—Judge Meadows." His voice was very thin.

Frank Cox looked at him, then at the bristling Meadows and suddenly he began to laugh. He laughed until he had to lean weakly against the wall and tears streamed down his long face. He pointed limply at Campbell and then at Meadows and howled.

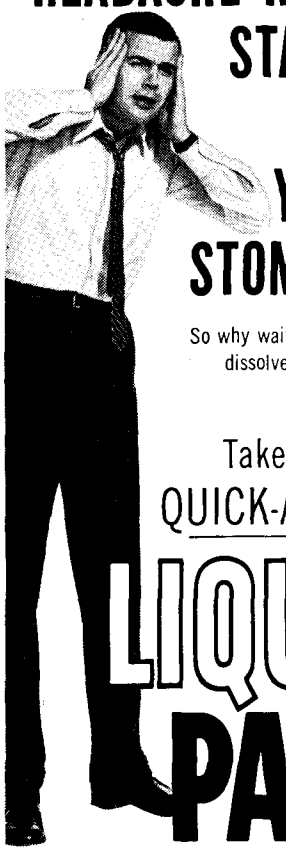
A little later, when calm was once more restored, Asa Goodman asked mildly, "I



"There's no point in waiting to catch him in a good mood. This is his good mood."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HEADACHE RELIEF STARTS IN YOUR STOMACH



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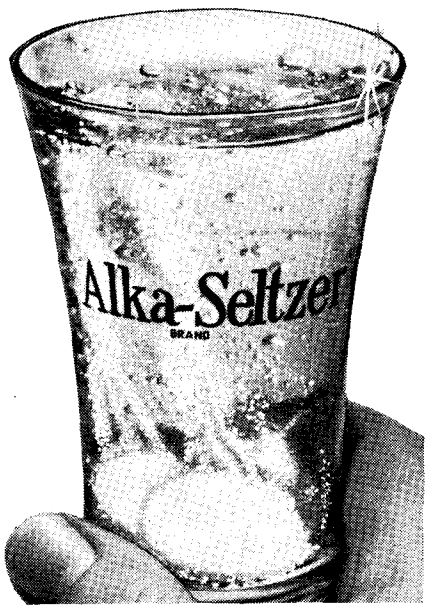

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guess you've got it figured, John. What do you want?"

"I want Breed out on bail," Meadows said promptly. "Then, after the dust settles a little, the prosecution can file a motion to dismiss the charge—due evidence as to his innocence having been received."

"What about it, Mr. Prosecutor?" Goodman asked.

"It'll hold water," Cox admitted. "But what about Tewksbury—isn't he going to head into more trouble if he goes back to the Tonto?"

"Nope!" Meadows said. "For Breed is gonna ride into the Tonto wearin' a sheriff's star and with Hay-soos assigned to him as special deputy—in my jurisdiction!"

"You're going to deputize ——" Cox was almost strangling.

"Planned to all along," Meadows said. "Me and Billy Mulvenon worked it out 'fore this Tom Graham thing come up. And he's still with me on it. Billy's got too much territory—and we're both gettin' too old to head over the rimrock ever time one of the settlers takes a notion to potshoot a neighbor. We got to have law and order in the Tonto, and it'll take a top hand to ramrod it. Breed and Hay-soos—they'n handle it with one hand tied behind their back!" He poured himself a long shot of brandy and waxed statesman-like. "There ain't a man in the territory would wanta brace up to Breed now, and him packin' a badge to boot? Makes sense to me—plenty horse sense!"

They heard him out, too dumfounded to speak for a moment. "John"—Goodman's expression was troubled—"you may be right about Breed, but the Apache—I think you're asking for trouble. Frank recognized him, and the Apache Kid is too well known ——"

"Oh, didn't I tell you?" Meadows' smirk was insufferably smug. "Slipped my mind, I guess. Why, Hay-soos, my loyal tracker—he sure does look like the 'Pache Kid. But then any white man'll tell you all Injuns look alike, and I can vouch for that boy, right down to the ground. Then, too, I heard from the Indian agent a while back; seems that the definite word has been had that somebody done the 'Pache Kid in—the Agency has closed its file on him and the Cavalry too—seems like they guessed it was so when his relatives put on a real big funeral show and carried on for three or four days, I hear. A real big ceremony!"

Frank Cox was laughing helplessly again. "John," he said, "if I ever 'use anybody up,' I'll sure send for you!"

Our neighbors abroad know what we pay in taxes—they're spending it.

ANTHONY J. PETTITO

"I'll fetch my shovel and come right along," Meadows agreed. "After we've disposed of the body we'll set right down and figger who done him in!"

A few hours later and without any sleep Frank Cox and young Campbell went into a huddle over the paperwork necessary to arranging bail for Breed. John Meadows saddled his horse in Goodman's barn, preparing to ride out and contact Hay-soos.

Meadows mounted and Goodman came over, reached up and shook his hand. "You are a shameless, conniving old horse trader, John," Goodman said. "Would you tell me, if we'd been stubborn, would you have perjured yourself to free Breed Tewksbury?"

Meadows' bright blue gaze twinkled maliciously down at him. "We'll never know, Asa," he rumbled with laughter, his mustache twitching wickedly. "That's something neither me nor you will ever know." He heeled the strongly built gelding and rode out, still chuckling.

Three days later, bail having been arranged and conferences with Meadows completed, Breed and Crip rode out of Phoenix. Hay-soos was waiting for them in the hills. Breed had telegraphed the news to George Newton in Globe, asking that he send a message to Pleasant Valley with the first traveler headed that way. They would not pass through Globe, as they took a shorter route up the winding valley of the Salt River.

The desert was a rainbow of spring bloom, green with delicately waving grass, every hue represented by the fantastic cactus flowers. As they left the river valley and mounted the slopes they saw that the tall barrels of saguero were adorned also, their fragile pale-yellow blossoms incongruous on their immense bulking height.

They were all eager to push on fast, but they traveled slowly, suiting their pace to the buckskin, which Crip rode, being the lightest of the three. Breed was mounted on his own gray gelding, and Hay-soos rode a strawberry roan, provided by Meadows.

The last day of their journey Breed was silent; but Bullet jittered constantly, for he sensed the man's turmoil. Crip and Hay-soos swapped knowing grins each time Breed lifted his long gaze to search the open spots in the trail above them.

He worried and fretted; maybe George hadn't found anyone to carry a message. Maybe something was wrong—somebody was sick—or worse. It had been weeks, months since he'd had word of them.

Late in the afternoon they emerged from a thick stand of blue spruce. Crip was ahead and he lifted his eyes to a rocky point where the trail rounded and descended. He saw the copper-colored mare and the slender figure beside her, the wind blowing back her skirts, her streaming bronze hair. Crip flung back his head, his old cowboy's shrill yell clamored, set the forest to ringing echoes.

Stella leaped on the mare and came flashing down the trail. Breed kicked the gray and plunged past the other horses as swift as the gelding's name. Crip and Hay-soos dragged back on the bits, and their horses broke and plunged, but they held them in, letting Breed go to meet Stella alone.

When they came to a clearing where the two riderless horses visited, they did not stop, they looked once and away, smiling at each other as they heeled their horses up the trail.

Breed and Stella stood, locked together, his cheek rested on her hair, her face buried against his chest. After a long while she raised her head, looking with wonder at what had left its mark on her temple—a shiny star badge. She reached a hand, touched it and looked up. The heavy black lashes were star-pointed by tears, the slow look of the wide gray eyes was infinitely moving to the man who smiled down at her and interrupted her question by kissing her temple where the badge had pressed—and then kissing the salty sweetness from her mouth once more.

Tildy sighed as she lighted the lamp and fitted a clean chimney in place. Her dour face was set with disapproval. Roberts was living at a line camp, seeing to the spring calves. Another empty evening—it would be three lonely, silent women again tonight.

She turned her head to listen. A horse was pounding down the lane. Must be Stella coming back, poor child. It was only one horse—Tildy could tell that, all right. She sighed as she wiped her worn hands on her apron. The horse had been pulled up out front. The door slammed open, boots noisily crossed the pine floor with an uneven, hopping sound. It was Crip!

"Tildy!" His voice bawled hoarsely and seemed to fill the silent house with life again. "Tildy, girl, put the pot on, fetch the brandy, Tildy! Yer bouncin' boy is home from the war!"

Last Resort (Continued from Page 27)

miscellaneous scholars were having their bedtime study hour, so all was reasonably quiet. To his right, dingy signs said LIBRARY and BOTANICAL GARDENS, and between them was Mr. Rice's door. Here Mr. Shotwell knocked and was asked to enter.

Mr. Rice, in a gold brocade dressing robe and flowered bedroom slippers, was lolling by a rosewood desk, smoking an enormous meerschaum pipe depicting Diana pursuing a hind. He was an arrogant, oily little man, a few years older than Mr. Shotwell, and had the advantage of a large independent income from elderly parents somewhere in the South. He made no move to arise as Mr. Shotwell entered.

"I saw your letter, your Sylvan Glade letter, in the mail basket," he said blandly. "I assume she wants her money, but how did you know, how in the world did you happen to make a beeline here to me?"

Mr. Shotwell, bewildered, said simply, "I just wanted to discuss it."

Mr. Rice began to talk fast. "I was in the village store a couple of months ago. Miss Lenox came in and said she wanted to leave some tickets with the storekeeper for sale. I took a dozen off her hands and told her the money would be along a little later. When she had left, I explained to the storekeeper I was taking them for you, and he wrote your name on the list. I knew you wouldn't mind."

"But why?"

"On a generous impulse, I guess. And she was certainly grateful."

An idea came to Mr. Shotwell. He had never seen Miss Lenox—he rarely left the grounds—but he had heard she was very beautiful. Could it be that Mr. Rice had bought them to make a hit with her and, too stingy to pay for them, had simply fobbed them off on Mr. Shotwell? However, this was a disgraceful thought, and Mr. Shotwell put it quickly from his mind.

"But why me?" he asked. "Why me?"

"I was too modest to take the credit myself," said Mr. Rice. He fumbled in a drawer and came out with a little packet of tickets. "Here you are. I'm sorry they slipped my mind. They're a little old now, I'm afraid."

Dazed, Mr. Shotwell accepted them. "But I don't have three dollars."

"Well, that's the way it goes," said Mr. Rice in dismissal.

There was only one thing to do now, Mr. Shotwell realized. Ask Mr. Paggett. This was not a pleasant prospect. Mr. Shotwell stepped into the hall, and closed the door behind him.

Up out of the back stair well and down the hall came an apple-cheeked little boy in an ankle-length nightgown. His name was Tippy Somers, and his father owned two steamboat lines. In one hand he carried a chunk of corn bread; the other hand he held loosely clenched. He had, of course, been raiding the kitchen, a very serious offense.

Mr. Shotwell opened the clenched hand. It contained blackberry jam. Not in a jar or even a paper—it was just a handful of blackberry jam. "I'm hungry, sir," said the boy.

"Naturally," said Mr. Shotwell gently. "Now to bed with you."

He continued down the hall and down the stairs to the first floor. Mr. Paggett's quarters were at the rear of the downstairs corridor. The great door was massive and black and embellished with sprays of floral molding. Mr. Shotwell knocked and entered.

The room he entered was the office. To his left was a door leading, he knew, to Mr. Paggett's bedroom, to his right a door leading to Mr. Paggett's personal storeroom. Mr. Shotwell had been summoned to this office endlessly and on the most trivial pretexts, as had the whole ménage, for Mr. Paggett enjoyed authority, and this was his throne room. It was a big black cave of a room with ebony paneling and an ebony desk. Behind the desk sat Mr. Paggett. He was a chubby man with gimlet eyes and a fixed, gluey smile. He simply stared at Mr. Shotwell and waited.

Choosing his words with extreme care, Mr. Shotwell told his story. He owed Miss Lenox three dollars for some tickets to a Sylvan Glade musicale and, as the bill was two months overdue, she had written to him, asking him to remit. He carefully left out any allusion to Mr. Rice. While he disliked the senior tutor, he couldn't bring himself to involve a colleague. Mr. Paggett owed him some back salary; in fact, about two thirds of his salary for the past four years was still unpaid. He was not asking for the total amount, Mr. Shotwell emphasized, he was just asking for three dollars.

Mr. Paggett's frozen grin grew terrible as he listened. "Miss Lenox a friend of yours?" asked Mr. Paggett.

"I've never seen her. The tickets were bought on impulse."

Mr. Paggett looked incredulous. He laid a calfbound ledger on the desk. This, Mr. Shotwell knew, was the *Book of Rules and Regulations*. It was battered, much thumbed and divided into two sections, "Pupils" and "Tutors." Like the typical rulebook of other boys' schools, it was unbelievably harsh and complex. For the pupils there were laws for every moment of their existence—sleeping, rising, eating, praying, reciting, laws covering not only their deportment at school but laws that went on vacation with them and reached into their very homes. For the tutors the laws were as varied and severe. Having laid the book on the desk, Mr. Paggett pretended to ignore it.

He paused a moment with relish, then said, "This institution shall not be held financially responsible for any personal obligation of tutor or pupil. Rule Seventeen." (*Continued on Page 85*)

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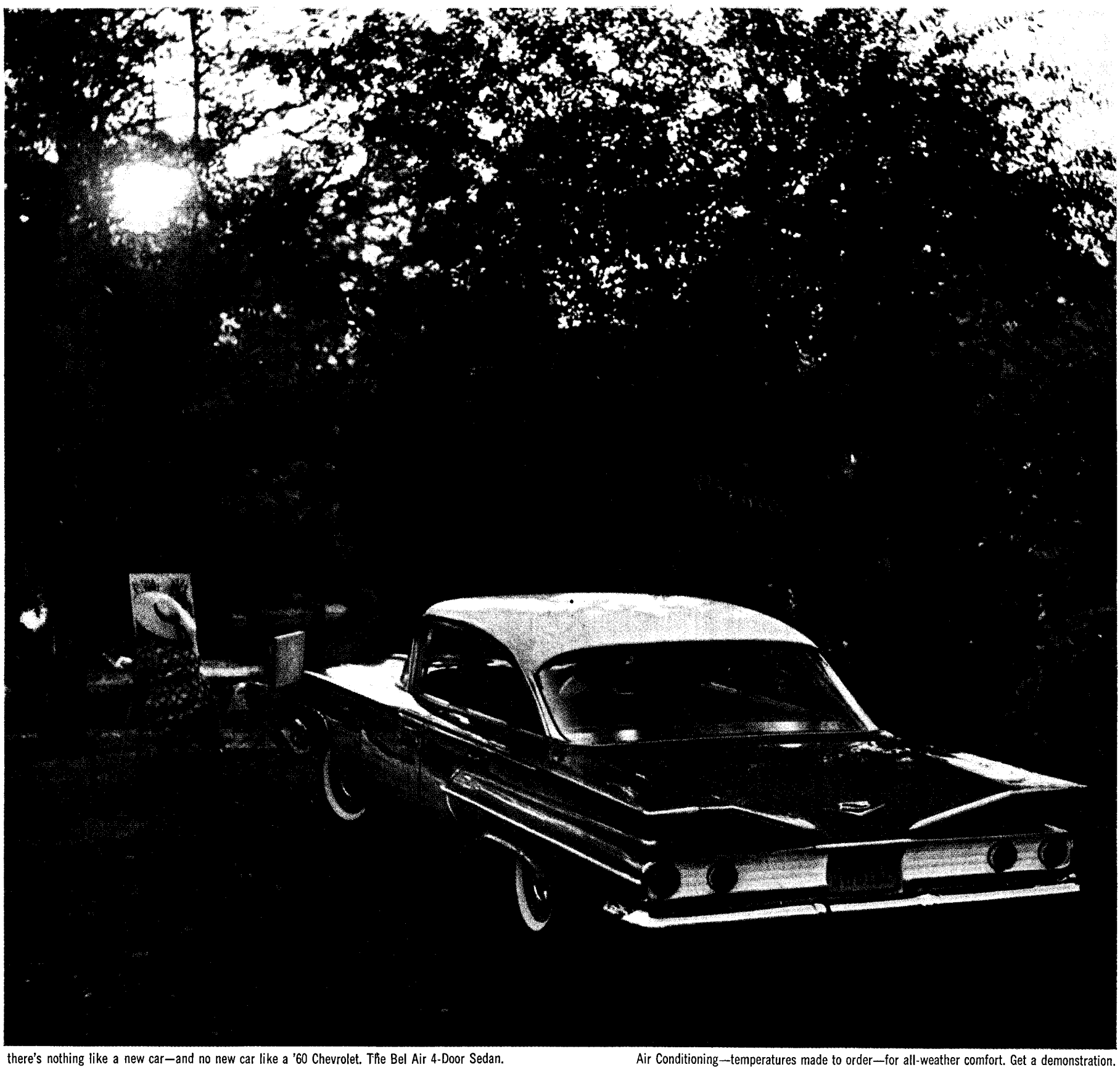

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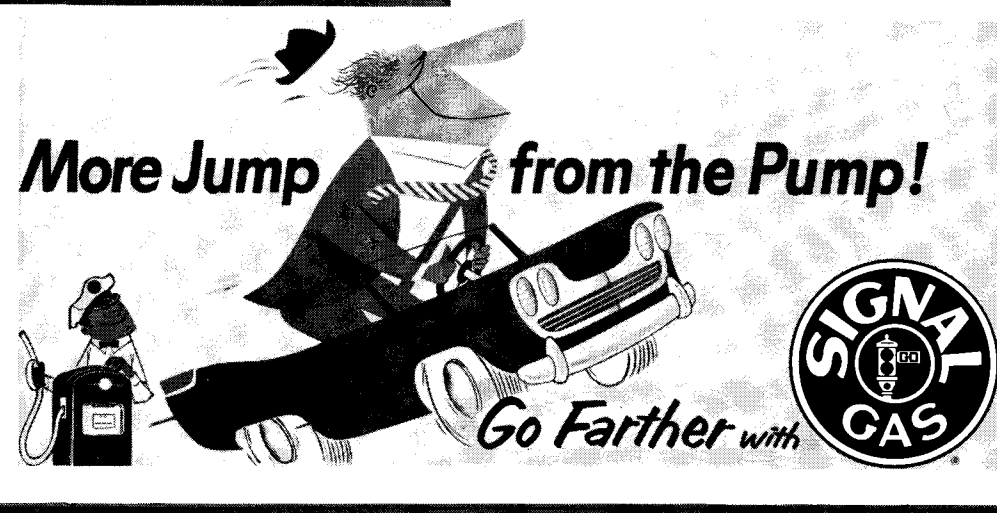

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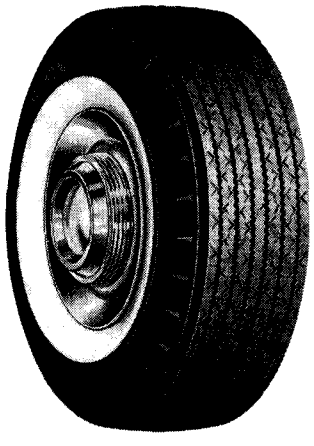

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(*Continued from Page 82*) In a flat voice, Mr. Shotwell said, "I guess that means I don't get the three dollars."

"If we break one rule, we break them all," said Mr. Paggett sternly.

Mr. Shotwell struggled with this one for a moment and gave it up. "I'm a little weary," he said. "If you'll excuse me, I think I'll go to bed."

"Just one thing more," said Mr. Paggett. "I'm afraid you've committed a rather grave offense. By your negligence you've damaged our reputation. Rule Twenty-four says if any tutor, by harmful conduct, shall cause injury to the reputation of the school, he shall be penalized according to the gravity of the offense and fined according to the discretion of the headmaster. I hereby fine you five dollars."

Mr. Shotwell felt an emotion almost a stranger to him—anger. Politely he said, "But I haven't five dollars, and you know it."

"That can be taken care of," said Mr. Paggett briskly. "We owe you a little back salary. Very well. We'll deduct five dollars from it and debit your account. Five dollars is five dollars, so naturally we'll have to charge you a little interest too."

Again the big cloud of words, the words that meant nothing to Mr. Shotwell except that everything was costing him more and more money, faster and faster. He started to answer, changed his mind, stopped and hastily said good night.

Back in his attic, he sat among his pipettes and retorts and crumpled foolscap, with his head bowed and his hands over his eyes. He was no longer angry at Mr. Paggett, nor at Mr. Rice, for that matter. But he was in deep distress over the misunderstanding with Miss Lenox. He was a tutor and a scholar. That was all he was and all he wanted to be. It was strange how the great outside world could search him out, could send its tentacles after him, into the school, up two flights of pine stairs into this hidden garret to constrict him. The most important thing, the only important thing, was to clear up this matter with Sylvan Glade. But it had to be done honorably, without shaming the school or Mr. Paggett or Mr. Rice.

In Mr. Shotwell's chosen world, the field of physical sciences, there was usually an answer to every problem. In the world of men, he realized, there were terrible problems with no answers.

There was a soft rap on the door; and before he could answer, the door opened, and two boys entered.

The boy in the lead was Dawkins, a youth of fourteen with the set, square face of a man of forty. His father owned an iron foundry, and he was the school's mathematical wizard. The youth behind him was Allingham, aged fifteen, slender, soft-spoken and courtly. Allingham had a top brain that was satisfied with mediocre grades. He had grown up at boys' schools, affected drowsiness and was as hard as nails. His father owned a mill village in New England.

What startled Mr. Shotwell most was their clothes. By now it was almost midnight, the great school beneath them was dark and asleep, but from their cinnamon waistcoats to their newly varnished boots, they were dressed with the utmost formality. Each, as he entered, handed Mr. Shotwell his visiting card.

Mr. Shotwell wondered what Paggett's penalty for such a visit at such an hour might be—boiling in oil? Courteously he offered them seats, and courteously they declined.

"We can't really stay," said Dawkins easily. "We just want you to know the whole dormitory appreciates your decency to little Tippy Somers this evening. You've never acted unjustly to any of us, and we want you to know we realize it."

A remarkable thought came to Mr. Shotwell. These were boys who rarely even saw their fathers. It came to Mr. Shotwell that he, in a way, was actually a special sort of father to each of them. He made his face very wooden and listened.

"There's a rumor in the dormitory you're having a bit of trouble with Mr. Rice," said Allingham. "Would you like us to stone him some dark night? We might not put him out of action, but we'll do our best."

"What a hideous idea," said Mr. Shotwell.

It was not only hideous but entirely within the realm of possibility, Mr. Shotwell realized. In boys' schools all over the country the carnage between pupils and tutors was almost unbelievable. Stones and fire and canes and flying glass were ordinary occurrences. Many a tutor went to the hospital in this unending war.

"In these days we have to stone," said Allingham indignantly. "In these days pupils everywhere are gibbering savages. When I started out in Georgia, a pupil could carry a pistol; but most schools have a rule against that now, blast them."

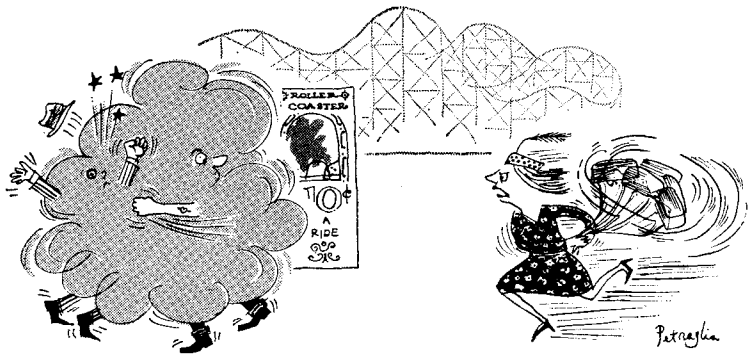
"We'll have no mayhem at Paggett's," said Mr. Shotwell quietly. "But thank you."

Dawkins took out a red morocco cigar case and offered it to Allingham. Gracefully Allingham chose a cigar. With a murmur of apology, as though at an oversight, Dawkins proffered the case to Mr. Shotwell. With only the slightest hesitation Mr. Shotwell, too, selected a cigar. Dawkins followed suit and lighted them up. The action had been carefully planned, of course, but there was no impertinence in it whatever, only companionship. They were making the tutor equal to his pupils. The cigars were black and greasy and vile, but they puffed them, even Mr. Shotwell, in contentment.

There were more rules being broken this instant, by this situation, than Mr. Paggett himself could have counted. After a moment of silence, they nodded amiably and left.

Except that Mr. Shotwell awoke in the morning haunted by three dollars, the next day started no differently than any other school day at Paggett's; and school days at Paggett's, like the days at other boys' schools, were staggeringly severe. The tutors were up first and, at four-forty-five, while it was still dark, were sounding their hand bells up and down the dormitory corridor. The student body collectively rolled from bedclothes, dressed, washed and marched off in the blue-gray predawn to prayers in chapel. Then, just as day was breaking, started the first two-hour class. All this was before breakfast. That was the beginning. From warm bedclothes, for seven straight hours, pupils and tutors had no break whatever.

Actually there was no dawn at all this day, for the rain started during the night and continued, slashing intermittently across the roof slates and soaking into the magenta brick and rotten window sills. There was not a fog in the dank corridors, but there was the next thing to it, and classes and (*Continued on Page 88*)



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

While wife Lucy watched, Fred got into a violent argument and fight with an amusement-park attendant over which roller coaster he should board. Although Fred struck the first blow, he soon began losing. Lucy loyally smacked the attendant with her handbag. He instinctively struck back, knocking her down but not injuring her. She sued the roller-coaster owner for damages.

"If Lucy had stayed out of the fight, my man wouldn't have had to defend himself by giving her a gentle slap," the roller-coaster owner argued. "As she rushed into the scuffle, she has only herself to blame."

"A wife has a right to protect her husband, and that's all I was doing when I hit that brute of an attendant to keep him from pummeling my poor Fred," Lucy replied. "He didn't have to turn around and knock me down."

If you were the judge, would you award damages to bag-swinging Lucy?

• •

Lucy lost. The court ruled that a wife, no matter how devoted, has no right to help her husband in a fight except to save him from serious injury or unprovoked aggression. Neither circumstance, it added, figured in this case.

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"Lorsqu'un ennemi éventuel est capable de frapper à tout moment et en tout lieu une série de coups désastreux, et qu'il en a déclaré l'intention, il n'est plus question de mettre au point méthodiquement et posément l'arme absolue. Il faut en toute hâte donner à son armement les perfectionnements décisifs qui porteront aussitôt un coup d'arrêt à toute tentative d'agression."

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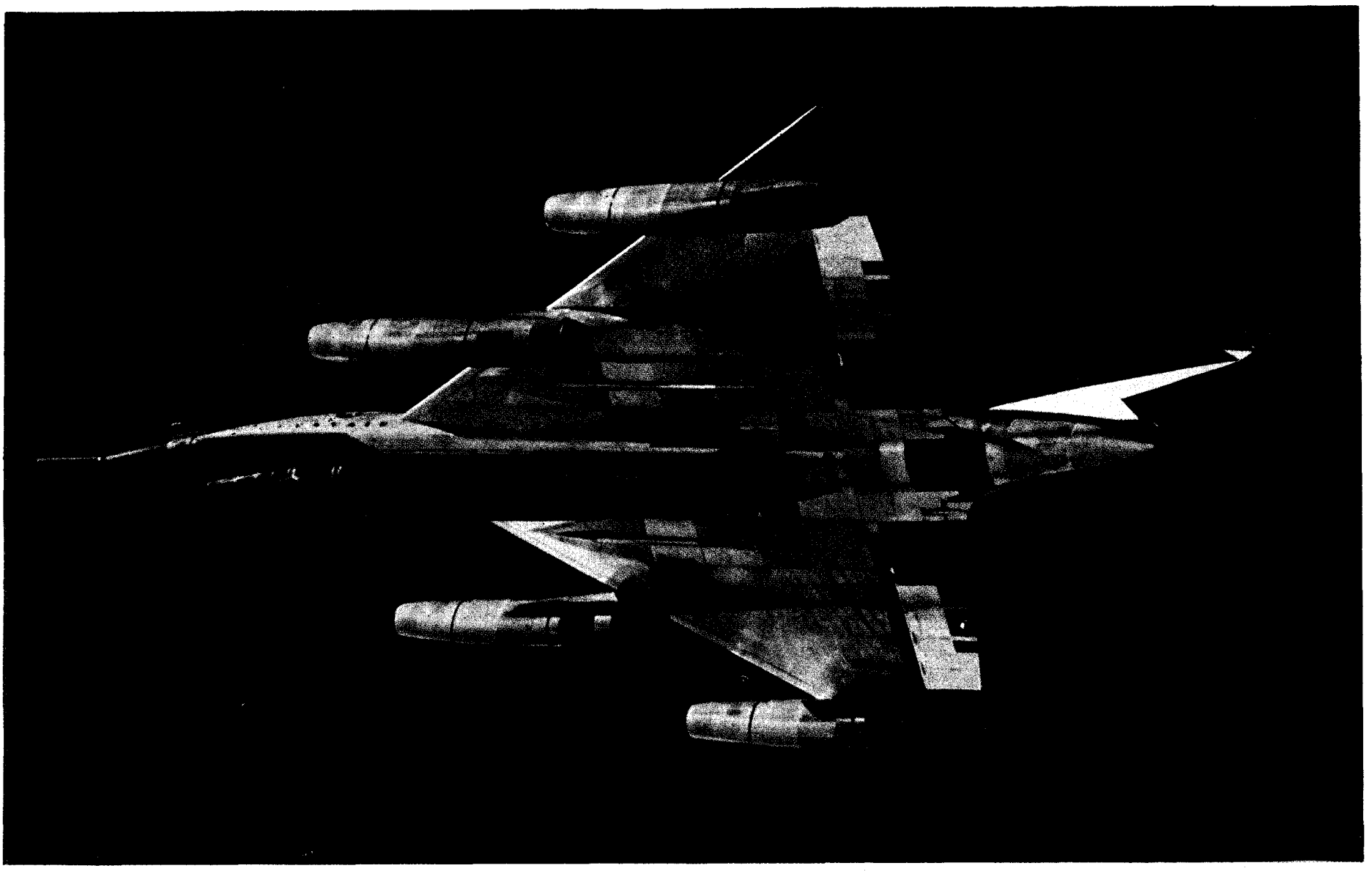

The USAF B-58 "Hustler" bomber flies faster than 700 miles per hour under 500 feet and faster than *twice* the speed of sound over 50,000 feet. It is twice as fast as America's other operational strategic bombers. With in-flight refueling, the jet-powered B-58 is a versatile intercontinental weapon system with high-level and low-level capabilities, including electronic countermeasures and nuclear bombing. The knowledge and the capability required to design and produce Convair Division's *Mach 2* B-58 bomber can design and develop passenger planes that will fly as fast as 3,500 miles per hour.

Le bombardier "Hustler" B-58 de l'Armée de l'air des Etats-Unis vole à plus de 1.125 km à l'heure au-dessous de 150 m et à plus de *deux* fois la vitesse du son au-dessus de 15.000 m. Il est deux fois plus rapide que les autres bombardiers stratégiques en service aux Etats-Unis. Le B-58, bombardier à réaction pouvant être ravitaillé en vol, est un engin intercontinental aux usages multiples à haute et basse altitude, y compris les contre-mesures électroniques et le bombardement nucléaire. Les connaissances et les moyens qui ont permis à la Division Convair de concevoir et de construire le bombardier B-58 volant à *Mach 2* peuvent servir à mettre au point des long-courriers atteignant 5.600 km à l'heure.

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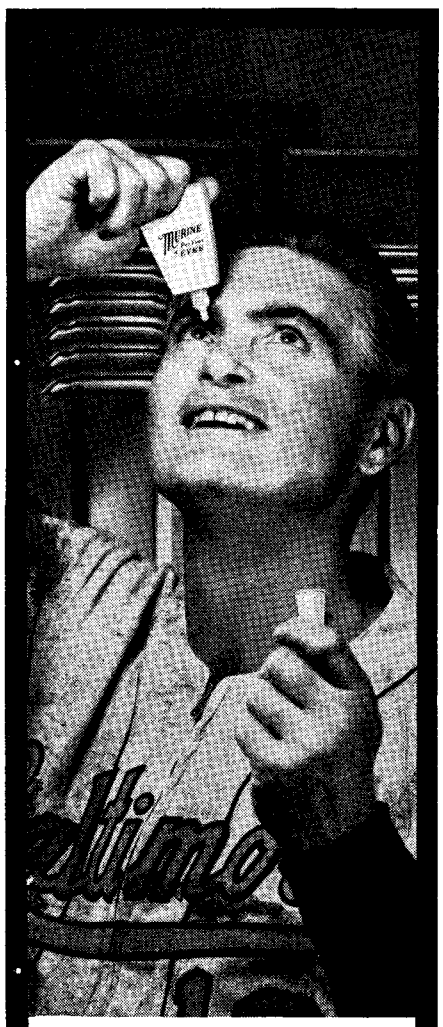

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(*Continued from Page 85*) meals were held in feeble lamplight. It was just after noonday dinner that Mr. Shotwell received a summons to Mr. Paggett's office.

The headmaster, sitting behind his desk, watched Mr. Shotwell approach. His gluey smile was fixed and glazed in the lamplight. When Mr. Shotwell stood warily before him, he said, "about our difference of opinion last night. Let's let bygones be bygones. Anybody can make a mistake, so I won't even demand an apology."

Again came the cloud of meaningless words. Mr. Shotwell waited. "My baby sister is getting married down in Louisville," Mr. Paggett said, "so I'll be gone for about ten days."

"I didn't know you had a baby sister," said Mr. Shotwell, fascinated.

"Oh, yes; oh, yes, indeed," said Mr. Paggett impressively. "I want you to take over as headmaster while I'm gone."

"Well, I don't know," said Mr. Shotwell. "It doesn't seem quite proper. Mr. Rice is the senior tutor."

"I don't want Mr. Rice; I want you," said Mr. Paggett. "I'm going by steamboat. A village dray will be around for my trunks about two o'clock tonight. There might be a bit of a clatter as they load up. I hope the commotion doesn't wake everyone. I'll ride down to the village landing on the seat with the driver."

Now the delayed impact of the thing hit Mr. Shotwell, and he was numbed. Acting as headmaster at Paggett's, even as temporary headmaster, was a tremendous recommendation.

"I'll put the word out to the house staff immediately," said Mr. Paggett. "And announce it to the school at supper."

About three-thirty next morning, Mr. Shotwell, on his bearskin pallet, was awakened by a knock at his attic door. He lighted a candle. Monongahela, the school cook, stood on the threshold.

"They ain't nothing for breakfast," said Monongahela.

"You mean in the pantry? Then use the storeroom."

"Nor the storeroom."

They went down into the sculleries. Pantry and storeroom were indeed empty—the great bags of dried peas and beans, the moldy flitches of bacon, the barrels of brined beef, the tough little holiday hams, even the snacks of tapioca and oatmeal, all had vanished.

Mr. Paggett hadn't gone to any wedding. He'd simply gone, decamped. And he had taken the food with him because food was salable anywhere, easily converted to quick cash. He was gone and he'd never be back. He was gone for good.

"All right," said Monongahela crossly. "I've ast you three times. What about breakfast?"

"He didn't bother with that loose rice in the bin in the kitchen," said Mr. Shotwell. "He took the molasses barrels, but left a half crock of blackberry jam. That's not much jam, but we can stretch it a little with hot water. We'll have delicious boiled rice with a little delicious watered jam poured over it."

"And at noon?"

"More of same, I'm afraid."

"And for supper?"

"We'll cross that bridge when we come to it."

"That means more of same, eh?" said Monongahela. "Ugh."

Early morning went quietly. Breakfast caused a little comment, but not too much. Mr. Shotwell, headmaster, established himself in Mr. Paggett's office. At a convenient moment he summoned Dawkins and Allingham. Before him, on the desktop, were the school ledgers.

"Gentlemen," he said and told them the whole story.

They listened impassively. "So the beggar absquatulated," said Allingham at last. "Well, it's good riddance."

Mr. Shotwell handed the ledgers to Dawkins. "You're our mathematical wizard. I know nothing whatever about bookkeeping. Would you audit these for me and give me a report?"

"With pleasure," said Dawkins wickedly.

They left, and he sought out Mr. Rice. The hour was at noon, just before dinner, and Mr. Rice's proper station was in the halls, monitoring the building. Always, however, just before a meal, he could be found in his room fortifying himself with secret food from the village store. Now, as he answered Mr. Shotwell's rap, he had a mouthful of crackers and cheese, and there was the forbidden odor of ale about him. Mr. Shotwell said, "There's something I've delayed telling you. I suspect Mr. Paggett will never be back—never." Mr. Rice stopped chewing. "He's cleared out and taken our food with him."

When Mr. Rice made no answer, Mr. Shotwell said, "I must talk to you. I must come in and talk to you."

"Talk here."

"This is not the proper place. It's a very confidential matter." Mr. Rice merely stared. "It's this," said Mr. Shotwell. "I understand you have a sizable independent income. Would you buy us a little food?"

"No, headmaster I won't," said Mr. Rice. "Why should I?" As Mr. Shotwell turned to leave, Mr. Rice said, "Furthermore, I'm afraid I must resign."

He watched Mr. Shotwell expectantly, with amusement. Mr. Shotwell turned to stone. "Resign? What would we do? We can't get along without you. Please reconsider."

"I'll think it over," said Mr. Rice, now openly enjoying himself. "I'll think it over."

At noon the pupils ate their rice and watered jam like troopers, coached, Mr. Shotwell suspected, by Dawkins and Allingham.

It was midafternoon before Dawkins and Allingham came into his office, carrying the ledgers. They placed them on the desk, and Dawkins said, "Whew!" Mr. Shotwell waited.

"The school is making money," Dawkins reported. "Hand over fist. It should be as solvent as the Bank of England, but it isn't. Paggett stole from himself like a maniac. Things are in a terrible muddle."

"But the school is making money?" said Mr. Shotwell. "It's a good proposition?"

"It's a wonderful proposition," said Dawkins. "I wish I owned it myself."

Mr. Shotwell tucked the ledgers under his arm. "I'm going to Sylvan Glade to get us some food," he said. They gaped at him mutely. "Miss Lenox will be glad to help us," said Mr. Shotwell, "if I present it to her properly." They could see he was trembling a little and sweating.

Sylvan Glade Academy lay in a sun-dappled little hollow canopied with giant staghead oaks. A brick wall, knee-high, separated the school lawn from the dusty road and was crossed by an arch of brick steps, a stile. Here and there on the grass, dotting it with white and yellow and lavender linen, sat young ladies from eight to eighteen, reading, sketching, embroidering, displaying ladylike deportment. Beyond them was the brick academy, strawberry pink with white stone trim. Everything—sunlight, girls, building—seemed scrubbed and faintly scented. Mr. Shotwell, wretchedly self-conscious, crossed the stile, walked up the walk and wandered into the building.

At the end of the hall a sign said ADMINISTRATION, and here he entered a small sunlit office. A woman about Mr. Shotwell's age sat writing at a desk, a battery of inkpots and pens before her. At each end of the desk was a tall rack of pigeonholes, giving Mr. Shotwell the impression of looking at her through an open box. She was quite a beautiful woman, he observed—black hair, snowy-white skin and serene indigo eyes. He introduced himself and asked for Miss Lenox. She was Miss Lenox. Pleasantly she asked him to be seated.

He pulled up a chair to the desk edge and faced her through the frame of pigeon-holes. He could sense that she liked his looks and was being genuinely friendly. After a minute she said, "I'm ashamed."

"Of what?" he asked politely.

"Of the letter I wrote you. But you see I have to keep my books balanced. I didn't expect you to walk over—and in the middle of one of your school days—to pay me. You could have left the three dollars at the village store at your convenience."

"I didn't come to pay you," said Mr. Shotwell. "I don't have it."

There was a painful silence. She studied him thoughtfully. When the silence became almost unbearable, she said, "At least you bought them. You were the only one at Paggett's who cared enough for Sylvan Glade to buy them."

"I didn't buy them," said Mr. Shotwell, showing strain. "Mr. Rice bought them, then foisted them off on me."

"Oh," she said. A touch of hoarfrost came between them. "Are you here for a reason, may I ask?" she said mildly. "Or are you just out for a little ramble?"

"I'm here for a reason," said Mr. Shotwell. Tautly he tried to get down to business. "Mr. Paggett has decamped and will never be back."

Instead of being overwhelmed, she said, "Why (*Continued on Page 92*)

On Memorial Day in the Morning

By Thomas John Carlisle

When I was a boy on Memorial
Day in the morning
We always went and watched
the parade go by;
And then we hustled along by
short-cut sidewalks
To arrive at the cemetery first
and stand
Where we could see the bugler
play the taps
And the riflemen fire to heaven
before we scrambled
To salvage the empty shells
that their noise left over.
It wasn't Memorial Day
without a band
And a flag and a flag and a
flag for our silent honor
While boys remembered a
tale they had never heard,
But felt in their bones as a
blend of sadness and glory
Requiring more than a picnic
to celebrate.

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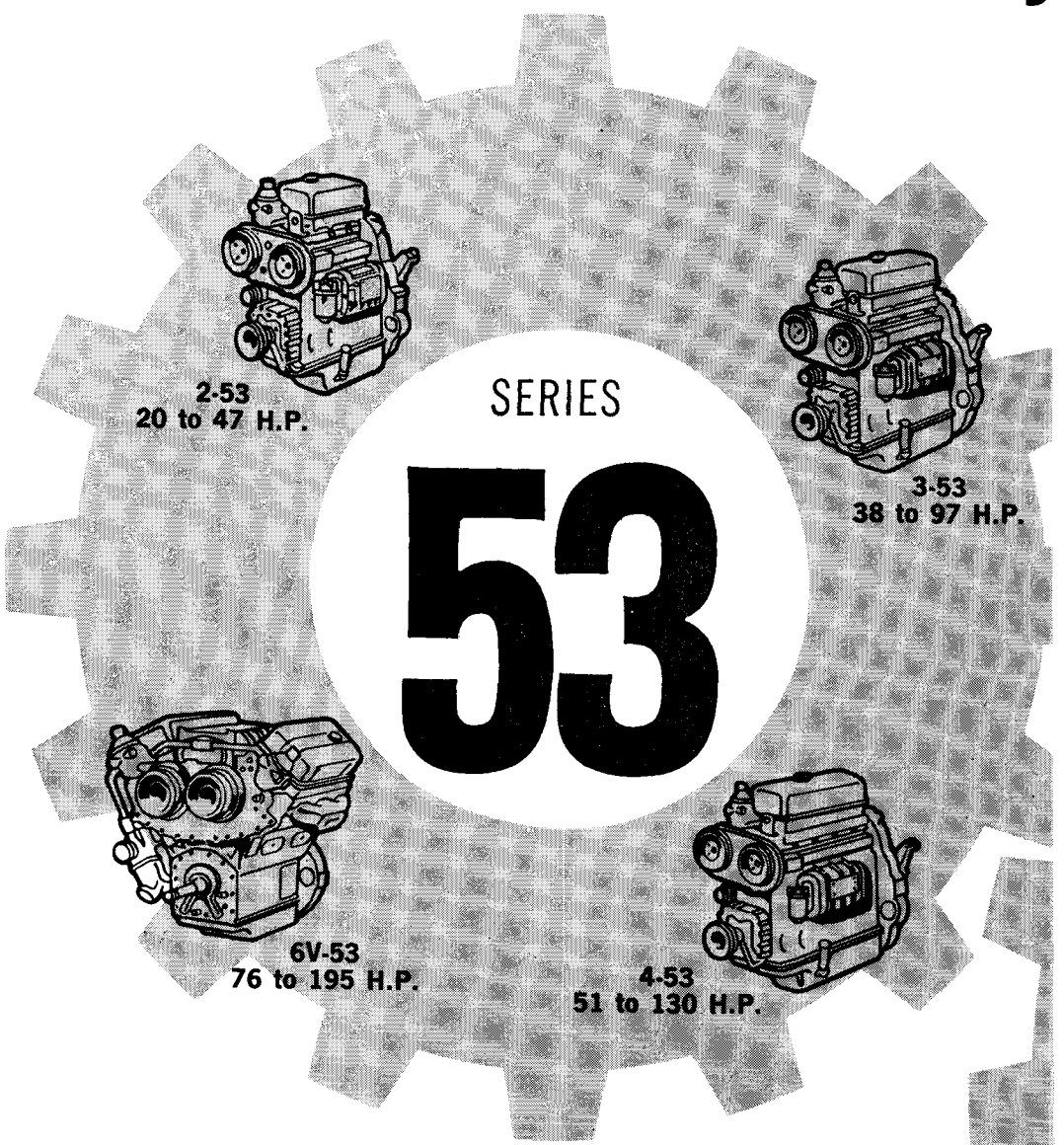

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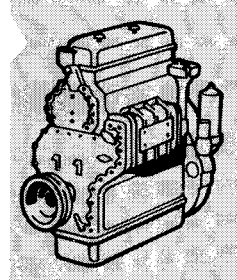
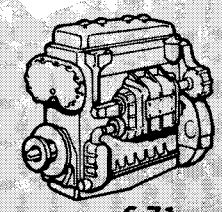
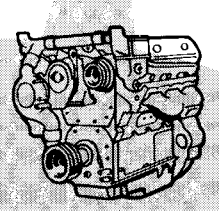


4-71
69 to 167 H.P.



6-71
112 to 252 H.P.



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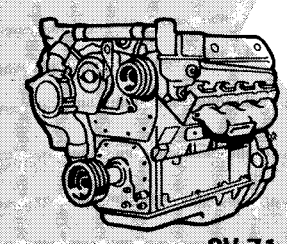

8V-71
150 to 336 H.P.

SERIES

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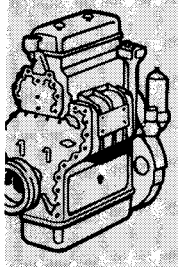
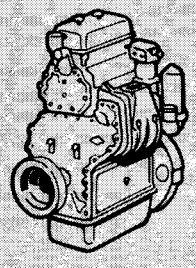
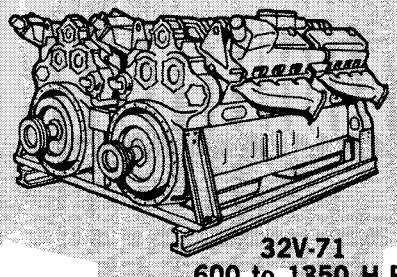


3-71
51 to 118 H.P.



2-71
33 to 67 H.P.



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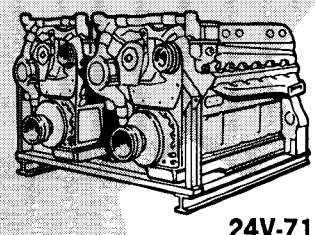
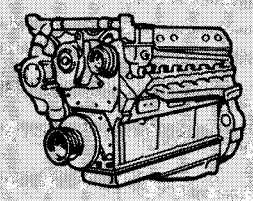
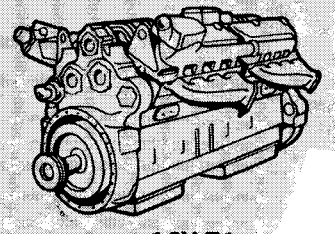


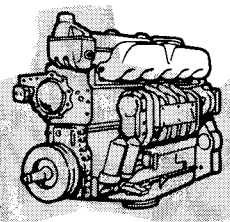
24V-71
448 to 1008 H.P.



12V-71
224 to 504 H.P.



16V-71
300 to 675 H.P.

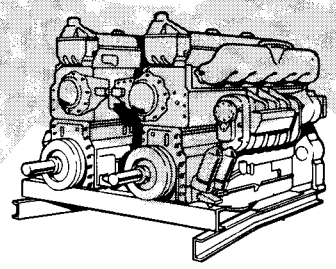


6-110
160 to 335 H.P.

SERIES

110

Twin 6-110
320 to 670 H.P.



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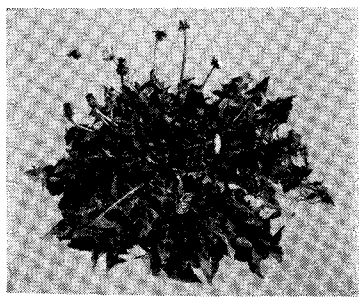

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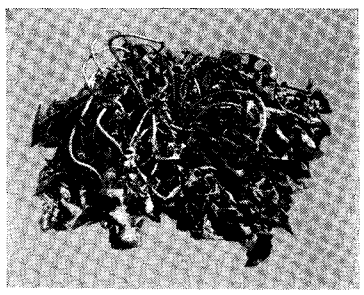

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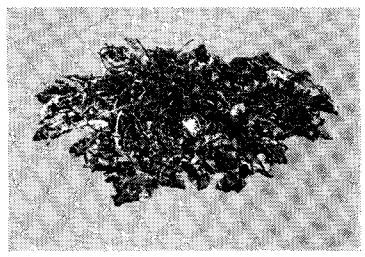

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(*Continued from Page 88*) do you say never? How do you know never?"

"Because he has taken all our food."

"Not all, surely. Certainly you don't mean all."

This was the moment, and when it came to him Mr. Shotwell knew he couldn't face it. A fierce pride surged in him, a pride for the school, even for Mr. Rice, even for knavish old Mr. Paggett. He could humble himself, but he could not humble his colleagues and the school.

"Not all actually," he said. "Not exactly all."

"Of course not," she said, soothing him. "Men exaggerate."

"Take a look at these," said Mr. Shotwell, handing her the ledgers. "They've just been audited, and the auditor has made a summation."

She went through the pages like an expert. "Well," she said at last. "You're quite right—Mr. Paggett won't be back. He's been embezzling from his owners. By the way, the school is a gold mine, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Mr. Shotwell. "That's just what I ——"

"The school is a gold mine because of you," she said. "I know all about you. I probably know more about you than you do yourself. You are known from here to Boston as one of the most brilliant and humane tutors in the profession. You wouldn't consider a position here?... No? I thought not. Well, here's what I'll do. I'll get in touch with my owners in Philadelphia, and they'll get in touch with Paggett's owners in Cincinnati—these people all know one another—and I think I can absolutely guarantee you'll be the new headmaster."

"But I'm headmaster now," said Mr. Shotwell, dazzled by all this guile and maneuvering.

"In name only, I'm afraid."

Desperately he brought the conversation back to the point of his visit. "We are in a serious emergency, Miss Lenox. Our people in Cincinnati will help us, of course, but you know what that means. First they must have meetings, meetings, meetings, and goodness knows when relief will actually arrive. In the meantime we must have food. As you imply, I am without authority to get it independently anywhere locally. So I've come to you. I've shown you our ledgers. You know we are a paying proposition. You yourself have said we are a gold mine. Will you help us?"

"No," she said.

He could hardly believe his ears. Through dry lips, almost inaudibly, he asked, "Why not?"

"Because I feel you're making a mountain out of a molehill," she said gently. "I'm thinking only of you. Little difficulties strengthen the character. Tonight when you go to sleep, when you're not so upset, you will thank me."

Mr. Shotwell fumbled the ledgers to his chest and stood up. "How did I get in here?" he asked. "I forget. How do I get out?"

When he returned to Paggett's, Allingham and Dawkins were standing in the lower corridor. As he passed them, he said tonelessly, "She turned me down." They looked interested, but made no answer.

Supper came and went. The pupils faced their meal cheerfully enough, but seemed somehow unable to eat it.

Late in the evening, as Mr. Shotwell was locking the doors and windows, he encountered Mr. Rice engaged in the same procedure and had further brief conversation with him. Mr. Rice said, "I've been thinking it over, headmaster. Your school is falling to pieces. I'm going to have to resign."

"No," said Mr. Shotwell. "Please, no. That would be our deathblow."

"If you put it that way, I'll think it over," said Mr. Rice.

He was deliberately harrying Mr. Shotwell, and Mr. Shotwell knew it, but Mr. Shotwell had greater problems than self-defense.

When the building was locked for the night, Mr. Shotwell headed up the stairs for bed. Little Tippy Somers was standing in the dark, on the second-floor landing, waiting for him.

"Roots, herbs, berries and bark," said Tippy.

"What's that?" said Mr. Shotwell, baffled.

"Indians eat 'em, and so can we," said Tippy. "Let's don't eat any more rice."

Mr. Shotwell patted him affectionately on the head and walked past him.

"But anyway," called the little boy up the stairwell, "we'll all stand behind you."

Mr. Shotwell's eyes became misty. Alone in his attic cubbyhole, he undressed to his drawers and put on a shabby dressing robe.

He was brushing his teeth when the first knock sounded on the door. His visitor was a slender youth of twelve, a boy named Botsford. He stood in the doorway, timidly, not entering.

"A little idea occurred to some of us," he said in a rush of words. "About the food. Now it's no disgrace for a school to be short of food. We don't mean that. We just wondered if we could help."

"How?" asked Mr. Shotwell hopefully.

"By foraging," said Botsford, warming to his subject. "Whole armies exist by foraging, don't they? We'd have to go out at night, of course, and we'd promise not to drag the school into it if we were caught."

Mr. Shotwell thought of the fat countryside, then put the image from his mind. "March right down those stairs to bed," he said sternly.

It was about a half hour later when Allingham and Dawkins came. They entered entirely at ease, but not impertinently.

They raised their eyebrows in silent question.

"Things couldn't be any worse," answered Mr. Shotwell.

"Allingham has a little idea," said Dawkins.

"Let's hear it," said Mr. Shotwell.

"We'll do it by letters," said Allingham. "Letters to our fathers, and we'll sign your name, so you can always say they're forgeries and slip out of it. The letter will run something like this, 'Dear Mr. Jones, Paggett's is instituting a new course, a course in horsemanship.' That'll make them sit up, because horsemanship is a necessary social grace. 'Each student subscribing will be expected to buy his own horse and general gear which, because of our privileged channels, will cost him only a hundred dollars. If you wish your son to join the others, please remit by return post,' and so forth. There are twenty-three pupils here. That's twenty-three hundred dollars. That'll buy a lot of weevily oatmeal."

Mr. Shotwell was entranced. After a moment he asked, "Would you do such a thing to your own fathers?"

"Of course not," said Dawkins, offended. "I would write the letter to Allingham's father, Allingham would write it to Tippy's father, and so on. Allingham's father is a complete stranger to me."

"No," said Mr. Shotwell severely. "First, because it takes up too much time; and second, because it's not ethical. I mean it's out of the question because it's not ethical."

Later, as Mr. Shotwell was dropping off to sleep, Monongaheia came. He

WHO INVITED **HIM?**

"Look, Mary Lou, I only came over to see if you have change for a five-dollar bill."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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hammered on the door and called through the keyhole. "Jam finished. Hardly enough rice for breakfast. Just thought I'd tell you."

A little after ten next morning, Mr. Shotwell was discoursing to a class on electricity. It was a solemn class. The rice was gone, and everyone knew it; and now that it was gone, everyone wanted it back. Mr. Shotwell was in the act of demonstrating a Leyden jar when Monongahela stuck his head in the door and beckoned.

Mr. Shotwell joined him in the corridor. "Who do them people think they are?" said Monongahela indignantly. "Bringing all that stuff and dumping it in the middle of my kitchen. How do they expect me to move around."

"What people?" asked Mr. Shotwell.

"Them Sylvan Glade people. They just come in a big wagon."

Mr. Shotwell broke into a lope. In the kitchen the flagstone floor was piled with food—flour, meat, vegetables, fruit—in boxes, baskets, barrels. Miss Lenox had changed her mind.

Twenty minutes later Miss Lenox herself arrived. She came in a glossy black carriage and stopped by the carriage block by the big front doors. Mr. Shotwell dashed from the building to greet her. It was a different Miss Lenox. She stared at him dewy-eyed, all sympathy and eagerness. For a moment they enjoyed just looking at each other.

"You saved Paggett's," said Mr. Shotwell gravely. "And if I live to be a hundred and ten, I'll never let anyone forget."

She flushed. "You must come around and visit us," she said faintly. "Our schools should be friendly." He was too overwhelmed to answer. She handed him a note. "A little pupil of yours, Tippy Somers, brought this around this morning. I wonder if you remember writing it?" It was in a childish script.

Dear Miss Lenox: First I must tell you how I enjoyed our little chitchat yesterday as it is always a pleasure to talk to a lady of beauty and refindment.

I am writing this to throw myself on your mersy. I am not asking you again for a loan of food insomuch as I have alreddy done same and have been no doubt justly refused, but is it too much to ask Sylvan Glade to save us its old mutton bones, beettops and potato peelings, old buffalo lap robes—for stewing—cabbage stalks, chicken heads and feet, and so on? My fine pupils are starving. I don't mean just hungry, I mean actually starving.

Your Respectful Servant,
CHARLES SHOTWELL
Headmaster, Paggett's

She picked up the reins and grinned. Mr. Shotwell grinned back. It was his first good grin in about ten years.

He was still smiling when he entered the building and encountered Mr. Rice in the hall. "Mr. Rice," he said cheerfully. "Would you step into my office a moment."

In the office, with Mr. Rice before his desk, he said, "Mr. Rice, you're discharged."

Blinking a little, Mr. Rice said, "What?"

"Fired. Dismissed. Pack up your luggage and get out."

"But you can't do that," said Mr. Rice persuasively. "In the first place, you're not really headmaster; and in the second place, the school can't get along without me."

"If you think I'm not headmaster," said Mr. Shotwell mildly, "just cause me a little trouble. And about getting along without you, we're certainly going to try. You're a good teacher, but that's it."

Mr. Rice seemed to disintegrate. "No. Please."

"Why not?" said Mr. Shotwell paternally. "You're a man of independent means."

"That's just it," said Mr. Rice. "My money comes to me through trustees. I'm considered unreliable. I drink a little ale in my room—and I won't do that any more—but I'm not unreliable."

Mr. Shotwell meditated. "We've always found you reliable enough, but the simple truth is we don't like you."

"I can be very likable," said Mr. Rice loudly and desperately. "Just watch me! Just wait and see!"

"Very well," said Mr. Shotwell amiably. "You are now rehired."

"A funny thing," said Allingham at bedtime that night in the dormitory. "I must be going crazy. I like Mr. Rice. It came over me all at once at supper."

Botsford, from his upper bunk, said, "I wish you'd tell me again about how you and Dawkins got us back into the land of the living."

"Tippy had to take the note," said Allingham. "Because he's the baby, and women like babies. Then the note had to be a nitwit note, because pupils are supposed to be nitwits, and the whole idea was that she should realize that it came from us, the pupils. I worked two hours writing it. It's not easy misspelling words like 'mercy' and 'already' and 'refinement.'"

"Especially 'refindment,'" said Dawkins. "That was the hardest of all for him to put down. Because Mr. Allingham himself, as he will be glad to inform you, is Paggett's most scintillating example of 'refindment.'"

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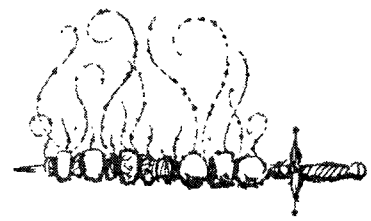

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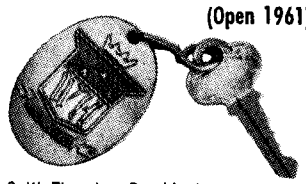

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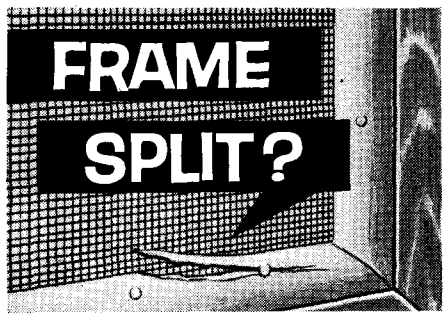

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The Splendor of Chartres

(Continued from Page 29)

That first brief vision, that preview of great things to come, makes it advisable to go to Chartres by road rather than rail. This is the way the medieval wayfarer first saw the church, and you may like, just for this day, to follow in his footsteps. Still, for those who prefer to go by rail, commuters' trains leave Paris' old-fashioned Montparnasse station at frequent intervals. It is an easy hour's ride, costing but a few francs, and a five-minute walk will take you from the Chartres station to the cathedral square.

More than 2,000,000 people came to see the church last year, and the American contingent, now ranking fourth or fifth among the non-French groups, is steadily increasing. Popularized by an American, Henry Adams—whose highly entertaining classic, *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres*, came out in 1904—and by a number of French authors, Notre Dame de Chartres is now firmly established on even the most hurried traveler's circuit.

Still, it is not just one more show place the tourist "mustn't miss." Not only do we recognize in this Gothic cathedral a monument that ranks as one of the crowning achievements of the human race, but the 700-year-old church seems to address a special message to our generation. Its stained-glass windows and its stone-carved statues respond to our fresh appreciation of medieval art; while the mystic beauty of its dim interior satisfies our need for spiritual values, for which our own civilization leaves so little room. It is no accident that Chartres has, in the last twenty years, emerged once more as a center of pilgrimages. Among the groups from many countries that make the pilgrimage each year you'll find a party of some 20,000 Paris university students who come every spring, walking the last thirty or forty miles to Chartres in prayer, meditation, or with joyful song.

Close up, the huge gray church appears more like a piece of nature than the work of man. It rears up like a mountain from the neat, graveled square. The simple copper roof—built in the 1840's to replace a roof destroyed by fire—gives the gray fabric a green touch of life, and noisy ravens cavort around the spires like so many restless spirits. In this old-fashioned world without tall buildings, where everything is cut to human scale, the structure overawes by its sheer size. Laid out in the shape of a Latin cross, 427 feet in length and 211 feet across, it is made to look even larger than it is by the cyclopean bulk of the supporting buttresses.

What gives the clifflike front its character, you will discover, is that it is out of kilter. The vigorous rose window sits a good foot to the left of center and, no doubt for this reason, seems to be rolling over clockwise, bringing the whole façade to life. The lack of symmetry is driven home by the uneven steeples. Half sisters, they are nearly four centuries apart. While the more famous south tower—the older and the shorter of the pair—might have been carved from one big block of stone, the 377-foot-high belfry on the north corner seems anything but monolithic and, with its sixteenth-century curlicues, adds a lighthearted touch to the austere façade. Built to replace a wooden spire hit by lightning, it has a personality all its own; and Henry Adams, while admiring it for its own sake, sternly concluded that "its chief fault is to be where it is."

The visitor by now has become aware of the peculiar mood of this cathedral square—an atmosphere in which tourism and religion blend in equal parts. Small, cluttered souvenir shops tended by old ladies carry anything from picture post cards, film and antique copper pots to religious articles. In the open space in front of the façade, old peasant women in towering Breton headgear sell hand-made lace. Camera-toting tourists maneuver for the best position from which to shoot the rose window. A flock of heavily veiled nuns enters the church to spend some quiet hours worshiping the Virgin and, for a moment, the strains of organ music float in the mild breeze.

Tradition tells us that the spot on which the present church is rooted has always been a holy place. Here pagan tribesmen—some say druids—revered a female deity. At any rate, a Christian church had risen here as early as the fourth century. Destroyed by enemies, it was replaced by a larger church which was again destroyed, again replaced. At this point history comes to our rescue; a great cathedral, conceived by Chartres' far-famed Bishop Fulbert, rose on the old foundations in the eleventh and twelfth centuries—a splendid edifice filled with gold-covered altars and precious works of art. And though it was wiped out, in turn, in 1194—the wooden rafters of old churches were a constant fire hazard—this structure was not totally consumed. Among its still existing remnants are the spacious undercroft, the lower part of the façade and the entire south steeple, all of them skillfully absorbed into the body of the present church.

The "new" cathedral, as it stands today, was thrown up in a single leap. The townspeople, assembled in the smoking ruins of the old church, had vowed to rear an even more magnificent edifice and went about their task with great determination. Twenty-six years after the fire the huge nave was completed, and all the building needed was some finishing touches. Just how the little town of Chartres, then counting some 5000 souls, could carry through a project of this size is answered by the records of the time. We are told of special fund raisers hurrying all over Europe in pursuit of contributions, collecting gifts of gold from kings and queens and doing well even in England—which, at the time, was technically at war with France.

We hear, too, of a great stirring in the countryside around Chartres, of rich and poor coming to donate their belongings or their money, of thousands flocking to the building site to work without pay in the construction gangs. Others would harness themselves to the heavy carts heading for Chartres with provisions for the workmen and materials for the church. Peasants provided wine and food for them along the way. Chanting hymns as they heaved and pulled and lifted, these pious volunteers were offering the new cathedral as a collective prayer to the Virgin.

Many a question will forever go unanswered. How many men worked on the job? How many fell off the tall scaffoldings and broke their necks? How were the giant blocks of stone, some of them weighing several tons, hoisted into place? The stone itself holds no mystery. Quarried at Berchères, five miles away, it is a hard, tough, healthy limestone shot through with decorative cavities. Age will not weaken it and, as the air has remained pure in this small town of 30,000, Notre Dame de Chartres does not share the sorry lot of Notre Dame de Paris, whose stones, more tender to begin with, have turned black with the fumes of the big city and need frequent replacing.

Just 700 years ago this year—on October 17, 1260— (*Continued on Page 97*)

"Cross off another prospective customer."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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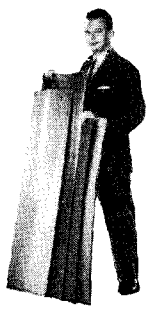

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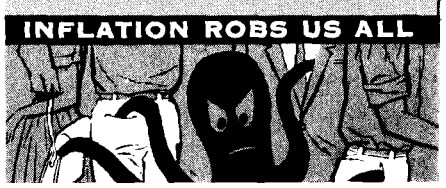
INFLATION ROBS US ALL



(*Continued from Page 94*) the new cathedral was consecrated with medieval pageantry, and the western world was richer by what was to remain one of its finest architectural achievements. A new style was just then becoming popular, a style as bold as it was graceful and, in its strength and elegance, intrinsically French. Nicknamed the "Gothic" style by later critics who considered it barbaric—worthy of the uncouth Goths—it was distinguished from the round-arched Romanesque style, which heretofore had dominated Europe, by its use of the pointed arch. But this distinction was a surface one. What lay behind the Gothic revolution was a passion for height, for light, for elegance.

Church builders until then had used thick walls to carry the heavy vaulting of the ceiling, sacrificing height and window space for structural stability. Their churches tended to be heavy-set and gloomy. The Gothic mind came up with a new formula; and it was here, at Chartres, that this formula got its first major workout.

Who was the architect in charge? Most likely, we shall never know. His name is buried in the sands of history—fame, in those days, was not what men were after. Perhaps he could not even read or write. But he did know how to build a cathedral. Improvising as he went along, he built a structure so ingenious that, to this day, students of architecture anywhere in the world are required to know all about it. None of Notre Dame de Chartres' famous cousins—Bourges, Reims, Amiens, and Notre Dame de Paris—were to achieve such universal renown.

What is remarkable about this structure is that it stands up at all. Reaching for the sky, the Chartres master raised the vaulted ceiling of the nave, by way of slender arches, to a height of 120 feet above the ground, fixing the ridgepole of the metal-covered roof some twenty feet above the vaulting. He gave the nave the then unheard-of width of fifty-four feet. And he thinned out the walls, allowing for enormous windows.

None of this would have been a problem to a builder using steel and concrete. But the medieval architect had to rely on stone and mortar—far from ideal means to realize his dream. To keep his daring structure from collapsing he threw out "flying" buttresses that gripped the heavy ceiling at the points where the curved ribs of the great stone vaults came together. A purely functional device, these sturdy buttresses took almost all the pressure off the walls, diverting it into the ground outside.

Take away the buttresses, and the frail walls will be pushed *out* by the strong sideways pressure of the vaulting. Take away the vaulting, and the walls will be crushed *in* by the hard-working buttresses. A marvel of equilibrium, the structure stands not because one part rests upon the others but because each part keeps on pushing hard against all other parts. It stands so well that not a single upright element has deviated from the perpendicular by as much as a fraction of an inch—an almost unique record as Gothic edifices go.

The church was built to hold 10,000 worshipers and no doubt often did. Ever since a French king, in 876, had brought to Chartres a precious reliquary said to contain the veil worn by the Virgin at the time of the Annunciation—a reliquary still preserved in the cathedral's crypt—Notre Dame de Chartres had been recognized as one of Europe's foremost sanctuaries of Our Lady. As such it had attracted pilgrims from all over. They often camped right in the church; and if the stone floor slopes, it is for a good reason—the incline made things easier for the bucket squads the morning after.

Although the Virgin worshiped here was never held to be miraculous, she was believed to look with special favor upon pregnant women and those desirous of bearing children. This faith persists today. At any hour of the day you can see women from every walk of life in silent prayer before the little statue of Our Lady of the Pillar that seems to float amidst a sea of flickering candles, beside the entrance to the choir.

The purpose of a church is worship. Both as a Roman Catholic parish church and as the center of its diocese, Chartres cathedral is a busy, fully functioning organism. At least one priest is always in attendance, and mass is said, at one or another of the cathedral's eighteen altars, four times on weekdays—beginning at 6:30 A.M.—and eight times on Sundays. Throughout the centuries a seminary for future priests has been attached to Notre Dame de Chartres. Its eighty teen-age pupils, doubling as choirboys during important services, fill the cathedral with their silvery voices.

On major feast days Msgr. Roger Michon, bishop of Chartres, officiates at the high altar, magnificently draped in robes of precious silk brocade. The rest of the long year, His Excellency rules the diocese from an unpretentious town house near the north porch—the fine old bishop's palace behind the apse has been turned into an art museum. Callers will find him in a stiff little drawing room, surrounded by the portraits of his predecessors. A tall, fine-looking man of aristocratic tastes, and a Parisian to boot, he cuts a lonely figure in this provincial town which looks at "strangers" with reserve. Between duties he finds diversion in his hobby—color photography.

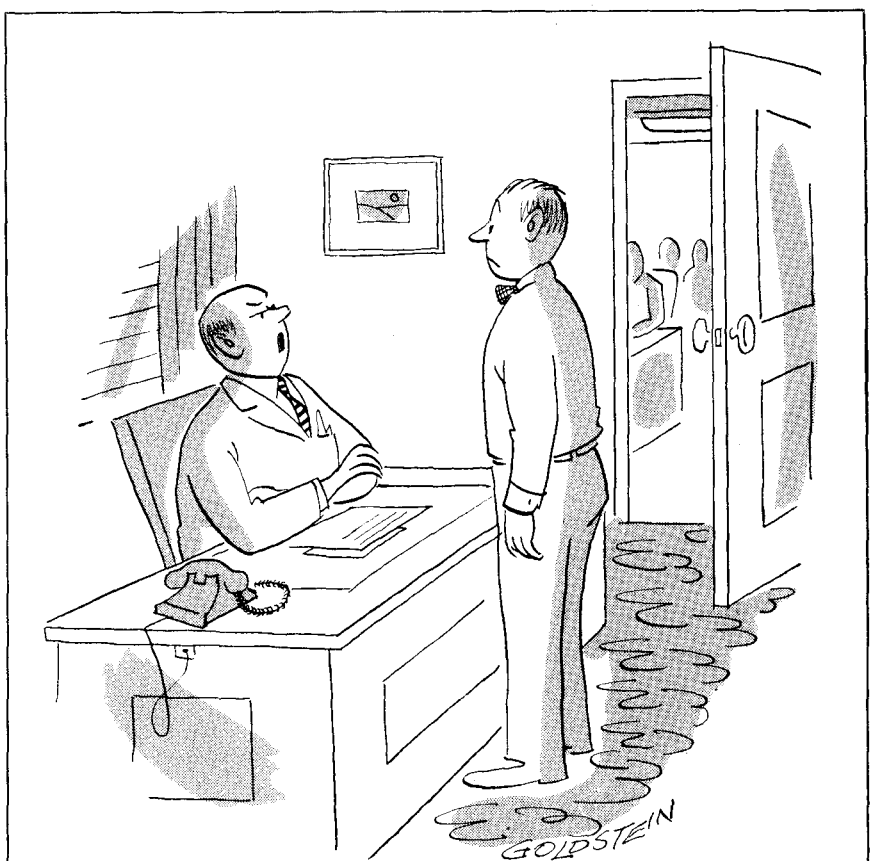
The work horse of the church, however, is the Rev. Marcel Bergonier, archpriest and shepherd of the 13,000 souls forming the parish of Our Lady. Sharp-faced, keen-witted and refreshingly direct, he takes an interest in all things and misses very little. As the cathedral's chief executive, he has the final say in matters of finance and maintenance, except for the artistically important portions of the church, which are looked after by the fine-arts people of the French Government. Assisted by his chapter of twelve canons, he spends many a painful hour figuring how to increase revenues and cut down spending.

"Several years ago," he told me, "we got the Boston Symphony Orchestra, directed by Charles Munch, to give a concert in our cathedral. With the receipts, we put in a new heating system. I hope you noticed our modern loud-speakers? The organ badly needs repairing, but where to get the funds?" He sighed, "This year, we have a ten-thousand-franc [$2000] hole in our budget."

But Notre Dame de Chartres is more than a church. As one of the great shrines of Western civilization, it belongs to the world at large. During the summer months those who have come to worship are outnumbered by those who've come to see. Tourists who have not joined an organized excursion—the American Express Company in Paris runs guided tours to Chartres and the nearby châteaux twice every week—will find, for their convenience, a local guide service that prides itself on its efficiency. Presided over by Mademoiselle Houvet, custodian of the church, it consists of a handful of good-natured, highly knowledgeable students of medieval art and history, at least one of them English-speaking. They may be found, between appointed rounds, hovering by the souvenir stand on the ground floor of the north tower, exchanging observations not necessarily flattering to their clients, such as the story of the visitor from Texas who wished to know how much it cost to build the church.

A medieval church, one must remember, doubled as a picture book. The art of printing was still unknown in Europe when this cathedral was erected. Few but the monks knew how to read and write, and the unlettered masses depended largely on the pictures in their churches for their familiarity with Bible stories and religious legends. At Chartres they could do their reading in a most prepossessing medium—luminous, jewel-colored glass.

Its 170 splendid windows remain to this day Notre (*Continued on Page 99*)



"There's a little job around here I'd like you to tackle, Metcalfe—yours."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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This great seaborne health center will carry a new kind of aid abroad—*with your help.* Part of the people-to-people project Hope, it will enlist 200 specialists in sharing our health skills.

Ambassador with a blackboard, the Hope specialist will help the often woefully few local medical technicians train helpers. The result: many more hands. And that means one Hope dollar is multiplied many times over.

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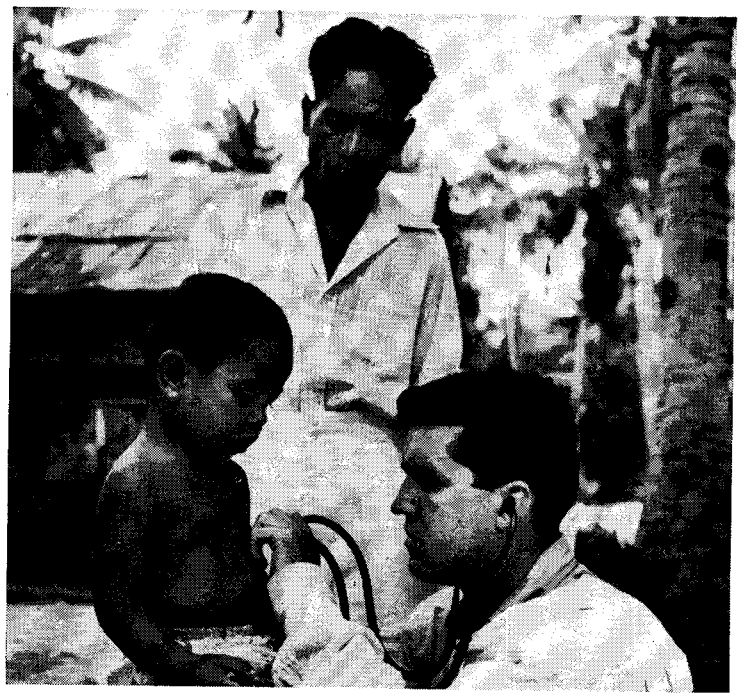

One local doctor for 100,000 people. These are the odds Hope may face. Yet Hope can mean so much. The health of this child. The health of five Indonesians. *Trained* hands and only a dollar's worth of penicillin can cure them of crippling yaws.

If enough of us help, the S.S. Hope will be outbound in 1960. First port of call: Indonesia. A bold health project called Hope will be underway.

The need is crucial. Many places, too many health hazards exist. Too many people robbed of the will to live. Too few hands to help. Often, a doctor for 100,000.

Hope's approach is *practical.* Help where a nation's doctors ask help. Help them help themselves to health. By training, upgrade skills—multiply hands. Hope's doctors, dentists, nurses, and technicians will man a center complete to 300-bed mobile unit and portable TV.

You can not only make every dollar do the work of many, you can earn a priceless dividend. With health comes self-respect. People at peace with themselves are less likely to war with others.

Hope is *yours* to give. It's a people-to-people project. For one year's worth, **3½ million dollars are needed.** Dollars that are needed from *you.* Don't wait to be asked. Send your contribution now to HOPE, Box 9808, Washington 15, D.C.

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(*Continued from Page 97*) Dame de Chartres' foremost claim to fame, and at least two of every three visitors come here primarily for their sake. Say "Chartres" and you say "stained glass"—no other church has so fine a collection of medieval stained-glass windows. Turned out by teams of artisans encamped around the building site, they were the early fruit of a technique then fairly new in Europe. Mineral pigments were mixed in with the hot, liquid mass before the glass was blown. The resulting sheets of tinted glass were cut into small, jigsaw-puzzle pieces in conformity with a master design. Details, such as the features of a face, were added with a brush dipped into special paint. The pieces were then placed into a kiln, fired until the paint fused with the glass and, after cooling, joined together with soft strips of lead to form large, rigid panes.

Surprisingly, the colors used were no more than a handful—ruby-red, purple, yellow, green and the celebrated "Chartres blue." It is their interplay that makes them glitter in a million hues. Their mood changes with the position of the sun and with the seasons—now dominated by deep blues, now blazing in a conflagration of bright red and gold, these bits of tinted glass turn the white light of day into a shimmering, translucent haze that gives the Gothic nave its mystic quality.

This is art by the people, for the people. Most of the ground-floor windows in the church tell us a story. In his attempt to illustrate the life of a saint or a chapter of the Bible, the unknown narrator uses a comic-strip arrangement of sharply outlined human figures whose gestures and expressions are self-eloquent—you "read" a window left to right, from the bottom upward.

With their authentic illustrations of the dress and customs of the time, these windows make a vivid documentary of medieval life. Many of them were donated by the guilds, the trade unions of the day. You'll spot, in some of the medallions, the sponsors at their trade—cobblers, weavers and bakers, wine merchants, water carriers, butchers and blacksmiths. Look closely and you'll observe such timeless scenes as a fur dealer temptingly dangling a fur coat while a lady client is trying to make up her mind; or a shoemaker facing a blank-looking customer in his stocking feet. The cathedral's only modern stained-glass window was donated by the American Institute of Architects and executed by a local craftsman, François Lorin. It was installed in 1954 to fill a gap left by a transept window destroyed in the French Revolution, and blends so well with the rest that you'll have to take a second look to realize it's different.

At this point, eyestrain and sore neck muscles call for a break—you are entitled to a leisurely French lunch. In the crooked little streets near the cathedral you'll find what you are looking for. Like many small French towns, Chartres boasts some fine restaurants, *Vieille Maison*—"Old House"—being one of the best known and most praiseworthy. Try their cold meat pie and chicken roasted on the spit; unless game is in season, and you'll ask for their stewed hare—superb with a few glasses of vintage Burgundy.

And why not take a brief postprandial stroll around old Chartres? The town sits on a hillock by the river Eure, and a few of its streets are nearly vertical. Toy bridges span the narrow stream, and gabled houses, some of them half-timbered and decorated with amusingly carved lintels, huddle together as if gossiping with one another. You'll wander along streets with names like Milk Street, Massacre Street, Street of the White Horse and Street of the Golden Sun.

Should you become involved in conversation with members of the local *bourgeoisie*, you'll find them full of dignity and exquisitely courteous. Chartres does not live off the tourist trade. It is a market town and "county" seat, and makes its living, comfortably, as a clearing house for the wealth of the Beauce region, one of the breadbaskets of France. Beauce farmers who've made their pile like to leave the country with its chilling winter winds and take a quiet house with a well-sheltered garden in town. They are old-fashioned in their ways and not exactly spendthrift—together with the civil servants, the doctors and the lawyers, they form the kind of society that brings to mind the atmosphere of Gustave Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*.

But back to work—one of the most rewarding parts of your excursion is yet to come. Reload your camera. At Notre Dame de Chartres the story told in colored glass is backed up powerfully by another picture book—in stone. All told, about 10,000 graven images adorn the church—the most impressive group of sculpture assembled in one place in Christian times. Placed where they could be seen, chiefly around the doors, these statues and reliefs were meant to warn and promise, to teach and to inform. What Chartres boy, familiar with the scary allegory of Pride on the south porch—showing a rider falling off his charger—could easily forget that pride goeth before a fall?

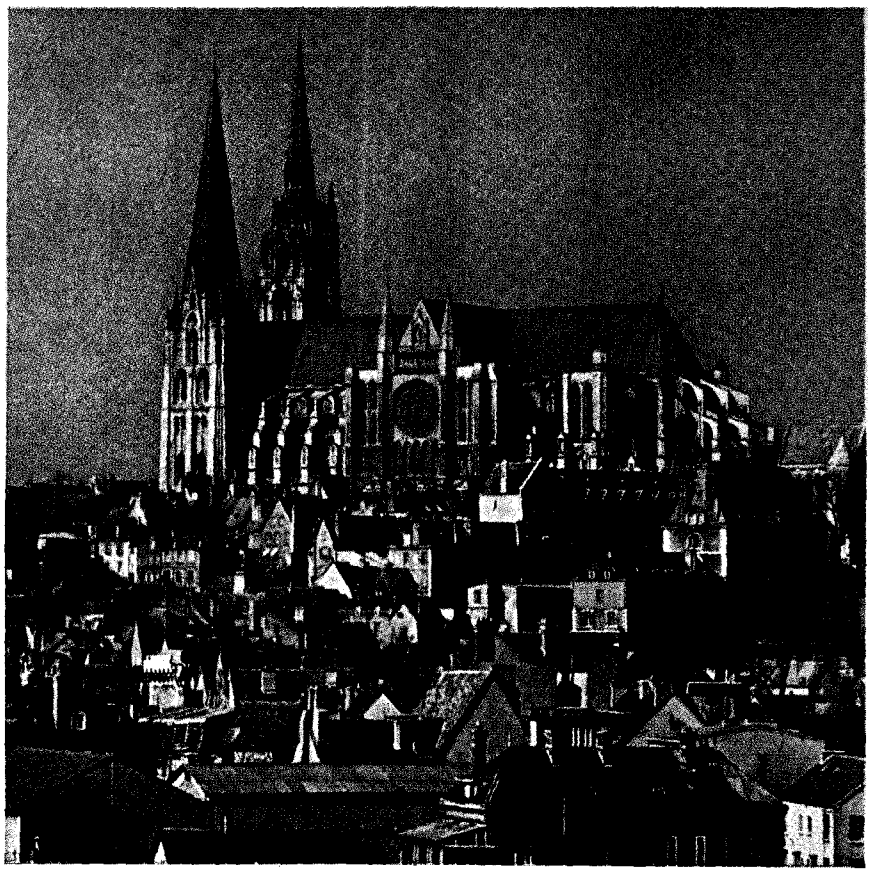
You will find the best of Chartres' sculptures at the main entrance, known as the Royal Portal. Arrayed in solemn company around the three wide bays, these strangely elongated personalities in courtly dress were hewn out of gray stone by wandering bands of craftsmen who stopped here around the year 1150. Stylized forms had not yet given way to realism at the time, and at first sight these figures seem part column and part body. Their arms are raised in sparing gestures, their eyes stare into space, their mouths are curved in the suggestion of a smile. Yet they exude an inner force that touches the beholder's heart.

A Christ in Glory hovering above the central doorway seems to encompass, with His silent blessing, the universe itself.

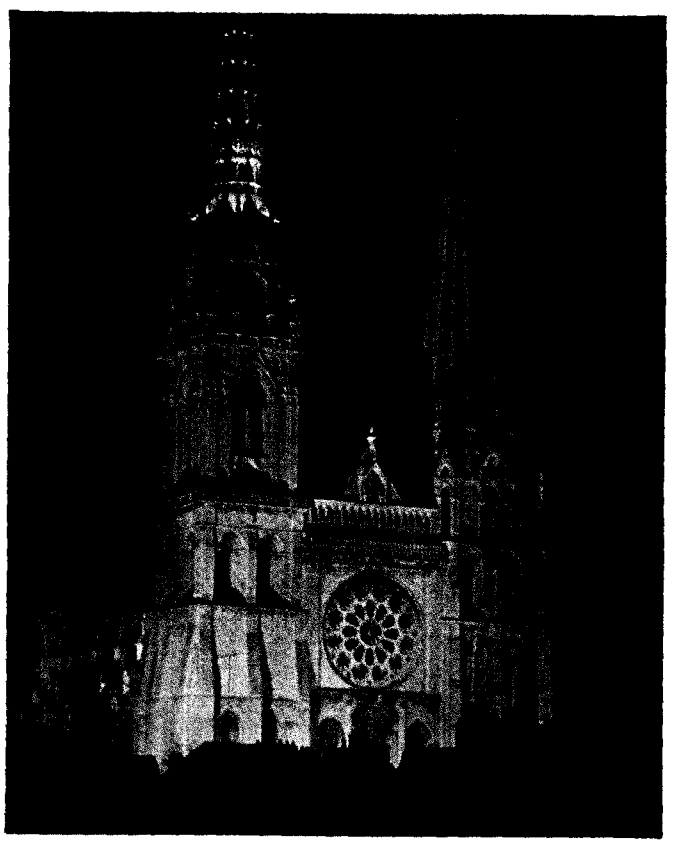
Enough—we've spent the best part of a day dipping into the spirit of a long-lost world; and we may now, with a clear conscience, mail our picture post cards and head back to Paris. The more adventurous will linger for a while—and be rewarded by such unexpected finds as a wonderfully unself-conscious stone donkey grinding a hurdy-gurdy; or a small, handsome clock pavilion by the side of the church. You may descend into the somber crypt—the world's third largest, after St. Peter's in Rome and Canterbury Cathedral. And, if your leg muscles permit, climb the steep, narrow stone steps, past ancient cobwebs, up to the windswept platform of the Gothic belfry and look out on the sweet, rich countryside of France.

Step into the nave for a last look at dusk when the tall windows hold, in their blue jewels, the last light of the day and when the soaring piers seem to lose themselves in the infinity of space. Two or three women in black shawls still pray in front of the Madonna, amidst the last few flickering candles. Stand there for a few moments in the loneliness of the late hour. Whatever your beliefs you will agree with what Napoleon said on setting foot in Notre Dame de Chartres—"An atheist would be in trouble here." THE END

Notre Dame de Chartres, built in the shape of a huge, buttressed Latin cross, sits over its provincial French parish much like a protective mother hen over her brood.



To pilgrims traveling on foot, the cathedral presents itself on the horizon long before the town of Chartres is visible.



After a day at Chartres, says the author, anyone would agree with Napoleon that "an atheist would be in trouble here."

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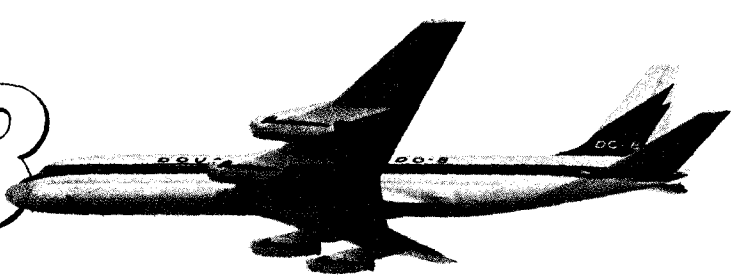

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How My Comrades Live (Continued from Page 34)

Chaim Z—baum lived with three relatives: his fifteen-year-old sister, his father, who worked in a publishing house, and his mother. I visited their home and at first I talked about myself. At intervals Chaim's mother went to the door to make sure that nobody was outside listening. The family lived on the sixth floor of a large building, occupying one and a half rooms of a five-room apartment. Other people had the remaining rooms.

On being introduced to Chaim's parents, I showed them my documents, proving that I was a foreigner. Chaim's father verified them carefully and asked, "So you won't stay here for good?"

I assured him that I would be going back to my own country soon, where my work awaited me. I would go, and all I had learned about the U.S.S.R. would go with me. I was eager to know the truth, that was all.

I won't repeat everything that the Z—baums told me. The story of this family since 1927 certainly deserves to be recorded, but I'll tell only about the recent years.

Chaim's father had been a university professor, teaching evolutionary psychology. However, in 1946 a fierce drive began against Jewish scholars in all realms of science. It was carried out under the guise of a "struggle against 'cosmopolitanism.'" Critical areas included philosophy, political economy, psychology, statistics, mathematics and physics. The most common accusation against the Jewish scholars was "cosmopolitanism and an inferior attitude toward bourgeois science."

Scores of professors and cultural and scientific workers were ousted from their posts, almost all of them people with Jewish names. Transferred to other occupations, they were given no chance to do scientific work. Among them was the psychologist Z—baum. He got a routine job in a publishing house for scientific books. He was a good, conscientious worker, knew his field well and loved books, but he never won promotion.

On his passport, on the line for "nationality," the word "*Yevrei*" (Jew) was written in large letters. In view of the "objective theory of the socialist nations in the U.S.S.R.," this line was a paradox, for the Jews were the only "nation" without land in the U.S.S.R. This deprivation was turned against the Jews in 1946-48, when the cultural commissar, Andrei Zhdanov, sentenced 500 Jewish poets, writers, journalists, scientists and artists to professional death and some even to actual death for "turning their backs on socialism."

"They did so," said Zhdanov, "because they have no permanent ties with socialism. They are a nation without land, and therefore, in Soviet terminology, they are not a nation."

Thus Soviet anti-Semitism gained fresh support, and at the same time got rid of those who could protest effectively. The situation had been aggravated in 1948, when the Jews regained their motherland, Israel, and stood fast against the Communism inundating Arab countries. Mass dismissals of Jews from all authoritative posts in the Soviet Union followed. Three million Soviet Jews had no legal representation. A basic reference book, *The Achievements of the Soviet Regime in Forty Years Given in Statistics*, did not even mention their existence.

Z—baum showed me the book. "You see," he said, "we have been erased from the Soviet reality for which we must work. There are about thirty thousand Jewish scientific workers, mostly in mathematics, physics, chemistry and statistics, in the U.S.S.R. now. Many of them are old professors, the original organizers of scientific institutions, inventors, research workers; but you won't find their names mentioned anywhere. The results of their work are published anonymously or under the name of non-Jewish scientists. During the war, of the eleven thousand soldiers and officers in the Soviet Army who received the title of Hero of the Soviet Union, about five hundred and thirty were Jews. But they have been forgotten. Though publications about Heroes of the Soviet Union list various nationalities, they never mention the Jews.

"You have to understand that under these conditions the word '*Yevrei*' becomes one more reason for persecution. In my office it takes various forms. Three years ago half a room was taken away from my family, though I was entitled to it because my wife has tuberculosis. They said that 'as a typical Jew' I wanted to have more space for my family than a Soviet citizen would have wanted."

Such accusations are not unusual. Z—baum showed me a recent issue of the newspaper *Pravda Ukrainy* (Ukrainian Truth). There was a short story on the first page. The main character was a Jew, Moisei Chaimovich Liubich, described as a notorious forger of documents and official papers. Thus, the newspaper said, he gained riches dishonestly to add to his three bank accounts, in which he already had 100,000 rubles. "This type of story," said Z—baum, "is meant to foment hatred for Jews and point out their 'non-socialist character.'"

A Jew was the villain in another story, published in the *Sovietskaya Litva* (Soviet Lithuania) of August 11, 1957. This time he was the manager of a textile factory. His name was David Naumovich Rubinstein. The factory was located near Vilna, and the manager had his official residence in the city. But he wasn't interested in the factory at all. He never visited it, although he collected *per diem* and expense money from the Flax Trust to cover his alleged trips there. He had another apartment in Vilna and he systematically bribed inspectors and his superiors and anyone who could cause him trouble. The moral of the story? Jews are not fit to be appointed to leading posts in industry.

Another example, this time in *Sovietskaya Belorussia* (Soviet White Russia) of August 25, 1957. Again a short story in a prominent spot. The main character is a young Jewish doctor, Moisei Ruvimorich Chernov, who takes advantage of his position dishonestly to collect two salaries. He ends by building himself a luxurious villa with his ill-gotten money. The moral? Jews shouldn't be allowed to study medicine, for they are fundamentally an untrustworthy people inclined to cheat and take advantage of their position for private antinational purposes.

"Please note," Z—baum said, "that in looking through magazines and books published in the U.S.S.R., you'll find that ninety per cent of the villains are Jews, and that they're always branded as individuals opposed to socialism and the U.S.S.R."

Later on, when I was traveling in the White Russian Soviet Republic, I came across the problems of the Jews at almost every step. In Minsk I met an assistant professor of Russian literature in the university there. I will call him David. He was twenty-seven and had been living in Minsk since the end of the war. During the war the Germans had murdered all his relatives and those of his wife.

Before the war a great number of Jews lived in the White Russian Republic. David estimated that in prewar urban areas like Minsk the Jewish population was about 10 per cent of the total.

"If there is a list of Jewish unhappiness anywhere in the world," he said, "the Jews of the White Russian Republic are in first place. Great numbers were murdered by the Germans and by the Ukrainian-Tatar mercenaries serving in the German Army. They were shot like animals. They were hung up by their hands and feet. Their tongues were torn out. They were burned alive in barns. Soldiers raped girls before the eyes of their parents.

"Some of the Jews managed to escape, but wherever they went they were looked on as aliens, spat at, beaten, humiliated. They wandered through strange republics, woods, steppes, tundras and mountains. When the war ended, the survivors began to return to their former homes and were greeted by rubble and graves. The Jewish population, once about ten per cent of the total population, is now hardly two per cent. Many of them are people with a high standard of education, culture—and suffering."

David said that at the university in Minsk a kind of quota system has been in operation for Jews for many years. Last year, in the graduating class of his history department there were 215 White Russians, seventy-five Russians, thirty-nine Ukrainians and six Jews. In other departments, especially literature and philosophy, the percentage of Jewish students is even smaller.

The few Jewish professors and students are openly discriminated against. A Jewish scientist can hardly hope to be chosen as the head of a research group. No Jewish scholar can publish a work solely under his own name; there must always be another name, as author or coauthor, usually that of a Russian scholar. It's done under the pretext of supporting the "collective of Soviet scientists"; but Russian or Ukrainian scientists are allowed to publish their scientific works without sharing credit.

"In recent years," David told me, "anti-Semitism in the U.S.S.R. has been strengthened by alliance with the Arab countries. The 'imperialistic character of international Jewry' is emphasized, and prominent Jews in capitalistic countries are slandered. My colleagues tell me that when Arab politicians and scientists study in Soviet universities, Jewish students and instructors, if any are left, must be removed.

"In the Minsk Academy of Sciences we had a scientific meeting, at which a few Egyptians who were touring the country were expected. All Jews were excluded from the sessions, including two aged professors, one a mathematician, the other a physicist, to whom Soviet science owes a great deal. Toasts offered at the celebration included, 'Down with Israel!' and 'Down with international Jewry!' But the climax was an address by an Egyptian—I think the chief political instructor of the group—who said, 'Hitler was the first to understand the danger of international Jewry and knew how to fight it, setting an example to his successors.'"

This sentence was uttered in Minsk, twelve years after a war in which millions of Jews perished, including hundreds of thousands in the U.S.S.R. Just a few kilometers from the spot where this meeting took place is one of the mass graves of murdered Jews.

"But don't think that this speech was unpopular," David said. "Oh, no. As soon as the Russian interpreter finished reading the text of the address, everyone in the auditorium burst into uproarious applause. Cheers rang out. 'Long live Egypt!' . . . 'Down with the imperialistic U.S.A.!' . . . 'Long live Egyptian-Russian friendship!' and 'Down with Israel!'"

I had many talks with Jews in various parts of the U.S.S.R. All thought of themselves as shut inside a world to which they did not belong, a world which hated them, but from which there was no escape. With what envy they spoke of Polish Jews, some of whom have managed to emigrate to Israel!

One day on a visit to a factory I saw a wall newspaper with a column titled "Idlers." In it there was a caricature of one Abram Katz, a worker who was described as a loafer, whose head was filled with thoughts of 'distant, hot, imperialist countries.' Emerging from Katz' head in the caricature were four little houses, with the inscription, 'Here we don't work. *Kibbutz* No. 6'—which, of course, was a reference to Israel.

I decided to find Katz and have a talk with him. We met after hours in the workers' canteen. He was about fifty, short, slightly stooped and bald. He

"Now about the obstetrical fee. Do we pay you or the taxi driver?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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worked as a locksmith in the repair shop and was a very strange man.

First of all, he was deeply religious. He always carried a Hebrew Bible, once owned by his grandfather, a rabbi. Abram Katz lost his wife and children during the war. He himself was put into a concentration camp by the Germans, where death took hundreds of Jews every day. One day in his daily work Abram Katz pulled a stump out of the ground that three men together hadn't been able to move. His unusual strength caught the attention of the guard, who reported the incident to the camp commander.

The commander showed his interest by organizing weekly wrestling matches between the strongest Jews in the camp. These fights were for life or death. The loser was sent the next day to help dig mass graves into which the diggers were thrown after being murdered. The victor won a week of life, after which he had to wrestle a new opponent. Katz fought many times and always won. They were horrible fights. Katz told me that he won, not by damaging his opponent, but by exhausting him with his defense.

During the week the Germans used Katz as a draft horse for pulling heavy vehicles stuck in the mud. One day Katz broke a guard's neck in one blow and escaped. After a few days of wandering he met some Russian partisans and joined them.

For a while, after the war, he enjoyed the religious freedom then permitted the Jews, and worked in a Jewish community in White Russia. But 1948 brought a wave of anti-Semitism, and the religious life of Jewish communities ceased to exist or went underground. Katz was sent to work in a factory, where his religious way of life made him the object of steady persecution. Since 1949 he had been sent three times to labor camps for being "a loafer and an idler." Actually he was being punished for refusing to work on Jewish religious holidays.

In 1952 Katz received a form from the post office stating that "the XY section of the post office notifies citizen Abram Katz that a consignment has been received from Israel. The parcel contains printed matter and religious pamphlets propagating American imperialism and backward ideology. If, in spite of this, citizen Katz wants to receive the consignment, he should call at this office between the hours . . ."

Despite the advice of the clerks and the threats of the chief of the post office, Katz claimed his package and an accompanying letter and signed a pledge not to lend the books to anybody. Thus he became the owner of a considerable religious library and much information about Israel. From that time on Israel seemed like a paradise to him.

A few weeks after receipt of the parcel, Katz was called to his factory's personnel office. The director held a paper in his hand, Katz' personal questionnaire completed a few years before. I repeat the conversation that followed, as it was told to me by Katz.

DIRECTOR: Say, Katz, why did you lie in your questionnaire? Do you realize that giving false information is punishable by a long prison term?

KATZ: I wrote nothing but the truth in my questionnaire. I don't know what *Tovarishch* Director is talking about.

DIRECTOR: Why do you keep lying, Katz? You wrote in your questionnaire that you had no relatives abroad, outside of the U.S.S.R., didn't you? Is this true?

KATZ: Yes, it is the truth. I have no relatives abroad.

DIRECTOR: You are digging your own grave. You received a parcel of books from Israel containing imperialistic and backward ideology. Is it true?

KATZ: The parcel contained religious books, but I haven't found anything about imperialism yet.

DIRECTOR: The post office notified us that the sender of the parcel was one Samuel Katz who lives in Tel Aviv, Israel, and who wrote in the letter enclosed, *Dear Abram, my dearest brother.* Is that true?

KATZ: Yes, it's true. He always wrote to me like that, even before the war, when he lived in Poland.

DIRECTOR: Our investigation showed that Samuel Katz left Poland in 1947 and went to Israel. He has relatives and family in the U.S.S.R. Do you admit that he is your brother or don't you?

KATZ: Of course, he's my brother. And what a brother! Samuel is the smartest of us five brothers. That's why he is now in Israel, has a house, children, and a lovely wife, and is rich.

DIRECTOR: Katz, are you playing jokes with Soviet authority? Have you ever heard about Siberia, Katz? If you have a brother in Israel, why didn't you include this in your questionnaire? Why didn't you write that you had a brother abroad, eh?

KATZ: Have you gone crazy, *Tovarishch* Director? I have no brother abroad. It's my brother Samuel who has *me* abroad. I told the truth.

But Katz couldn't convince the authorities that it was he who was "abroad." For making false statements in his questionnaire he was sentenced to a year of hard labor. He built dams, wading in water and carrying stones until one of the stones fell on a foot and crushed it.

He returned to the factory, crippled, shut inside himself, carrying the worn Hebrew Bible in a pocket of his jacket, next to his heart. He seemed to ignore his environment, but the environment wouldn't ignore him. So in the wall newspaper I read under Katz' caricature that he didn't perform his duties.

After saying good-by to him, I left the factory with Samuel's address in my pocket. I promised Abram to write him.

"Tell him," said Abram, "Israel is not only a piece of land surrounded by water and enemies. Tell him that Israel is something that you carry in your heart. There is my Israel, my *kibbutz*, my country."

A few days later I talked about anti-Semitism with another Jew, a former university professor in Leningrad. He had been relieved of his professorship in 1953 for attributing to Judaism a positive role in a historical period. Since then he has been working in the university library, "for himself," as he put it, and hanging onto life.

"Just note how anti-Semitism has changed historically," he said. "Until Lenin's death in 1924 anti-Semitism was always anticommunist, because the persecuted Jews in capitalistic countries leaned toward socialism and communism. Now anti-Semitism serves communism because their purposes are identical, internally and externally. In Stalin's time the treatment of Jews was perfidious. So we were given high positions in the party and in the government. Many party leaders, among them Stalin himself, married Jewish women. But all party and government failures were blamed on the Jews as an 'alien element' in the Soviet nation. There were many Jews among the leaders of the communist movement in the early days, yet the purge trials in the '30's, and after the war, filled the defendants' seats with Jews charged with 'high treason,' and 'servility to imperialism.'

"Khrushchev carries on this tradition. The nations of the U.S.S.R. are turned against the Jews as alleged 'agents of imperialism,' trying to hinder Russia in its attempt to liberate colonial and dependent peoples, especially the Arabs. Israel is described as the tool of the imperialists."

In the professor's view Khrushchev's policy skillfully exploits the fact that you can talk the anti-Semites of the world into anything, as long as you use anti-Semitic slogans and fight the Jews. You may even condition them to overlook the evils of Soviet Communism. In effect, Khrushchev has replaced the old slogan, "Workers of the world, unite," with the new slogan, "Anti-Semites of the world, unite." Anti-Semites who oppose the strengthening of Israel promote the Kremlin's policy in Arabian affairs.

Another man, a Russian, remarked to me that the position of Jews in the Soviet Union was hopeless. He was an intelligent, educated man who worked in a transportation center.

"I'm almost sixty," he said. "I've changed my job several times, and wherever I've been I've worked with Jews and observed them. They were bullied and oppressed. Their Jewish names and surnames were a stigma for life. To me, the most horrible thing was the fact that these people, though Jews, were usually very good Russians at the same time. They loved Russia; they were proud of it."

He asked whether I had heard what happened to the Jews who lived in the areas of Poland that were occupied by the Soviet Army in 1939. After being exiled by the Russians to Siberia, they were allowed to return to Poland, under an agreement between Khrushchev and the Polish Government in 1957. "Try to get in touch with somebody who took part in the repatriation of these Jews and ask for details," he said. "Only then will you be able to comprehend the extent of human evil. If you're interested, I'll give you addresses of some friends of mine who know the circumstances."

I was interested. I talked about it later with many people—Russians, Jews and Poles. All of them had had something to do with the repatriation of the Jews who, as Polish citizens, were allowed to return to Poland. Those who did return could have hope of being allowed to emigrate from Poland to Israel.

It was a trying period for Polish Jews who had been in the Soviet Union since 1939. Many of them had married Russian Jews, who were forbidden by law to leave. In many cases the children of Polish Jews, educated in Soviet schools which deprived them of contact with their parents, refused to go back. In cases where the children hesitated, local authorities hastily framed charges of "imperialistic provocation by international Zionism" against the parents.

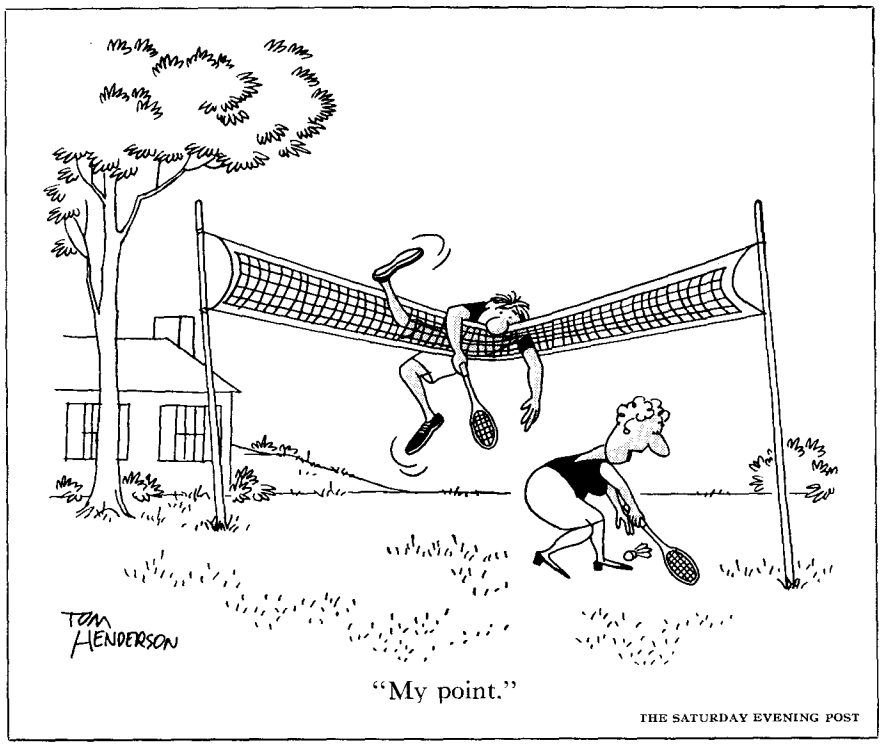
Party and administrative officials organized *ad hoc* charges of espionage against many of the Jews who were eligible for repatriation under the agreement. Many were arrested and exiled to other parts of the Soviet Union. Others, in fear of reprisals against their families, gave up any idea of leaving the U.S.S.R. Low-grade blackmail was used against scientists, especially mathematicians and physicists, who intended to avail themselves of this chance to return home. Many were threatened with arrest and exile to Siberia with their families.

Local union, political-social and cultural organizations launched propaganda campaigns against the Jews who had decided to leave Russia. Their yearning for home was described as "the result of imperialistic propaganda."

At every step these Jews encountered difficulties in completing the formalities connected with their departure. Their written complaints addressed to Polish authorities in charge of the repatriation were never delivered. Their application forms and enclosures, often the only copies of valuable documents such as birth certificates or prewar Polish passports, were "lost in transit." The Polish Re-emigration Commission, snowed under by applications and unwilling to fight the arrogant representatives of the Soviet side, yielded wherever the ill will of Soviet officials was too plain.

But the exodus of Polish Jews went on. The fortunate ones who managed to wade through the hell of Soviet bureaucracy, bribery, provocation and blackmail took their belongings, paid for their transportation and customs fees and departed in the direction of Poland—and a hope of Israel. In crowded trains, much like the trains which a few years earlier had carried their relatives to the death camps, the Jews "returned to life," rode toward the vision of their own country.

But human hatred rode with them. The guide of one of these trains, a Russian and an old railroad man, told me he had traveled with these Jews as a technical manager of the transport. "They were a very unhappy people, frightened if you as much as looked at them. Just let anyone shout at them or give them a bad word, and right away they shrank, became small, their faces pale. The children wept and embraced a man's legs. 'Don't beat us,' they begged. 'A Jew is a human being



"My point."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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too. He can get hurt.' . . . 'Have mercy, don't beat. We didn't do anything wrong.'

"Their luggage traveled in special cars. Some had radios, pianos and musical instruments, and household articles, like refrigerators, things they had bought with their hard-earned money. When we arrived at the end of the line and the reloading to Polish trains began, everything seemed in order; but later we found out that our guards or the loaders, or probably both together, got hold of all these things and, just to spite the Jews, damaged them all. They broke the tubes in the radios, ripped the wires, destroyed everything. They dumped filth and rocks into the refrigerators, they broke strings in the pianos, stuffed them with sand and poured water inside.

"I thought I'd drop dead of rage. Why? Why do all this to these people? Why take revenge on them? For what sins?

"So I asked a guard. I said, 'Did these Jews do anything to you? Did they make you lose anything? Did they hurt your children? Did they take bread away from your mouth? No, no, and no. On the contrary. Since the Revolution they have been working by our side. They have suffered more than all of us. Why do you plague them, you evil man? Haven't you had enough trouble during the war?'

"He started to explain that the Jews are the worst foes of socialism and the U.S.S.R., that Israel attacks and murders the innocent Arabs, that Israel is the obstacle to communism among the colonial nations. I just shrugged. It seems I'm too old to talk with these people. They are already made over, shaped like a shoe that has been soaked, tied and put on a crooked last. What good is such a shoe? It might be good for kicking but not for walking. I was ashamed to look these Jews in the eyes. I was sweating from shame, but it was too late to repair the damage."

After some time in Leningrad, I talked with a young Jewish poet, M.V., about Jewish problems in the U.S.S.R. He wrote his verses in beautiful Russian. Some had been printed and criticized for "lyricism alien to socialist realism." Others are kept in his desk and will probably never see the light of day.

"You find it hard to understand," M.V. says, "that a man can write 'for the drawer.' Yet it is so. A poet writes more for himself than for others, just as a violinist plays more for his own ear than for the audience. Officially I am a translator of Oriental poetry into Russian. Aside from that, I write my own poems. As a Jew I can't expect to be recognized. I could never win a prize. The Russians are very sensitive as far as their literature, theater or ballet is concerned, and would never admit that a Jew could be a great, recognized poet. That would be losing face, especially before the nations of Asia and the East.

"In our labor union which, as you know, is called the writers' union, Jews are unpopular. There are few and they keep quiet. We are probably a dying generation of Jewish creative workers. A creative beginning for young Jews is now impossible."

The poet sat for a while in grim silence, doodling on a piece of paper with a pencil. "You know," he said, "sometimes I think that history likes to play tricks. The Jews in Russia, persecuted by the czars, tied their fate to the 1917 Revolution from its very beginning, and supported the ideals of communism. The Jewish intelligentsia took its stand at the head of the Revolution and led it during its most difficult period. But the Soviet Revolution, as other revolutions, devoured its children.

"Did you know that Russian poets and literary men are now being commissioned to do scenarios for propaganda films for Arab countries? These films are very crude, but the ideas they carry are potent. 'American imperialism and Israel are identical.' . . . 'Jews constitute the greatest evil of contemporary civilization, the future of which belongs to communism.' I saw two or three such films while they were being dubbed into Arabic before being shipped to Egypt. Believe me, I was shocked. Goebbels would not have been ashamed of these films. They reeked with blind hatred. Jews are represented as degenerates, perverts and reprobates, whose only goal in life is to fight communism. The films use all the old tricks of anti-Semitism. You might say that at present world anti-Semitism is an ally of communism, and the anti-Semites a column of the Soviet Army."

We went out together, climbed on a streetcar and found seats with difficulty. The streetcar passed through tree-lined streets. Suddenly it braked sharply, throwing the poet against a fat man whose face reddened with rage. He looked at the poet for a second; then pushed him away, shouting for the benefit of the whole car, "Look who you're pushing, you mangy Jew. Haven't you enough room? Then go to your Israel. Get out of here, you stinking Jews."

The people in the tram laughed loudly.

This is the last of three articles by Mr. Novak.
—THE EDITORS

The most conservative man on earth is one keeping his own golf score.
HOMER PHILLIPS

Race Driver's Wife (Continued from Page 31)

with both the mother and the wife, their agitation heightened her own worry for Rodger, who was still gunning around the track. Jo left the family section, and she has not returned to it since, although she is on exceptionally friendly terms with her fellow wives. She finds that sitting alone, or with nonracing friends, she can more easily keep her subsequent pledge to her husband that she would not get upset during races. She is convinced that—as Rodger told her after that 1956 race—he actually can sense her anxiety from his seat at the wheel of the car, and that this has an unsettling effect on him.

To the public at large, Jo Ward and the other race drivers' wives are as mystifying a breed as their husbands. Just as outsiders wonder what impels the men to risk their lives in auto races, so they don't understand how the women can bear to see them do it.

The wives resent the implication that there is something unusual about them. Almost to a woman, they explain, "My husband was a race driver before I married him. I knew that. It's what he wants to do. I wouldn't ask him to quit."

The major test for the wives as well as the husbands is the annual Indianapolis classic. For weeks before the race the drivers are out there making practice runs. Most of the wives, except for those with children of school age, gather regularly at the famous Speedway. They cluster in the bleacher seats immediately behind the pit area to watch their husbands make almost daily attempts to coax more speed out of their machines.

This is necessary if they are even to get in the race, for the starting field at Indianapolis is limited to thirty-three. Usually there are twice that many trying to qualify. Entrants are selected on the basis of their performance in ten-mile time trials. Last year the low man had to average 141.2 miles an hour to squeeze in.

Those who make it to the starting line have a real jack pot to shoot for—a total of $338,150 last year. Rodger Ward, the winner, split $106,850 with the owner of his car and the mechanic. Even the last-place driver collected $3406. But for the many who were eliminated in the trials, Indianapolis simply meant a month's living expenses gone down the drain.

The family finances are not, however, the wives' primary concern during the preliminary runs. Accidents can happen in practice too. Feminine chitchat halts instantly whenever there is a flashing-on of yellow lights, the signal of trouble. Usually it is something minor. Oil has been spilled on the track, or a piece has fallen off a car, or a driver has spun inconsequentially, perhaps spewing dirt on the course. An alert official in one of the observer posts has flicked the yellow-light switch to stop traffic and permit a cleanup. But sometimes there is real cause for alarm. Then each woman fearfully checks the cars that are returning to the pits, looking for her man.

In the race itself a driver's wife has to endure approximately four hours of watchful waiting, assuming that her husband's car holds up for the 200 laps it takes to log 500 miles. Lap after lap, she spots his machine, first by its color and then by its number, as it reappears out of the fourth turn. She follows it as long as possible until it is lost to her sight again. She keeps trying to read her husband's mood, although much of his face is obscured by his large goggles and cocoon-like safety helmet.

As each man finishes, his wife hurries to the garage to meet him. Outwardly her greeting may be as casual as that of a woman picking up her husband at the office or commuter station, but for the next few hours it will be noticeable that she is standing or sitting very close to him.

The last wife to arrive in the garage area—except for one who might have gone to the hospital or, worse, the mortuary—will be the happiest one, the wife of the winner. She will first have made her way through the crowds to the bull pen, a sacrosanct wire enclosure at the foot of the home straightaway. Here the winning driver surrenders himself, usually whipped and weary, to a clamorous group of reporters, broadcasters, cameramen, race officials and assorted VIP's.

It can be a struggle for the wife to reach her husband, since she lacks credentials for admission to the bull pen. Last year Jo Ward couldn't seem to convince the beleaguered guards that she belonged in there. Finally she was hoisted over the four-foot fence by officials who belatedly awakened to her plight.

Once inside, the driver's wife usually plays second fiddle to the Trophy Girl. This will be some movie star whose presence has been arranged by commercial sponsors. The ritual calls for the trophy girl to kiss the winning driver, which she often does before the wife.

Most of these glamorous visitors put on energetic, extroverted performances, but one year Loretta Young startled everybody by announcing that she was not going to kiss the winner, nor approach him, ahead of his wife. And she didn't. After the wife had her innings, Miss Young shook hands with the driver.

When Barbara Britton came forward to salute winner Mauri Rose a dozen years ago, he said politely but firmly, "Miss Britton, I'm sorry, but there's someone else I'd rather kiss."

Recovering quickly and gracefully, Miss Britton said, "Why, Mauri, I think that's sweet," and yielded her place to a previously unidentified woman who had been standing quietly in a corner of the bull pen. It turned out that she was Rose's fiancée, which was news even to reporters who had been covering the Speedway all month.

In 1949 Bill Holland set a record—since broken by Bill Vukovich and Marie Wilson in 1954—for the longest-held smooch with a Trophy Girl. His co-record holder was Linda Darnell. When they finally pulled apart, Pev Marley, at the time Linda's husband, introduced himself to Holland and said, "That was my wife you just kissed."

"I can't help it," Bill replied, grinning. "I feel so good I could kiss you too."

By and large, the wives tend to accept such promotional goings-on as part of the game. The one thing they can't shrug off is stories that take a ghoulish approach to auto racing. As a group they are high-spirited women with a cheerful outlook on life. Accordingly, they were incensed when a national magazine ran a picture feature after last year's Indianapolis race that included this headline, POTENTIAL WIDOWS FEAR HUSBANDS WILL CRASH. Every woman involved angrily declared that this misrepresented her true attitude toward her husband's work.

Still, the fact remains that forty-three men have died at Indianapolis since 1909. Although the wives aren't morbid, nervousness undeniably exists. One of the tensest times is at the very start, when the cars are all bunched together. Mrs. Jimmy Bryan, wife of the 1958 Indianapolis champion, won't appear at the track until the first few laps have been run and the traffic has spread out.

Others react in different ways. As has been said, Jo Ward prefers to be away from the rest of the wives while the race is on. So does Mrs. Tony Bettenhausen, whose effervescent husband has been a race driver for twenty-two years and has flipped over a total of twenty-eight times.

Valerie Bettenhausen says, "I can remember sitting with the wives when I was new at it and still didn't know what to expect. One was crying, another chain-smoking, a third grabbing my arm. Fear rubs off on you. I feel better when I'm off by myself with my family. We buy a whole section near the pits in the infield, and it's filled with friends from home. We bring out our station wagon loaded with all kinds of picnic food."

When a driver decides to retire from racing, his wife is seldom anything but thankful. Before the 1957 running at Indianapolis, twenty-year veteran Sam Hanks announced that the race would be his last. When he wound up in the bull pen as the winner, Alice Hanks declared,

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"All the money in the world can't make me as happy as seeing my husband walk out of his car. Racing has been good to us, but I do worry when Sam's at the wheel."

Mrs. Jud Larson openly campaigned to get her husband to quit after they became parents. "I love the excitement of race tracks and fast-moving cars," she said. "But I'd give it all up to have Jud home safe with me constantly. In the first four years we were married, I had terrorizing moments at least once a year when he was in accidents. Now, with a young daughter to worry about, my concern has increased. I keep trying to talk Jud out of racing." Not long ago Larson did retire, after being a race driver for eighteen of his thirty-six years.

Another woman who recently experienced this same relief was Mrs. Johnnie Parsons, wife of a past Indianapolis champion. Soon after Johnnie's retirement she was among those introduced at a banquet of racing people. She arose and identified herself, "Lila Parsons, spectator." She sat down to sympathetic applause.

Her husband was still racing in 1958 when a multiple smashup occurred on the opening lap at Indianapolis. The accident involved sixteen cars and took the life of one driver, Pat O'Connor.

Lila Parsons was sitting with Ann O'Connor that day. Less than a minute after the start of the race, with the cars out of view of the stands, the yellow lights went on. Both women watched tensely for the decimated field to come into sight again. When neither of their husbands appeared—Johnnie Parsons had been temporarily halted by the crash, although he resumed and finished twelfth—Mrs. Parsons and Mrs. O'Connor hurried out to the infield hospital.

Somebody yelled to Lila Parsons that Johnnie was already back in the race, but she refused to believe it. She went on with Ann O'Connor to the hospital, where a number of wives gathered outside the door. Lila and Ann were pushed back roughly with the others as an unidentified, blanket-covered body was wheeled silently past them.

Later that afternoon Lila Parsons was still shaken as she described the experience. "Ann and I kept asking, 'Which one? Which one?' They wouldn't tell us. We knew someone was gone.

"Then Caroline Hartley"—another driver's wife—"came over. She separated Ann and me, and she said to her, 'It's Pat, Ann.' I just can't describe it. If I lived a thousand years I wouldn't be able to tell how it felt."

Ann O'Connor walked bravely inside the hospital, picked up a telephone and called her mother. Her first words were "Mother, he's gone." And then, "It's all right, mother. We still have Jeffrey"—her eighteen-month-old son.

As saddened relatives gathered around to comfort her, Ann O'Connor begged them, "Please don't take me to him. I don't want to go to a mortuary. Take me home. I want to be with my baby."

Nearly four hours later the race was won by Jimmy Bryan. As Mrs. Bryan made her way toward the bull pen to welcome him, she asked, "Has anyone heard any more news about Ann O'Connor?"

This is the sort of compassion that binds the Indianapolis drivers' wives. Helen Amick, whose husband George was killed at another track—Daytona Beach—has remained among racing people, taking a job in the Indianapolis Speedway office. "The racing fraternity is just one big family," she says. "I feel so at home. In this business, sure there's competition, but when the chips are down—I've never known such love and kindness in my whole life."

Of the thirty-three starters at Indianapolis last year, all but three were married, and they had a total of fifty-eight children among them. The families visit one another frequently. All the wives travel as much as possible with their peripatetic husbands. At Indianapolis they share the public eye with the men, staging such group events as luncheons and style shows. Many of them are exceptionally chic and poised.

This is the world Jo Ward has come to know and love in the five years since she married Rodger Ward, last year's Indianapolis winner. Rodger had to survive a great many rough knocks to achieve his present status. So did his wife.

Jo Ward is petite—five feet three inches, 109 pounds, with alert dark-brown eyes and black hair. She was born Jo Walton, one of three children of an Army master sergeant. Her parents separated when Jo was very young, and she was reared by her mother and an aunt and uncle in Long Beach, California. She went through high school there, then had three years at the University of Southern California. After that she held a variety of office jobs.

During World War II—in which her future husband served as a pilot—she was handling troop-movement lists in the G-2 section of the Army in Los Angeles. One night an intruder broke into her home and beat her savagely over the head. Police believed that the assailant, who was never caught, was after the troop rosters. In any event, eighty stitches were needed to close Jo's wounds. She was in a hospital for three weeks with military guards posted outside her door.

Jo met Rodger Ward for the first time after the war. (*Continued on Page 106*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Very little escapes his watchful eye."

ON-THE-SPOT REPORT

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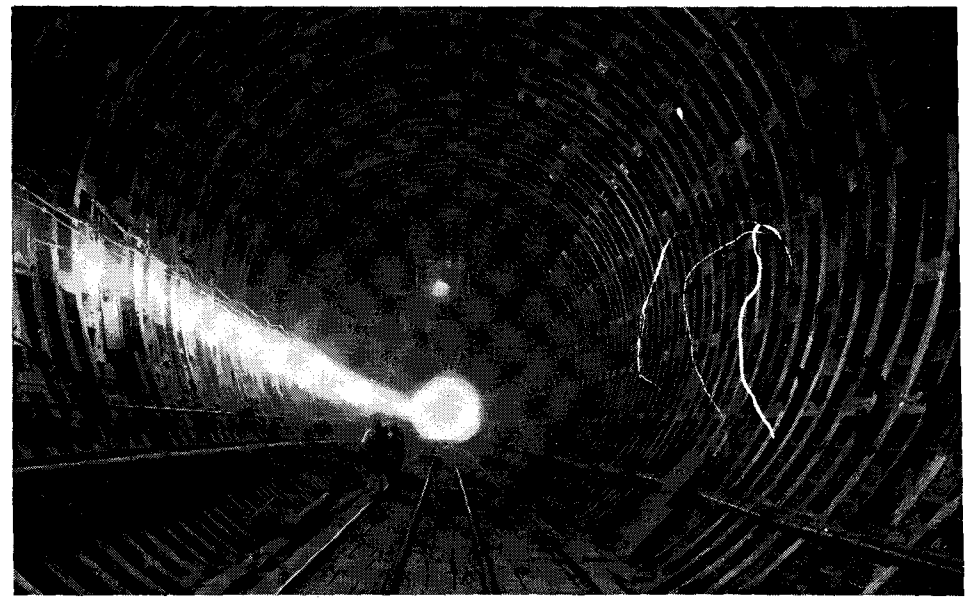

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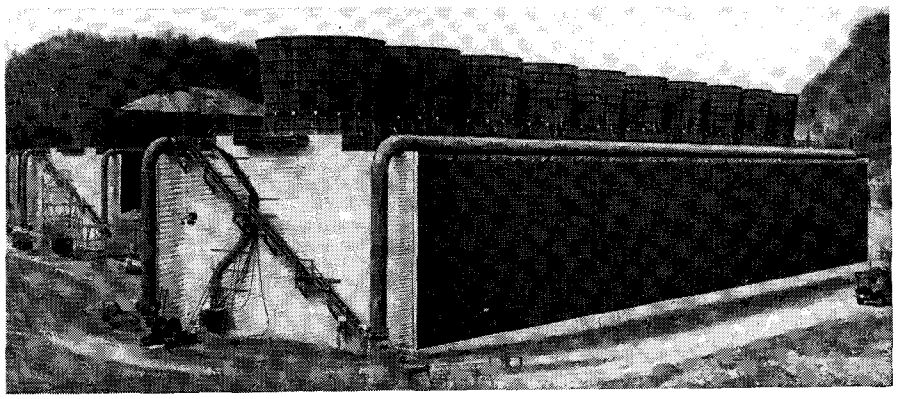

Lumber gets vaccinated against fungus decay

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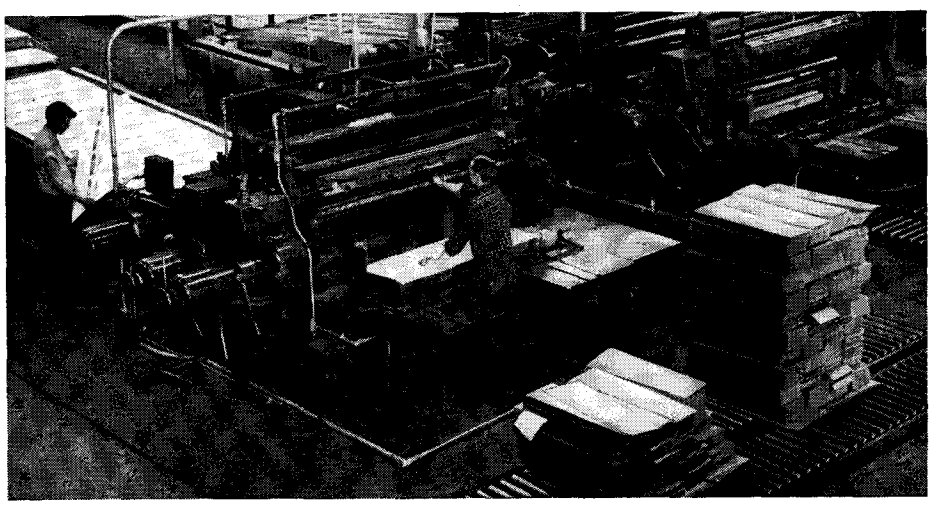

New machine makes enough corrugated board every day to package the Empire State Building

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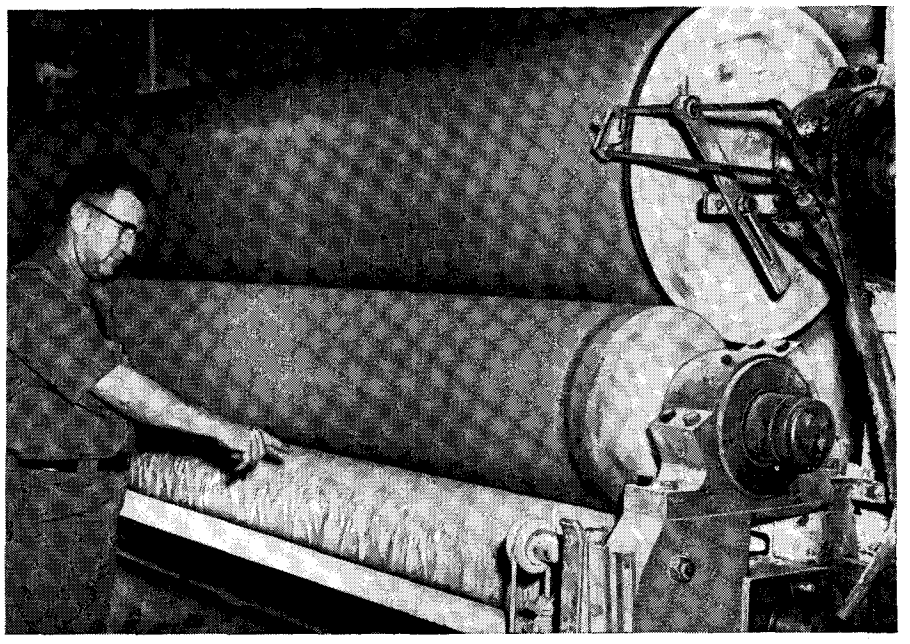
The three Hooper-Swift printer-slotter machines print more than 650 sheets every minute!

Hooper-Swift equipment is designed and manufactured by the Container Machinery Department of Koppers Metal Products Division. AMERICAN BOX CORPORATION describes the machines as the finest that modern engineering has developed. We'll be glad to send you all the details. Check the coupon.



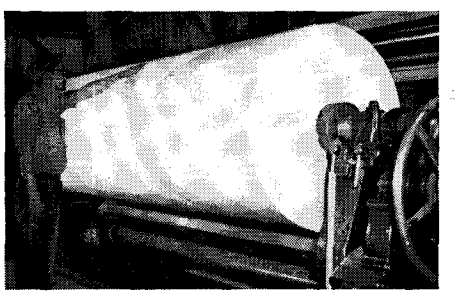
DYLEX® Latex improves uality of enamel paper

Enamel paper coated with DYLEX latices ideal for modern, high speed printing esses. This styrene-butadiene latex coatg gives the paper greater resistance to rface rupture, higher gloss, and smoother rface which results in better printing production.

WEST VIRGINIA PULP AND PAPER, a oneer in machine coating, is a top proicer of enamel coated paper. They use yrene-butadiene latices as an additive in e machine coating operation to improve e quality of the surface of the paper. Use these latices has made it possible to oduce a higher quality enamel paper an could be made in the past.

Production supervisors at the WESTVACO Fine Papers Division plant, Luke, Maryland, report that they are pleased with the uniformity of DYLEX Latex and its compatibility with other coating materials. This plant will soon double its capacity with the addition of two giant fine paper making machines of the most advanced design.

Koppers supplies a complete series of DYLEX latices for the paper industry. Check the coupon for complete information.

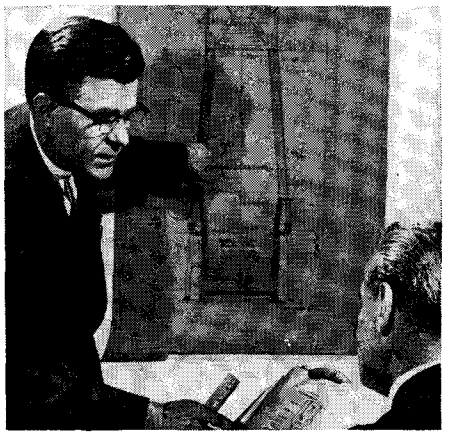


Koppers new blast furnace design doubles pig iron output

Ever notice that some people produce better under pressure? Blast furnaces are that way—when they're built right. Koppers Engineering and Construction Division has designed an ultra-high-pressure blast furnace to operate at a top pressure of 40 pounds per square inch—about four times greater than any blast furnace in the country. It is expected to produce twice as much pig iron as a furnace of comparable size operated at the normal pressure of about two pounds per square inch.

The principle is fairly simple. The increased pressure serves to accelerate the chemical reaction within the blast furnace, so that the coke-ore-limestone mixture burns and melts down more quickly.

To release the 100% increase in molten iron, the furnace has two tap holes instead of the conventional single tap. And the furnace itself, the hot blast stoves and other facilities are all built as pressure vessels.



The ultra-high-pressure furnace is designed to increase pig iron output 100%, yet it costs only about 25% more than a conventional furnace. And direct labor costs required to produce a ton of metal are reduced 30 to 35%.

If your interests lie in the steel industry, you'll want more information on the Koppers ultra-high-pressure blast furnace. Check the coupon.

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- ☐ Ultra-High-Pressure Blast Furnaces
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- ☐ Pressure-Treated Wood
- ☐ DYLEX® Latex for Paper

1-3

Name_____

Company_____

Job Title_____

Address_____

City_____ **Zone**___ **State**_____

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(*Continued from Page 104*) Their romance was brief. Thinking it finished, she went back into civil-service work with Army G-2 and was assigned to Tokyo. She fell in love with Japan and was enthusiastic about her work, but after eighteen months she contracted tuberculosis.

Then came three years in a sanatorium in California. Rodger, who was busy on race tracks around the country, called on her only once during this time, but she had frequent visits from an unwelcome suitor who falsely spread the story that Jo was engaged to him.

After she got out of the sanatorium in 1955 Jo began keeping company with Rodger Ward again. They were married when his career was at its lowest point.

It was a career Rodger Ward had dreamed of from the time he was a small boy in Los Angeles. "When I was very young," he says, "I thought that race drivers were the roughest, the toughest and the greatest people alive. I wanted to be like them. I shouldn't admit this now, but at fourteen I put my first car together out of junk parts and raced another kid down back streets at night.

"It started because I loved the thought of the competition. It wasn't the speed. Speed alone doesn't thrill me. It's getting into a car and beating someone. It's just a great feeling.

"And then I race because I want to be famous. Maybe I shouldn't admit that either, but I'm a complete ham. I want to be recognized. And to tell the truth, I race because I don't like to work. I like the free time that racing provides me."

Rodger has had some close brushes with death since he launched into race driving in earnest after World War II. His most severe injuries came in a midget-car race in San Diego eleven years ago. Ward's machine tangled with another, overturned and went tumbling off the course. He suffered a concussion, a broken right shoulder, a broken right arm and three broken ribs.

His most frightening experience occurred a year ago. The car he was driving at the new Daytona Beach Speedway went out of control at 170 miles an hour for no apparent reason. Somehow he pulled through without serious damage, although his racer bounced off the cement wall at the top of the track and then was knocked down to the bottom by another car.

In between these two accidents came a grim one at Indianapolis in 1955. An axle broke on Ward's car as he was going 160 miles an hour on the backstretch, and the car flipped over three times. When it was all over, he miraculously walked away with only a small cut on his nose, but others had not been so lucky. An alarmed rookie driver following Ward had braked and gone into a spin. The rookie had hit another car and knocked it into the path of Bill Vukovich—perhaps the greatest Indianapolis driver of all time—who was trying for his third straight victory in the classic. Vukovich was catapulted over the retaining rail, crashing to his death. Rodger Ward, who idolized Vukovich, was stunned by the tragedy.

Rodger was then courting Jo. She had come out to Indianapolis for the race. Three weeks later they were married. It was the second marriage for Rodger, who had been divorced some years before from his first wife. They had two sons—Charles, now eighteen, and David, fifteen.

His marriage to Jo was about the only good thing that happened to Rodger that summer of 1955. His career had been going badly since 1953. To supplement his meager earnings at the tracks, he joined an auto thrill show. During the off season he switched with little success to selling used cars. For several months Rodger and Jo could barely manage a food budget of four dollars a week. They existed mostly on a hamburger diet.

Jo brought to their marriage an unassailable optimism and a strong religious faith. All this had its effect on Rodger. Previously he had worked strenuously at being a playboy away from the track. On his first New Year's Eve with Jo he poured out his drink at a party and emptied his pockets of cigarettes. He hasn't used liquor or tobacco since.

Coincidentally or not, his fortunes began to turn for the better the very next year. After five previous failures to finish at Indianapolis, Rodger went the route and placed eighth. For the entire 1956 season he ranked eighth among the country's drivers in the national point standings. In 1957 he won three major events, more than any other driver. By 1958 he had moved up to fifth place in the final point standings. Last year he was top man both at Indianapolis and in over-all money winnings. He won ten out of twenty-eight races, was second in six others and finished third three times.

This brought in a total of $154,804 in purses, of which Rodger collected $66,802, with the rest going to owner Bob Wilke and mechanic A. J. Watson, who, respectively, financed and built the car Ward drives. Appearance fees, endorsements and off-season work with an auto-accessory company swelled Rodger's total earnings for the year to about $100,000.

He gives much of the credit for his upswing to the changed outlook on life that Jo has instilled in him. She demurs, "A wife cannot change a husband unless he wants to change."

This year Rodger Ward scored an early victory in the United States Auto Club's 100-mile national championship event at Trenton, New Jersey, on April tenth. This is a so-called big-car race, as is the 500-mile Indianapolis classic. However, Ward does not limit himself to this branch of racing. Along with traveling the United States Auto Club circuit, he sandwiches in some of the stock-car competition he especially enjoys, and finds time for some of the midget-car racing on which he and most of the other pros have been weaned.

Ward also ventured into the sports-car field one balmy afternoon last July at Lime Rock, Connecticut. There Rodger startled the sports-car set by winning a 150-mile free-formula race. He won in a midget car, armed only with a single gear and a single-mindedness about passing people indiscriminately.

Discussing the differences between big-car and sports-car racing, Rodger says, "At Indianapolis the cornering is vital. It's all left turns, of course, but when we go through turns, it's at terrific speeds, and there are four of them in one lap. The difference between a good lap and a slow one is measured in hundredths of a second through those turns.

"In sports-car racing you slow down for corners and make it up in the way you accelerate out of them. True, the sports-car driver has to practice on a variety of turns, but he has none that go as fast as ours.

"Nasty remarks are made between our two groups," Ward goes on, "but that's not the way drivers in the heart of the sport really feel on either side. That sort of thing originates with the fringe people. Of course, when we Indianapolis drivers hear or read criticisms from the sports-car crowd, we try to think of something to slam back at them. What irritates us most is to have people regard us as bums just because we take money for racing."

Racing is a business to Rodger Ward. In making a success of it, he is helped in a variety of ways by his wife. Jo is his constant companion and faithful secretary, even taking dictation in their car as they crisscross from Sacramento to Havana to Trenton to keep racing dates. She packs their luggage with practiced skill, knowing exactly what they will need to live out of suitcases for a given number of days or weeks.

Extremely well-groomed herself, Jo Ward is at pains to dispel any notion that race drivers are characters in rumpled sport shirts. She supervises Rodger's wardrobe, which is one of the most elegant in racing circles. It includes cashmere sport jackets and a tuxedo with a touch of gold threading in the lapels.

Rodger Ward had less formal education than his wife. He finished high school, and later took an intensified course at Creighton University to qualify for World War II pilot training. In any event, he is an articulate, outgoing man with the knack of mixing with people. His fellow drivers consider him their best good-will ambassador in years.

Jo has an equally strong sense of public relations. Together they sent Christmas cards last year with lengthy personal messages of thanks to more than 200 writers and broadcasters who had said nice things about Rodger.

Now that the Wards have attained financial prosperity, they are generous in bestowing gifts upon friends. As a further demonstration of their gratitude, they tithe their winnings with the church. A number of different churches have benefited.

Jo is a member of the Society of Friends; Rodger is not formally affiliated with any religious faith. However, he has become increasingly interested in the subject since his marriage. He and Jo frequently go together to the Speedway Christian Church.

When the racing season finally comes to a halt in the winter, they settle down in a new ten-room, split-level house in the Indianapolis suburbs, just two miles from the race track. There Jo has an opportunity to satisfy her domestic instincts, and Rodger to relax and enjoy himself.

Both at home in the winter and on the road during the racing season, Jo Ward maintains a serenity that would do credit to a wife whose husband was in a perfectly safe line of work. She says, "Rodg has told me that if anything ever happens to him, I should not become hysterical. His life, or some other driver's, might be endangered if the doctor had to take time out to calm me down. He doesn't want me to make any scene in the hospital if I should have to go there. I've promised him that I won't." THE END

NEXT WEEK

WHY I'LL NEVER LEAVE MY MISSISSIPPI HOME
By Hodding Carter

A VISIT WITH JASCHA HEIFETZ
By Don Murray

IN COLOR:
MICHIGAN'S MACKINAC ISLAND

AMERICA'S MOST MISERABLE CITIZENS:
THE PLIGHT OF THE HILL PEOPLE
By Jerome Ellison

NICE GUYS AT HOME, BOORS ABROAD:
THE TROUBLE WITH AMERICAN TOURISTS
By Toni Howard

A NEW PERRY MASON MYSTERY
BY ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

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The turn in the road will take you on to other quiet, peaceful villages like Buckland-in-the-Moor.

Fastest service to Europe -
10¾ hours from the West Coast on Pan Am's Jet Polar Route

International travelers can now fly Jet Clippers* to Europe from Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland and Seattle—in as little as 10¾ hours.

Pan Am Jets fly *direct* from all four gateway cities to London; and now you can also fly Pan American's Jet Polar service from California to Paris, too.

Serene in the hands of the world's most experienced airline, you fly at speeds up to 600 miles an hour aboard the biggest, fastest and most powerful over-ocean fleet of Jets anywhere in the world.

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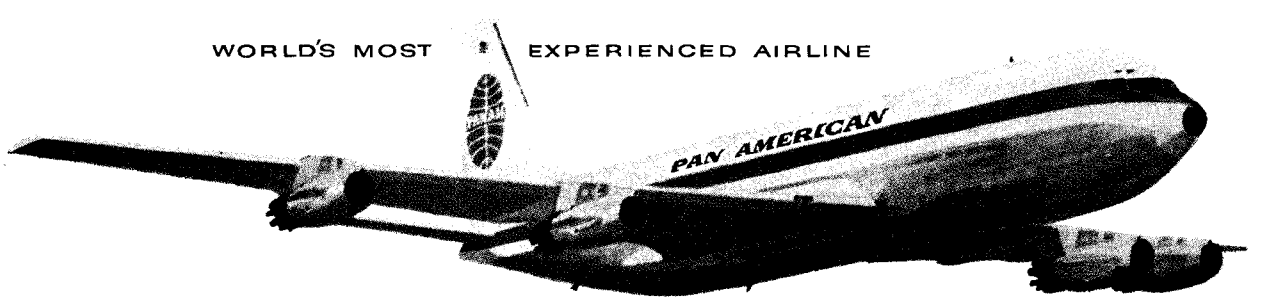
*Trade-Mark, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



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Indestructible Glamour Girl

(Continued from Page 20)

Loretta's regal entrance on her program—one of the most elegant openings in television—is a calculated gambit which she likes to call her "corporate image." For a breathless moment she is a queenly beauty in a $500 gown, as glossy as polished jade and equally beyond attainment.

But off stage Loretta seems equally showcased, and she rarely permits her disciples to get a close look. One jaundiced observer, a gag writer for one of Hollywood's top comedians, once dreamed up a contest in which his first prize was announced as "a small pan of water Loretta Young has walked on."

Unlike other stars, Loretta carefully avoids parties, banquets, benefits and other events where the image might be too closely scrutinized and thus reflect some disillusioning earthy qualities. There are "No Visitors" signs on her set at the Sam Goldwyn studio where she works. She is rarely seen at home by newspaper or magazine writers and, until I came along, she had never permitted a recorded interview. All of Loretta's public contacts are carefully screened or supervised by Miss Helen Ferguson, a former actress who is now her dedicated press agent. Miss Ferguson has been quoted as saying, "I can give a better Loretta Young interview than Loretta herself." This is not entirely hyperbole, for Miss Ferguson has written more than 1,000,000 inspiring words about her client, and her nineteen-year association with the star enables her to quote Loretta faithfully on any given subject. Miss Ferguson answers mail for her, and she has become so skilled at forging Loretta's signature on letters and photographs that the star can no longer tell the phony writing from her own.

Loretta has only two or three close personal friends, none of whom are in show business. They are among the few people allowed to break into her incredibly tight schedule, or to see her with the mask off. One of them, Mrs. Josephine Wayne, former wife of actor John Wayne, has known Loretta for some forty years and is under the impression that the actress has successfully fooled her public.

Many people suspect that behind today's shimmering façade Loretta is insecure and afraid to make a move that would lead to awkward intimacies with her fans. Mrs. Wayne scoffs at this belief. She says, "Loretta can really laugh at herself. She'll tell us, 'Well, I'm a star and they expect me to act like a star.' It's actually a big act she puts on, and those of us who know her know that she's putting on this act."

From the physical standpoint Loretta certainly has nothing to fear. After forty-three years before the cameras—she started at the age of four—she shows no wear at all. The skin on the famous face with the enormous blue-gray eyes is taut and unlined, and off the set she uses no make-up except lipstick. There are no betraying wrinkles around the eyes, ears or neck, and her brown hair, which a *coiffeuse* brushes with corn meal once a week, needs no dye to keep it bright. Her square white teeth glisten as evenly as the keys of a new piano, although she waited until she was twenty-seven before having them straightened and still wears a gold retaining band on them, which she removes only when the cameras roll.

Some Hollywood cynics, understandably jealous of Loretta's durable epidermis, periodically spread the gossip that she has had her face lifted, or has gone into seclusion for additional repairs. The day I first called on Loretta at home, for instance, the phone was jumping with calls from wire-service reporters who insisted she was at that moment in Grand Rapids, Michigan, getting a retread from a noted plastic surgeon.

Loretta's home is a one-story, flat-roofed building with ten rooms—she calls it an apartment—at 1308 North Flores Street in Hollywood, a neighborhood no longer considered elegant. It is boxed in by three other apartment buildings, all owned by Loretta. A block away is the glittering serpentine of the famed Sunset Strip. She has no private driveway and no locked gate, and the only concession to her station is a massive black front door with brass fittings.

The high-ceilinged living room, which at first glance suggests a small auditorium, was planned for Loretta by her mother, Gladys Royal Belzer, who runs an interior-decorating business. The *décor* is a fitting frame for a star—black and white walls, massive furniture, a marble fireplace, one solid wall of leather-bound books which look as though they were never disturbed, a black grand piano. The house, modest by Hollywood standards, is run for Loretta by her housekeeper, Miss Mary Coney, who is assisted by a cook, a maid and a handyman.

These people not only protect Loretta for the few hours a day she spends at home but also share the perhaps uneasy responsibility of keeping an eye on her dazzling collection of more than 1000 dresses and gowns, all exclusive and costly, and her personal jewelry. Among the more expensive trinkets in Loretta's jewelry box is a pair of emerald earrings which once belonged to the queen mother of Egypt and are said to be worth $75,000.

Currently there is no man of the house. Tom Lewis, an advertising-agency executive who married Loretta in July, 1940, now lives in New York, and the separation is one of those embarrassing situations which her associates and advisers find hard to explain. Lewis moved out two years ago. One of their sons, fifteen-year-old Christopher, lives with Lewis. The other boy, Peter, fourteen, stayed in Hollywood with Loretta. Loretta will not discuss the problem at all, but friends say neither she nor Lewis will ever ask for a divorce.

On the surface, at least, the absence of a husband has not noticeably slowed the onward and upward march of Loretta's career, and in any case her schedule does not permit the luxury of a real home life.

Loretta is busy from dawn to dusk, seven days a week, with rehearsals, story conferences, legal meetings, portrait sittings, screenings, agency sessions and a dozen other activities. When she gets home at night there is barely time to gulp down vitamins—"I take them like mad three times a day," she says—grab a quick bite and fall into bed.

Once long ago Loretta's mother quoted a little homily which went like this: "Seven hours' sleep for a man, eight for a woman, nine for a fool." "This makes me a blithering idiot," Loretta says wryly, "because I need ten hours."

They are not always restful hours, however. Her sleep is often broken by a recurring nightmare. In this frightening dream she sees an enormous sphere floating down as though to crush her, and she has to hold it off with outstretched arms. "It never gets me down," she says, "and yet I never quite get rid of it. It is a constant weight, and it's terribly heavy." Loretta has never undergone psychoanalysis, nor has she tried to interpret the dream.

Loretta's nervous mechanism is further irritated by the fact that she is a chain smoker. She is also so notoriously averse to physical exercise that the point is mentioned in her official biography, which quotes her husband as saying, "Loretta wouldn't walk across the room if she could get a ride." Some years ago one of her physicians brusquely said, "Listen! Your stomach is in a knot before you have dinner, and you just don't relax. You should have at least one drink before dinner, whether you like it or not." Loretta yielded, and has been taking a couple of predinner drinks ever since, but this indulgence is never publicized.

A year or two ago she appeared in a teleplay—based on a *Saturday Evening Post* story—about a married couple who send their children away in an attempt to be alone and recapture the romance of their courtship. Among other things, they celebrated the occasion by drinking a bottle of champagne. Shortly after the program ran, Loretta was stunned and pained by a deluge of scolding letters from members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Her second reaction, though, was one of anger. "There's nothing immoral about liquor if it's properly used," she says. "These people are looking at an isolated bit. They don't see the whole picture." Oddly enough, when Loretta subsequently played a dipsomaniac in another TV film, there were no protesting letters at all, an anomaly that has puzzled her ever since.

There may be some irony in the fact that Loretta, who bristles when outsiders criticize either her personal behavior or that of some character she plays, cracked down for years on actors, directors and other associates who used cuss words in her presence. She installed a "Swear Box" on the set, and compelled offenders to pay fines. "Hell" and "damn," for instance, were twenty-five-cent penalties, and stronger phrases cost fifty cents. One actor, notorious for his oaths, came to work one day and stuffed a ten-dollar bill into the box. "That ought to cover me," he said, "for what I might say today."

Murray Bolen, the Benton and Bowles ad-agency executive assigned to *The Loretta Young Show*, vowed he would never contribute to the box, but last spring, on the last day of his seven-year association with her, he slipped and called someone a damn fool. "Hah!" Loretta cried. "I finally got you!" At last reports, incidentally, the box had yielded more than $5000 for Loretta's favorite charity, the St. Anne's Foundation for unwed mothers in Los Angeles. This represents a minimum of 10,000 swear words, and implies that things have not always been smooth on the set.

Loretta's piety, which irritates some of her associates because, they say, she expects them to behave likewise, occasionally crops out in other directions. One day a year or so ago, for instance, a *Variety* salesman named David Kauffman suddenly found himself acutely *persona non grata* on the Loretta Young set. That day, it seems, the trade paper printed an ad showing partly nude stripper Lili St. Cyr in a bathtub. Loretta, whose indignation can be as hot as a bucket of melted tar, declared that the St. Cyr ad was offensive to public morals, and she chilled Kauffman because he worked for a paper that would run this kind of advertising.

Loretta, of course, has never been photographed nude in a bathtub. Nor has she ever been heard to utter even the tiniest darn. But an examination of her career suggests that there must have been times when she felt like it.

She was born Gretchen Young at 228 J Street in Salt Lake City, Utah, on January 6, 1913. Her father is conspicuously missing from all the authorized biographies, and during the early years of her career, studio publicity departments purposely but falsely identified her mother as a widow. The father was John Earl Young, a traveling railroad auditor, and he simply traveled right out of their lives one day when Loretta was little more than three years old. Mrs. Young was left stranded with four children—Jack, Gretchen, Polly Ann and Betty Jane, who later changed her name to Sally Blane.

Mrs. Young soon left Salt Lake City and moved her brood to Los Angeles, where she had friends and relatives. There Mrs. Young, who seems to have been a talented and determined woman, borrowed $1000 (Continued on Page 111)

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CRUISING. Tireless Sea-Horse 40 makes light of heavy duty, welcomes day-long load lugging. Famous Johnson all-weather dependability.

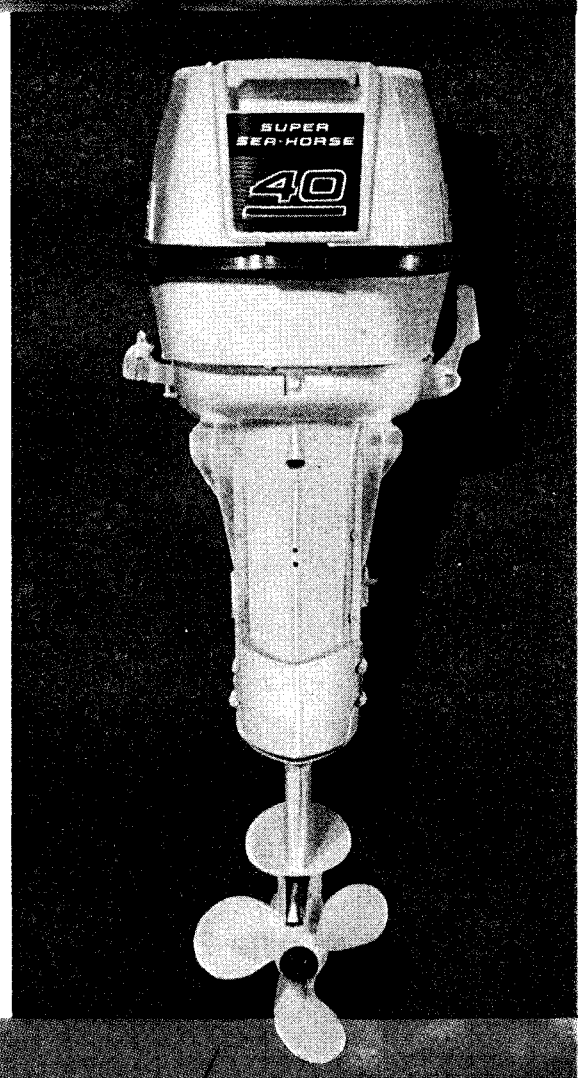
ALL NEW JOHNSON SUPER SEA-HORSE 40

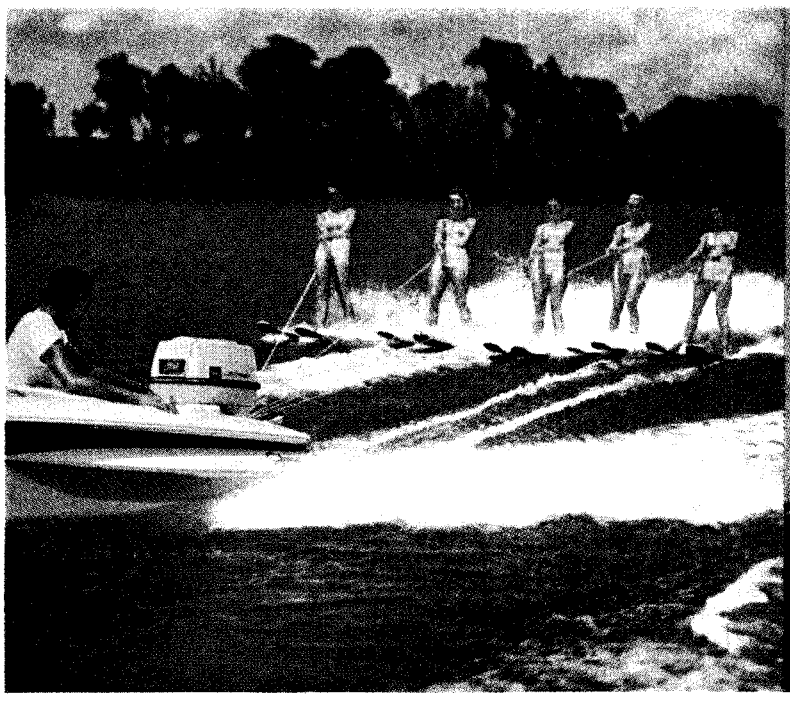
All new, all powerful...and always game for any on-the-water fun!

See the new Sea-Horse 40 and five other new Sea-Horses from 3 to 75 hp at your Johnson Dealer's, listed in the Yellow Pages under "Outboard Motors."

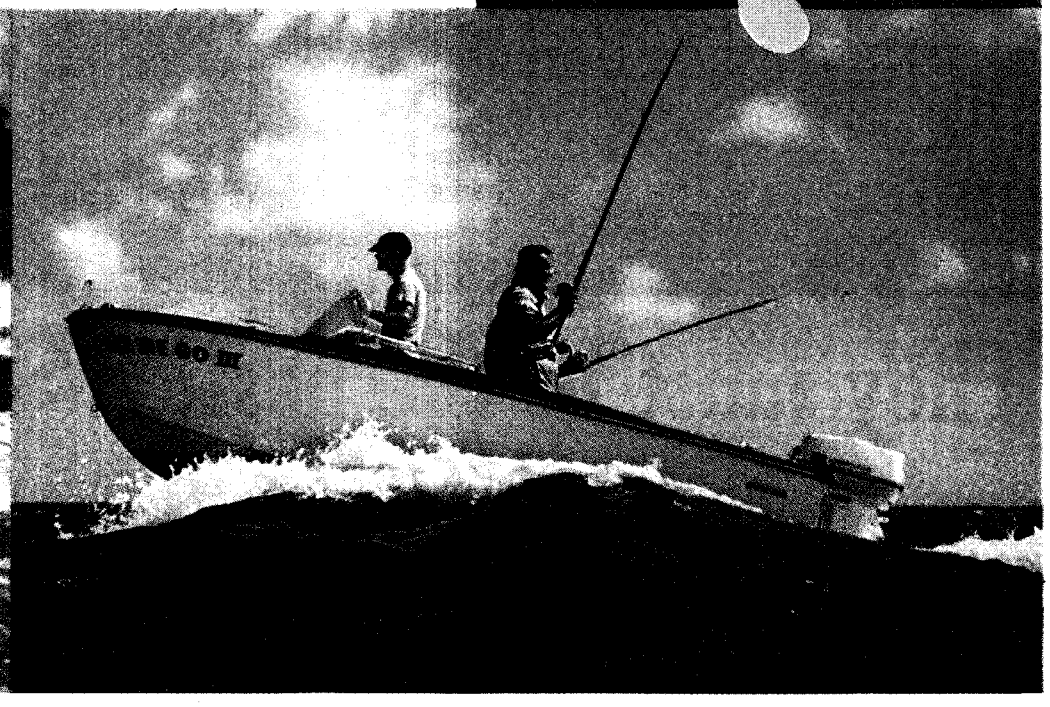
FREE 1960 SEA-HORSE CATALOG! Details on all the newest models. Ask your dealer or write Johnson Motors, 735 Pershing Rd., Waukegan, Ill. (In Canada, Peterborough, Ontario.) A Division of the Outboard Marine Corporation.

SUPER SEA-HORSE 40, electric starting, automatic choke, $640; manual starting, $525. Prices f.o.b. factory, subject to change.





SKIING. No motor has more spirit for the sport! Full 40 hp (O.B.C. certified) to call on for deep-water starts and thrilling speed.



FISHING. Super-silencing system lets you move quickly and quietly. Thermostat-controlled cooling assures smooth performance in warm or frigid water at top speed or trolling.

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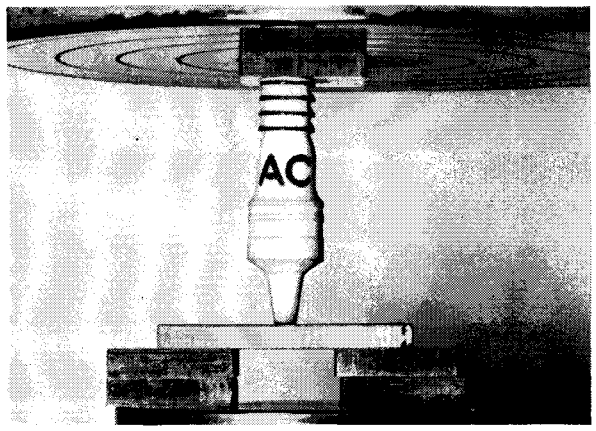
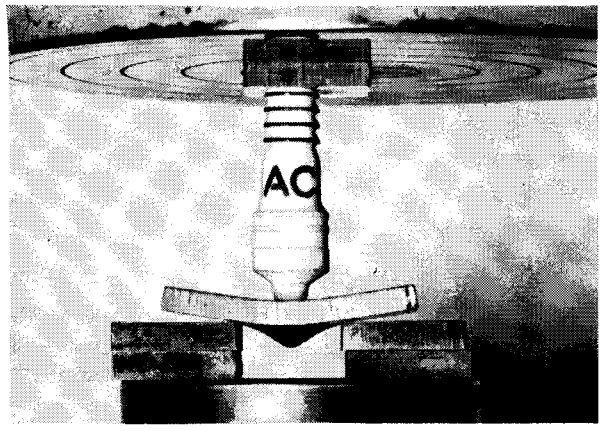
Piercing Proof of Quality!

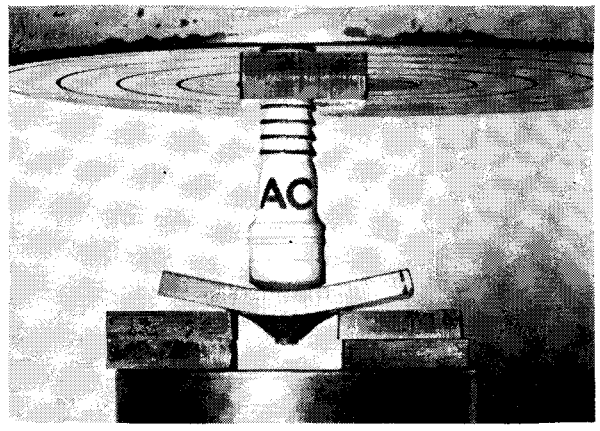
This picture sequence shows the incredible toughness of AC's exclusive "Hot Tip" insulator



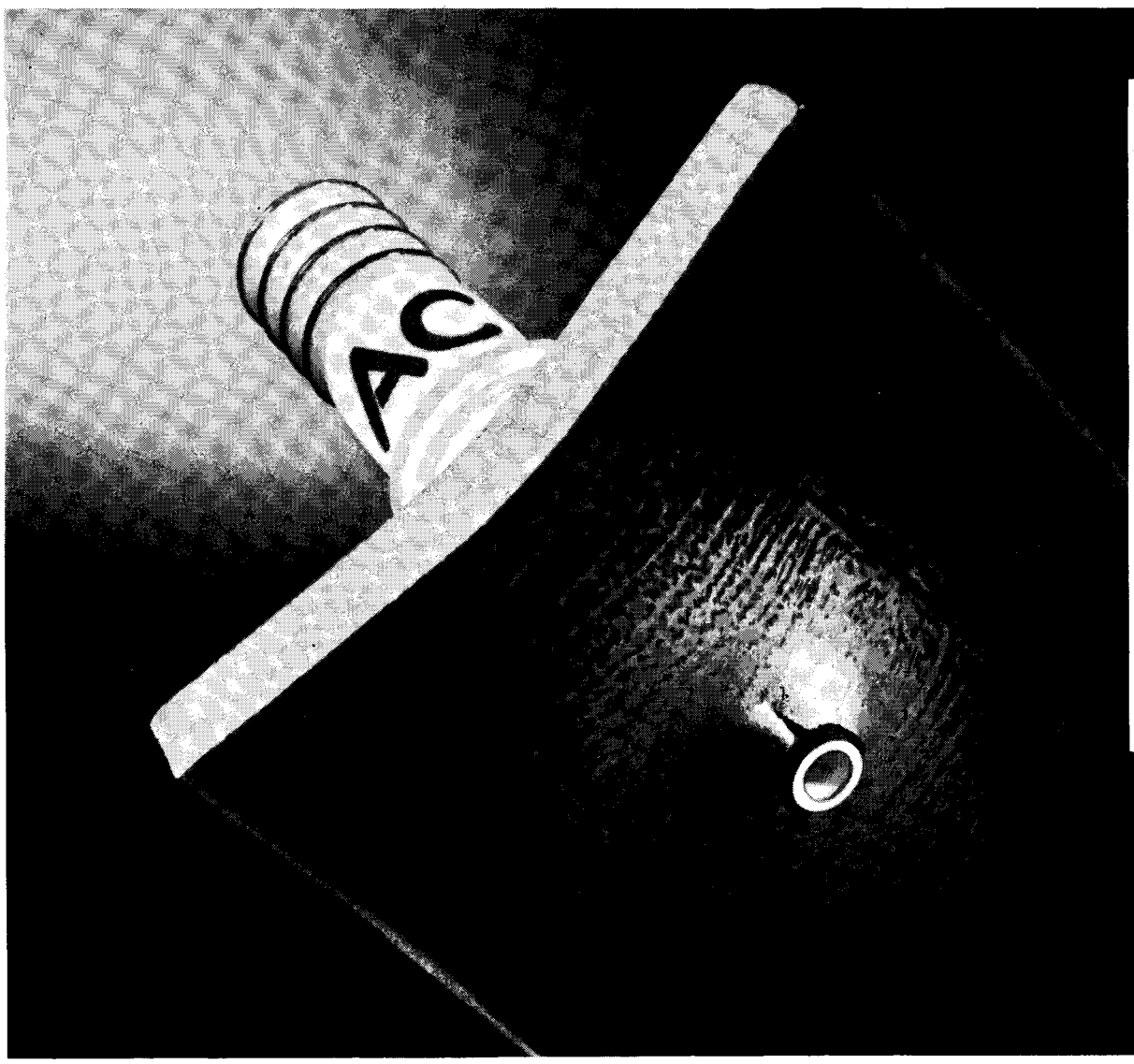
1. Under extreme pressure, the tip is forced down upon a heavy steel plate.



2. The heavy steel plate starts to bend as additional pressure is applied.



3. The thin, tapered AC insulator tip slices through the steel.



4. This close-up shows the tip—still undamaged—after it has pierced the steel.

What does the extreme strength of the AC insulator mean to you? It makes possible the exclusive thin, deeply recessed AC hot tip that heats faster and cools faster to burn off deposits as they form. You get cleaner-burning full power and economy. No wonder ACs are used on more new cars than any other brand, and are *best* for replacement, too. So, when you change spark plugs—at least every 10,000 miles—insist on exclusive extra quality. Ask for ACs.

They must be the best!

New AC Fire-Ring Spark Plugs

AC SPARK PLUG ⚛ THE ELECTRONICS DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

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(*Continued from Page 108*) from a friendly Catholic bishop, persuaded a big department store to let her have furniture on credit and opened a large boarding-house at 9th and Green. All three of the little girls took dancing lessons and were soon enrolled as child extras at the Famous Players-Lasky studio. "I was a born show-off," Loretta says, "and any time people would give me five minutes I would perform for them."

Loretta was four when she got a bit part in a picture starring Fanny Ward, and thereafter she and her sisters often took jobs as extras. When Loretta was twelve she took a phone call intended for Polly Ann, and persuaded Mervyn LeRoy, the caller, to give her a part in *Naughty, But Nice*, starring Colleen Moore. Miss Moore said the name Gretch was "too Dutchy," and called her Loretta.

In 1928, by which time she was an accomplished ballet dancer, Loretta was chosen for a costarring role with the great Lon Chaney in *Laugh, Clown, Laugh.* Only fifteen at the time, she played her part wearing a sort of union suit with pads on her skinny legs and built-in falsies, and to further the deception the studio flacks added three years to her age. Nature soon filled her out, and she has since needed no padding anywhere.

A few years before the Chaney picture Mrs. Young had married George Belzer, a Los Angeles businessman, and they had a daughter, Georgiana, who is now Mrs. Ricardo Montalban.

One day, when Loretta was twenty-six, she and the other children were summoned home for an emergency meeting by their mother. Mrs. Belzer gravely told them their father, whom she believed to be dead, had suddenly turned up alive, claiming to have suffered from amnesia. He was living in Pasadena, where he was known as John Earl, and he needed money to replace an old artificial leg that had worn out.

Loretta recalls that she was angry and said, "No, not a dime. Not one cent. He walked away from you, and that's it!"

"No," Mrs. Belzer replied. "I'm sorry, but he is your father, and whether you want to or not, we're going to take care of him. You can afford it."

Thereafter Loretta and the others regularly sent checks to their father through an intermediary, but they never saw him again. He died in June, 1948, and was buried as John Earl. There is no doubt that the tragedy of the father had a profound impact on them all, and Loretta has never quite stopped brooding about it. "I'm sorry that I sat in judgment on him," she says now. "This is one of those things I wish I could do over again. Frankly I brushed him off, and I think this was unforgivable for all of us."

Earl Young's return from the dead was such a shock to Mrs. Belzer, incidentally, that she and her husband separated and have not lived together since.

In January, 1930, when Loretta was just seventeen and had already starred in eleven big pictures, she eloped to Yuma, Arizona, with Grant Withers, who was also a star and considerably older.

This impetuous but ill-advised romance cracked up eight months later, and in September, 1931, Loretta was granted a divorce after testifying that Withers couldn't or wouldn't pay the grocery bills. Last year, when Withers died, Loretta referred to him as "the most bewildered man I ever knew," and sent a wreath to the funeral with a chaste card on which she signed her name as Loretta Y. Lewis.

For the next nine years Loretta was seen with nearly every eligible male star in Hollywood. She was courted by Clark Gable, Tyrone Power, George Brent and many others, including director Eddie Sutherland. When she and Sutherland parted, he said with some bitterness, "Loretta idealizes, and she is rebuffed by the slightest intimacy. A platonic love would suit her, I think. I hope she marries again. When real love comes along, perhaps she will not be so finicky."

Looking back on the romance now, Loretta says, "I don't blame him. He was and is a perfectly darling man, but I just didn't want to get married. I wasn't especially in love with him. I was in love with love."

The fact is that at the time Loretta was in love with a certain he-man star, and one of the more provocative documents in the Young dossier is an article she published under her own name, titled, *Why I Can't Marry the Man I Love.* The reason she couldn't marry him, it seems, was that he already had a wife.

Among others, David Niven has sweetly nostalgic memories of that period during the early '30's when, young, unknown and broke, he was a house guest at the Young home for almost four months. "Those girls were wonderful to me, and I was in love with all of them at once," he says. Later when Niven learned to act, Loretta remembered that early friendship by having him as the costar in four of her pictures.

Loretta's phenomenal rise to the milky way was not without a sour turn here and there. She had an unfortunate romance with a playboy financier named William P. Buckner who went to prison for mail fraud even though Loretta, fiercely loyal and undeterred by the publicity, testified in his behalf. Shortly after this unhappy experience she finished *The Story of Alexander Graham Bell* and celebrated the event by ending her long professional association with Darryl Zanuck at Twentieth Century-Fox.

Her departure from Fox prompted columnist Jimmie Fidler to write, "Today's horrible lesson in greed is Loretta Young," but Loretta herself says money had nothing to do with it. She had made fourteen successive more or less stereotyped pictures for Fox, quarreling with Zanuck through every foot of film, and finally said, "Darryl, I won't work with you another day."

"Why?" Zanuck asked.

"Because, among other things," she said with complete feminine logic, "I've worked for you all these years, and you never once sent me a bouquet of flowers."

Ten years later, after Loretta had won an Academy Award in *The Farmer's Daughter* for RKO, she ended what she now calls "a silly feud with the man I thought was my one big enemy," and went back to Fox. Her dressing room, she says with a sly smile, was loaded with red roses sent by Zanuck.

Producer Sam Engel, who is still at Fox, remembers Loretta as a woman who was the quintessence of the traditional motion-picture star, even though he found her hard to handle. "I would go each morning to her house," he says, "and we would have some good knock-down drag-outs over certain things. Invariably we surmounted every roadblock she threw, roadblocks that at times appeared to me to be selfish. Sometimes I was incapable of understanding what the hell she was getting at because she was not articulate enough to tell me."

Nowadays, when there is friction in her relations with other people, Loretta thinks about a young rival actress for whom she had an intense dislike many years ago.

"You know what's the matter with you, Gretch?" her mother said one day. "You're jealous of this girl."

"I am not!" Loretta snapped.

"Oh, yes you are," Mrs. Belzer said. "That's why you can't stand her. So if you're smart you won't let this bitterness grow, because it will eat you alive inside. If you're really smart, you'll find one good quality this girl has and dwell on it."

Loretta had to remember her mother's advice again just recently when friends reported that a big-name actress—they did not identify her—had referred to Loretta as "a chocolate-covered black-widow spider." Loretta was so amused by this barbed description—or so she says—that she told the story to the crew at her studio. Now, when the cameras are waiting, producer John London calls out: "O.K. We're ready for the chocolate-covered black-widow spider." Loretta, willing to turn the other cheek, says: "No one seems willing to tell me the name of the woman who is supposed to have made this remark. But I think I know who might have said it. And what's more, she may be right."

Loretta made her last motion picture in 1953, a (*Continued on Page 113*)

"Must your mother always interfere like this?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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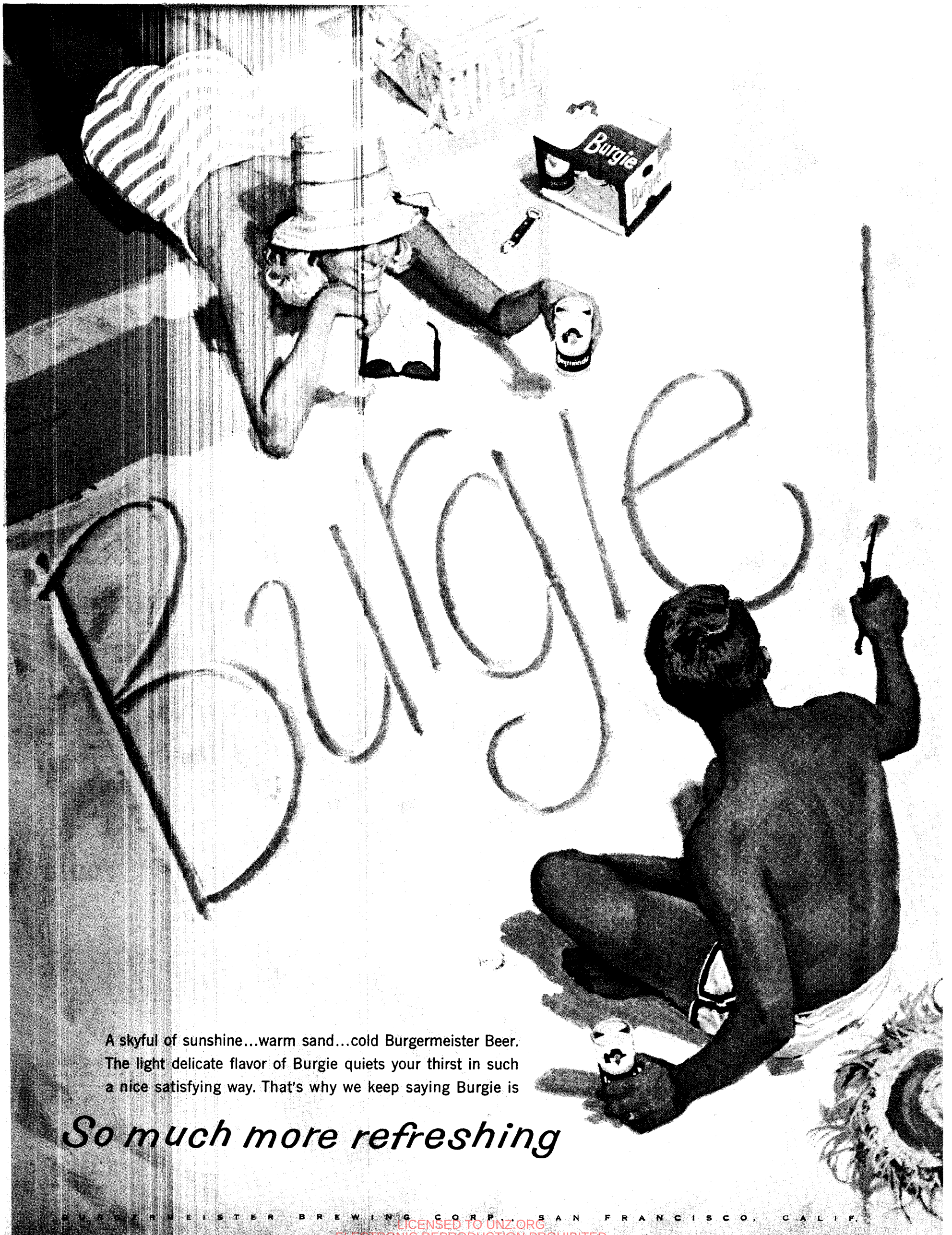

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(*Continued from Page 111*) trifling production called *It Happens Every Thursday*, and in the spring of the same year she formed Lewislor Enterprises with her husband. That September she made her TV debut.

The Loretta Young Show did not immediately bowl over the critics. One reviewer, John Lester, saw three of the programs and reported, "The first show was a disappointment. It was downright inferior. Oddly enough, the best part of Miss Young's shows to date has been the commercial. She sells boxes of soap with such class that the viewer can't resist buying the product. Loved her and her soap, didn't like her show at all."

Today, after 240 filmed shows—Loretta played the lead in 148 of these—the program is considered a minor sort of miracle even by ad-agency people.

Murray Bolen confesses that he was surprised at her durability. "If you saw her scripts on some other show," he says, "you'd throw them out. My boys would read these scripts and say, 'Ye gods, where's this junk coming from? It's awful.' But when Loretta did these stories, she always bailed them out. She just kept plowing along, and frankly we were amazed."

Loretta was nominated for her first Emmy only a few months after her debut. In 1954 she won the award as "best actress in a regular series," and repeated the victory in 1956 and 1958. Her cameraman, Norbert Brodine, won an Emmy for the show in 1957. Last year, when the experts expected the program to show a decline, Loretta picked up another fifteen national awards. "She's done in at least six good shows opposite her," Bolen says. "When some of them came on and got very hot, such as the *$64,000 Challenge*, Loretta slipped a little. Then she gradually crept back and clobbered them."

Last spring, when CBS picked Jack Benny to challenge Loretta, the ad agency sent her a cable—she was then in France filming the story of Lourdes—and urged her to accept another time slot during the week.

Loretta refused and offered to retire. "I'm not afraid of Jack Benny," she said, "and I won't give up my Sunday-night time."

The sponsors, further concerned because Loretta had sold her film backlog for reruns during the daytime, exercised an escape clause and canceled her out. But Loretta immediately got another sponsor and, as this is written, she has fought Benny to a draw.

Loretta handles her show as though it were spun glass that could be destroyed by the slightest careless touch. She is guided not only by the ratings but also by some 800 fan letters a week in which her predominantly adult audience frankly tells her what's good or bad. Loretta is so sensitive to public whims which might affect her image that she personally supervises every little detail of the weekly $78,000 production—script, promotion, costumes, and so on.

At one point last year the sponsors dreamed up an illustrated commercial showing how their tooth paste could rout bacteria, and they scheduled it to follow her ritzy opening.

"Gentlemen," Loretta snapped, "I won't have the bugs in that spot."

"Why not?" they asked.

"Because it isn't dignified. It isn't me. You buy me because I'm a glamour kid to hang your commercials on. Why destroy me with bugs?"

The sponsors retreated, not because they feared their star would be destroyed, but because they had learned over the years that Loretta's uncanny instincts about her image have always been right. "In any case," one Madison Avenue admirer says, "they could look at the record and know that it would take more than bugs to knock off Loretta Young."

On the Hottest Spot in the Pentagon (Continued from Page 19)

an aide said, "stunned and startled." He wrote a letter of apology to the council and ordered that all service training manuals be reviewed in the light of "good sense and good taste."

This, it must have seemed to the weary Mr. Gates, should have settled the matter. Not so. The authorship of the offending manual was traced to a Mr. Homer Hyde, of Texas, a prolific writer of service manuals. (Someone suggested a remedy: In the future have such manuals written by Doctor Jekyll instead of Mr. Hyde.) It developed that Hyde had drawn some of his material from certain Protestant fundamentalist groups, long critical of the more liberal National Council of Churches. These groups were soon demanding that the banned manual be reinstated. Hyde had also used material from the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Ardent members of this committee also found merit in the manual, and attacked Secretary Gates for his "groveling apology" to the National Council.

I happened to be in Secretary Gates' outer office when the "groveling apology" charge came in. Miss Peggy Stroud, personal secretary to Mr. Gates, put her palm to her brow. "In Mr. Gates' job," she said, "you can't win."

Miss Stroud has been Gates' secretary since he first came to the Pentagon in 1953. She was with him during his years as Under Secretary, then Secretary of the Navy. In retrospect that seems to her a period of idyllic calm. All Gates had to do then was to work ten or twelve hours a day, reorganizing the Navy, fighting for faster progress on the Polaris missile, and such like.

Some of the controversies may seem comic, but they erode the energies of a man who desperately needs time to think, to reflect, to plan; for this man is the President's top civilian adviser on the state of our defenses, at a period when we face dangers without parallel in history.

Military experts are fairly well agreed that, sometime within the next one to three years, Russian leaders will be able to launch against America a nuclear-missile destruction beyond normal human comprehension. The fact that our surviving forces could retaliate with equal or greater destruction against Russia is not entirely consoling. But it is a fact that we have such a retaliatory capacity—now. And so long as it remains a fact, the Russians know that a nuclear attack on us would be an act of suicidal insanity.

There agreement ends, and the "great debate" about our defenses begins. It centers mainly around this question: Are we putting forth enough national effort to ensure that our retaliatory capacity, adequate today, will be adequate in the years ahead?

The President says yes, that the planned variety and growth of our weapons will suffice to deter Russian attack during the foreseeable future. The critics, including Democratic presidential aspirants and some highly respected Republicans, say no. They feel that our present plans give too narrow a margin of safety; that the Russians' alarming momentum in scientific weaponry may soon enable them, with a surprise missile salvo, to cripple our weapons systems beyond effective retaliation. Therefore, they believe, America must spend more and sacrifice more to ensure our survival.

While this is an oversimplified version of the issue, it suggests the dimensions of the problems with which Secretary Gates must grapple. He also has the little matter of running a department which has more than 2,500,000 military and 1,100,000 civilian employees. He supervises assets valued at some $120,000,000,000 but subject to galloping obsolescence from the swift advances of weapon technology. He has to keep an eye on the annual spending of $41,000,000,000—more than $112,000,000 a day.

Quite a job. Soon after he was sworn in last December he was called away to attend the meetings with our NATO partners in Paris. Others who attended tell me that Gates showed firmness and tact in soothing the ruffled feelings of our French allies.

Immediately upon his return to the Pentagon he had to prepare for protracted day-after-day testimony on our defense problems, before a whole series of House and Senate committees—committees on appropriations, on armed services, on foreign relations, on preparedness and space, on atomic energy, and so forth.

Robert A. Lovett, Gates' friend and an able predecessor as Secretary of Defense, once compared such hearings to "getting a shave and having your appendix out at the same time."

"May I suggest, sir, the veal paprika and the Third Hungarian Rhapsody?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

In the midst of his committee ordeals, an unexpected recess gave Gates time to have his first press conference as secretary. It was a large, crowded, free-for-all affair. Gates had never been exposed to such a press conference before. At this initiation, through a combination of fatigue, inexperience and bad luck, he became entangled in a discussion of Russian "intentions" versus "capabilities." He seemed to say that our intelligence estimates are now based on the former instead of the latter. He meant to say that this year, as compared to last, we know more of Russia's intentions, as well as her capabilities; that estimates of intention, when soundly based, have always been a valid part of military intelligence. But he was unable to clarify the point without giving details trespassing on top-secret ground.

The result was fresh furor on Capitol Hill and in the press. A cartoonist pictured Gates as estimating our military needs by gazing into a crystal ball. Commentators said we had been surprised at Pearl Harbor because we tried to figure Japanese intentions instead of their capabilities. Few noted that we had won the battle of Midway because we learned, through a broken code, the Japanese intentions; or that George Washington won the battle of Trenton because he correctly judged the Hessians' intention of getting drunk at Christmastime.

The question of Gates' remarks was raised at the President's next press conference. Mr. Eisenhower admitted that certain of the secretary's answers "were subject to misinterpretation." The tempest was brief, but Gates took it unduly to heart. Actually it was a mistake anyone could have made; a useful lesson, perhaps, in the care which a Secretary of Defense must devote to his press relations.

Mr. Gates brings to his hard task a number of special advantages. Chief among these, and one not shared by his two immediate predecessors, Mr. Wilson and Mr. McElroy, is a long prior experience with military matters and with the complexities of the Defense Department.

During more than three years of active service as a naval officer in World War II, he saw the military machine at the working and combat levels. Then, beginning in 1953, he labored for six years in the top echelons of the Pentagon.

The awesome problems of military security in the nuclear age are not new to him. He studied them and watched their development during his six years as

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Under Secretary and then Secretary of the Navy. Thereafter, in six months as Deputy Secretary of Defense—June to December, 1959—he sat in on discussions of these problems by the top men of the Army, Navy and Air Force.

He understands the language, as well as the sometimes obscure jargon, of the Pentagon: "survivability," "overkill," "in-silo-launch," "drone ASW 'copter," and "on-the-shelf air-alert capability." He knows the civilian heads of the services and the top scientific advisers. Members of the Joint Chiefs of Staff are personal friends. He knows, too, many of the "Indians"—the anonymous and often brilliant younger men who advise the chiefs. Thus he can weigh the quality of varying opinions more accurately than if he had to depend mainly on papers, reports and formal briefings.

With such a background, the dilemmas of defense have never ceased to occupy Gates' mind. He supports President Eisenhower's views on the state of our defenses, while emphasizing the President's proviso that the situation must be kept under constant review—day-by-day review, as Gates puts it. He knows from experience how quickly a Russian technological advance, or a new scientific break-through of our own, can influence the balance of forces. He wants to be sure that we are on our toes, ready to adjust promptly to new situations.

He admits there is a "missile gap"; that the Russians have a present advantage of numbers in one important weapon, the ICBM (intercontinental ballistic missile); that the Russians probably can widen the gap for another two years before we can narrow it. But he feels that this disadvantage is more than offset by our ability to deliver nuclear bombs by strategic and tactical planes; that it will be offset further by the early operation of submarine-borne Polaris missiles, the placing of our Atlas and Titan ICBM's in hardened underground sites, and by swift production—beginning in two or three years—of the mobile and more easily protected solid-fuel ICBM, the Minuteman. Thus he believes that the missile gap will not create any "deterrent gap," which might tempt the Russians to attack.

The Joint Chiefs of Staff also support the President's position, but differ with him, and each other, in matters of emphasis.

Gen. Thomas D. White, Chief of Staff of the Air Force, believes that more preparation should be made to keep substantial percentages of nuclear-armed bombers in the air at all times, to prevent their being caught on the ground by surprise missile attack. He also believes, with many other experts, that it is a mistake not to press forward with work on the B-70 bomber, the powerful Mach 3 airplane of the future. (See PILOTS AREN'T OBSOLETE YET, by Clay Blair Jr., *The Saturday Evening Post*, April 23, 1960.)

Gen. Lyman L. Lemnitzer, Chief of Staff of the Army, wants more funds for the modernization of his forces and for provision of a larger and swifter airlift. Adm. Arleigh Burke, Chief of Naval Operations, wants more money for the modernization of the fleet. Also, as he has testified before Congress, recent tests of the Polaris missile have been so successful that he plans to ask for faster production of these missiles and of the nuclear submarines which will carry them. He would also like to place Polaris missiles aboard surface ships. Gen. Nathan Twining, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, seems to feel that President Eisenhower's position is the best course within our budgetary and economic limitations.

General Lemnitzer and Admiral Burke believe we should prepare more vigorously to cope with limited or "brushfire" wars. This view is held even more strongly by three noted paratroop generals, Ridgway, Gavin and Taylor—so strongly, indeed, that they retired protesting against the Administration position.

Among such honest divergences of eminent opinion, how can the average citizen—whose future is equally at stake—decide? He is confronted by military problems of baffling and novel complexity; by scientific advances beyond the reach of his modest college physics; and finally, on some of the most critical questions, by locked-off areas marked TOP SECRET. The best that most of us can do, as we creep along the perilous and cloudy slopes of such problems, is to examine the qualifications of the various guides.

As the new Secretary of Defense, Tom Gates is one of our key guides. During his earlier years in the Pentagon he managed by choice to remain almost anonymous. Hence (*Continued on Page 118*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It was an awesome sight as the mighty rocket mounted on a pillar of flame and became a dwindling speck in the velvet night, but he felt my hand in his pocket anyway."

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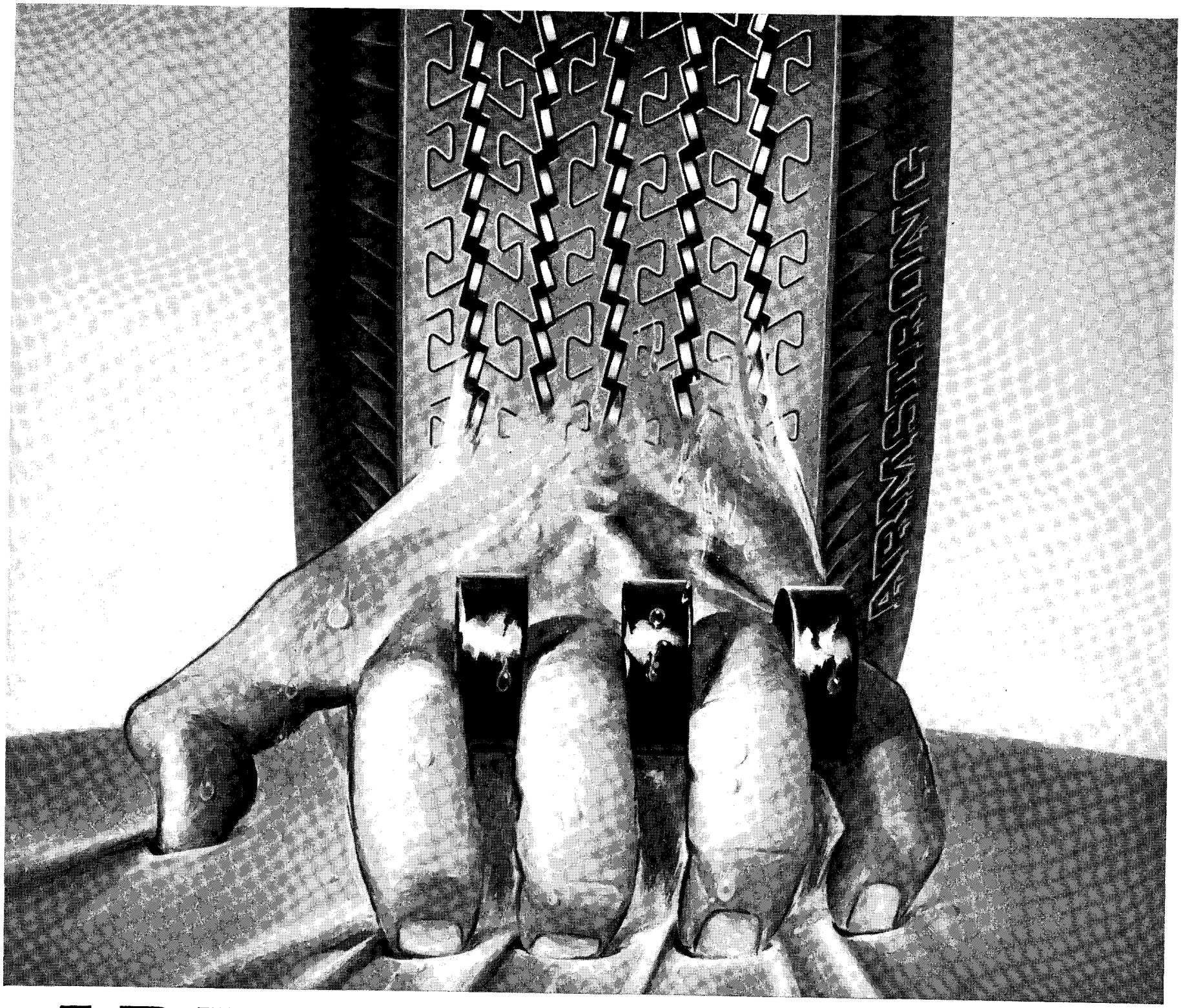

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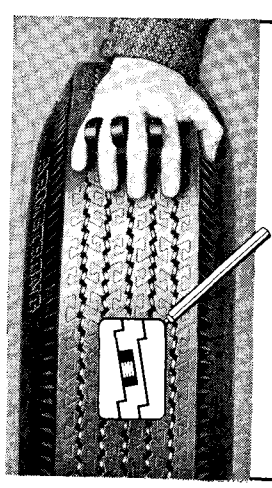

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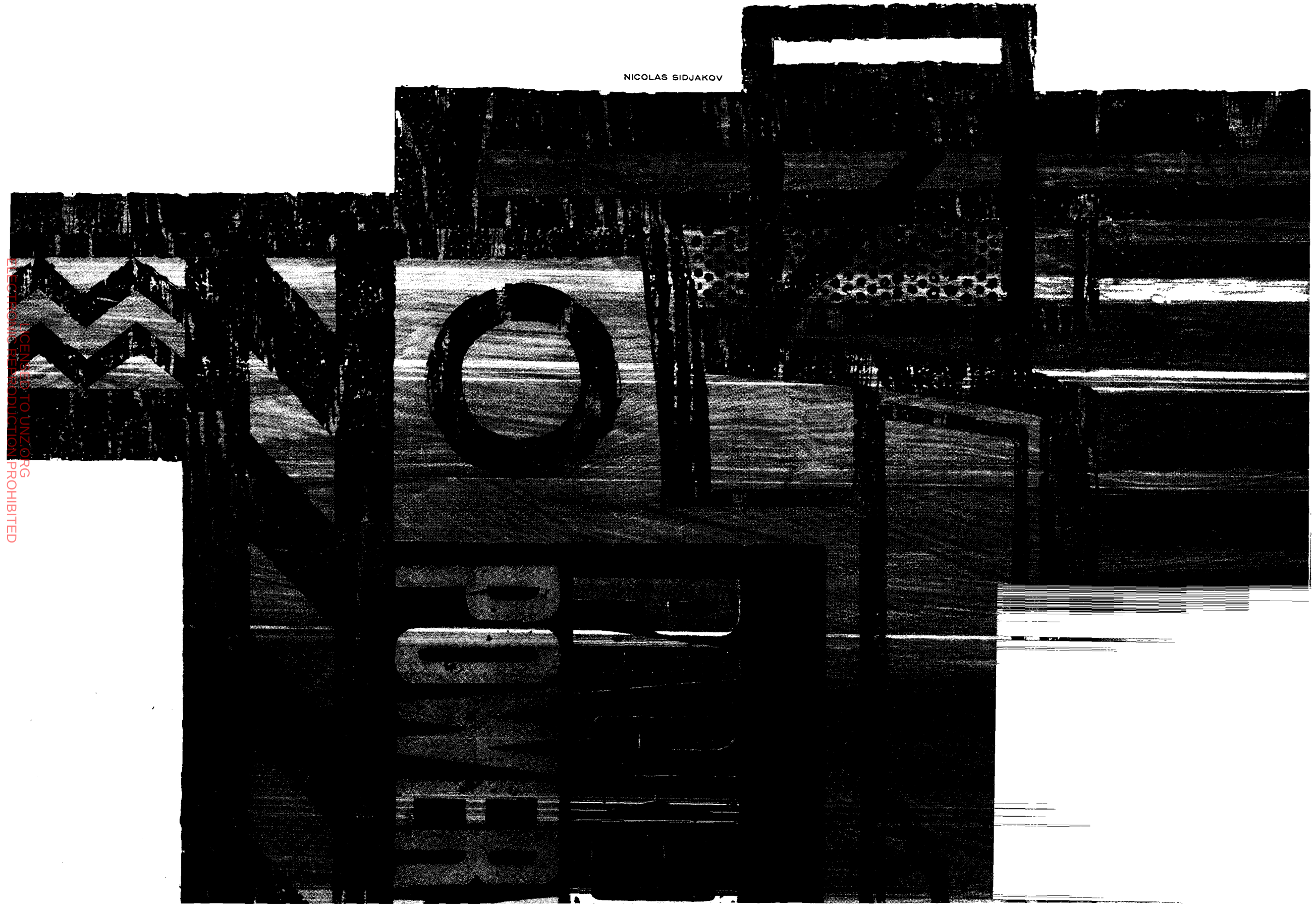

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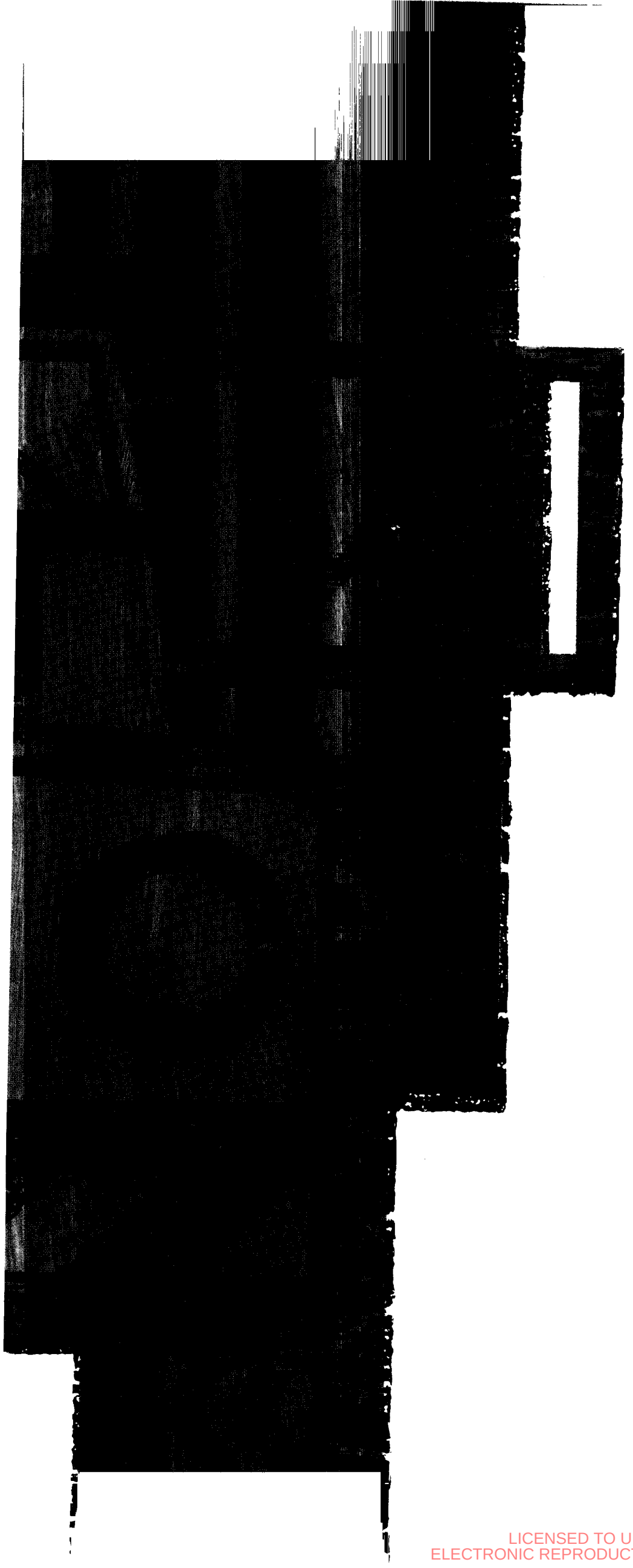

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CUMMINS

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(*Continued from Page 114*) it is the intent of this article to give at least a preliminary survey of his background and experience, his judgment and his character.

Here I should describe what seems to me his most important achievement while he was in the Navy secretariat. I have not seen the story published elsewhere. I learned of it from talks with Mr. Gates' close associates of the last six years. It concerns his part in the swift development of the Polaris, which promises to be our most reliable retaliatory missile for the years immediately ahead. Two nuclear submarines, each armed with sixteen Polaris missiles, are scheduled to be operational before the end of this year, with others soon to follow.

More than five years ago, Gates, as Under Secretary of the Navy, was one of the first to see the urgency of placing ballistic missiles aboard naval vessels. This would give them the protection of mobility; if they could later be placed aboard nuclear submarines, able to operate under the polar icecap, we would have the almost invulnerable weapon. Gates explored the idea at length with his friend James Hopkins Smith Jr., then Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Air. Smith concurred. Others insisted that the project was scientifically impractical. So it was—with the missile science of 1955. But Gates' attitude was: let's get the project started, and be ready to move fast as scientific break-throughs occur.

The project would require the co-operation of the Naval bureaus for ships, aeronautics and ordnance, plus help from scientists and other agencies. Gates foresaw the dangers of friction and red-tape delays between the several organizations involved. He therefore recommended, and the then Secretary of the Navy Charles S. Thomas approved, a novel and effective plan. It was this: that all the complex elements of the fleet ballistic missile program be assigned to a Special Projects Office, a relatively small management group with large powers and high priorities. This office was set up under a secret memorandum of the Secretary of the Navy dated November 17, 1955. Its director since the start has been dynamic Rear Adm. W. F. (Red) Raborn, who reports directly to the Secretary of the Navy.

The first difficulty was that of handling on shipboard huge missiles fueled by volatile liquids. In the spring of '56 a break-through in solid-fuel propellants promised a smaller, hardier missile. Another break-through greatly reduced the size of the nuclear warhead, and so the Polaris missile, which could be launched from a submerged submarine, was in sight. In December of '56 firm orders were given for development of Polaris. At this stage it was figured that the missile would be operational by 1963 at the earliest.

The missile's size, warhead and fuel were only three of the problems. Others included launching and handling, fire control and guidance, celestial and inertial navigation, and the structure of the mother submarine. The beauty of the Special Projects Office, as conceived by Gates and developed by Raborn, was that its unified controls could keep the varied elements in step. If one task lagged behind, Special Projects rushed with fierce energy to prod the laggard back into the line of advance.

The fall of '57 brought a new crisis, when the first Sputnik dramatically revealed Russia's advances in missile propulsion and guidance. Fortunately the Special Projects boys were running in harness so smoothly that they could step up the pace. Gates, Burke, Raborn and others calculated that, by slightly reducing the range of the initial missiles, the Polaris weapons system could be put into operation by 1961. It was so ordered.

Even this schedule is apparently being exceeded. It is now believed that the first two Polaris-type subs, the *George Washington* and the *Patrick Henry*, will be on station in the fall of 1960. Their first batches of missiles will have a range of nearly 1400 statute miles—enough, from waters near Russia, to reach the main strategic centers of the Soviet Union.

Thus a mighty new weapon, the most nearly invulnerable yet known, is being added to our deterrent power at a critical time. It is the only major missile project I know of which has been consistently on or ahead of schedule. I do not wish to give Gates undue credit for this achievement in which so many good men shared. But I think it is fair to say that his part in it reflects well on his foresight, judgment, and administrative ability.

Gates works hard and with concentration. One of his staff recalls a day when Gates and Adm. Arleigh Burke worked together through the morning, the afternoon and into the early evening. They were immersed in some defense problem, perhaps Polaris. Gates happened to glance at his watch, and frowned.

"Gosh, Arleigh," he said, "it's after eight o'clock. And it seems to me I was supposed to be at some damn-fool black-tie dinner at seven-thirty."

"Now that you mention it," said Burke, "I have an idea it's *my* damn-fool black-tie dinner you're thinking about, and we're both late."

Thomas Sovereign Gates Jr. is a big fellow, six feet two inches tall, weight 190 pounds. In high-school days he played tackle on the football team and center in basketball. At the University of Pennsylvania he managed the football team, was a leader in campus activities, and still found time to win scholarship honors and be elected to Phi Beta Kappa.

When he is relaxed there is a boyishness about his smile which makes him look younger than his fifty-four years. He has an old-time courtesy of manner, sometimes with a trace of shyness. He carries his head tilted a bit to the right, which gives him an inquiring look. This "list to starboard," according to the oft-told tale, came from ducking under bulkheads during his years in the Navy; actually it is due to a slight eye defect dating back to childhood.

He was born April 10, 1906, in the Germantown section of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. His mother died at the time of his birth. The tragedy drew the boy especially close to his father, whose character and public spirit left their imprint on the son.

Thomas Gates the elder—also Phi Beta Kappa at Penn, back in the 1890's—made a brilliant success as an investment banker. In mid-career he decided that "there are more important things in life than making money." He accepted the presidency of his old university, without pay, and so served for fourteen years. He got the university's shaky finances back on a sound basis, and became a leading fighter for good causes: cancer research, tuberculosis prevention, better science education, and many others.

He died in 1948; his influence on his son remained. In 1953 Tom Jr., a partner in the Philadelphia investment banking firm of Drexel and Company, was beginning to move into the higher income brackets. In October of that year Robert B. Anderson, then Secretary of the Navy—now Secretary of the Treasury—was looking for an Under Secretary who combined naval and business experience. Gates' record in the Navy in World War II indicated coolness under fire, brains and a knack for original thinking. Banking and business leaders whom Anderson consulted spoke highly of Gates. Anderson invited him to Washington for a talk. Once Gates was persuaded that he could be useful to the Navy, he put aside his financial career.

"At the time he made his decision," Secretary Anderson tells me, "I remember his referring to his father's philosophy about the important things of life."

Besides the benefit of his father's example, Tom Gates enjoys another auspicious family influence, that of his wife Anne, a charming woman of quiet wit and understanding. They were married soon after his graduation from college in 1928. During the years when her husband was away in the war, she took care of their four children and capably managed the family farm at Devon, Pennsylvania. Mr. and Mrs. Gates have three daughters. Their only son, a young man of bright promise, met death in a ski-lodge fire in 1956.

At the time of Pearl Harbor, Tom Gates, then in his thirty-sixth year, was a settled husband and father. But he had had several years training in the National Guard (during which, he boasts, he rose from private to private first class). He felt he ought to get into the service, and early in 1942 went to Washington to canvass the possibilities. These turned out to be mostly of the chair-borne variety, so he decided the simplest thing would be to enlist in the Army.

As he walked down Constitution Avenue, heading for a recruiting station, destiny intervened. An old friend, a World War I naval aviator back in uniform, hailed Gates and asked him where he was heading. Gates told him. The friend looked Gates over severely.

"You want to get killed?" he demanded.

Before Gates could frame an appropriate reply, his friend hustled him into the Navy building nearby. They entered a dusty room where several men were sitting on packing boxes. They were veteran Navy fliers, talking about the importance of the new Naval Air Combat Intelligence School at Quonset Point, Rhode Island. The Navy wanted good men for the new school; not raw kids, but mature men with heads on their shoulders. Soon afterward Gates was on his way to Quonset Point, where he won a commission as lieutenant j.g.

In 1943-44, as an officer of the deck and air-plot watch officer aboard the carrier *Monterey* in the Pacific, he took part in the hard campaigns of Rabaul, the Gilbert Islands and the Marshalls. In June of '44 he was transferred to the Mediterranean. There, under Rear Adm. C. T. Durgin, he participated in the amphibious invasion of Southern France. He won special commendation for devising a simple system of signals used between American and British units.

After this campaign he had the offer of a shore berth, but chose to go back to the Pacific to serve aboard escort carriers commanded by (*Continued on Page 120*)

You be the Judge

By FLORENCE K. PALMER

Waldo, clearing underbrush from his new building site, was upset at uncovering a family burial ground. Squeamish about having tombstones beside his backdoor-to-be, he checked deeds but found no record of the tract's being reserved as a graveyard. So he decided to transfer the remains to the nearest recognized cemetery. Suddenly a kinsman of the original landowner stormed into court to halt the move.

"Stop this desecration of great-grandpappy's grave," the kinsman pleaded with the court. "That sacred soil was duly dedicated to burial purposes according to early pioneer custom, before there were any regular cemeteries. I ask this court to let the dead rest in peace."

"Not a single word in my property deed requires me to maintain a private cemetery for anybody's great-grandfather," Waldo replied. "Furthermore, this plot was obviously abandoned by the descendants of the deceased, so what right do they have to complain now?"

If you were the judge, would you allow the disinterment to proceed?

• •

Great-grandpappy stayed put. The court pointed out that early homesteaders often set aside land as a family burial ground, and that subsequent buyers are under an implied obligation to recognize the little cemeteries until definitely abandoned. It added that "mere disuse as to new interments, failure to cut grass, or to care for graves and headstones does not constitute abandonment of a family burial, unless followed by removal of bodies therein."

Based upon a 1959 Oklahoma decision.

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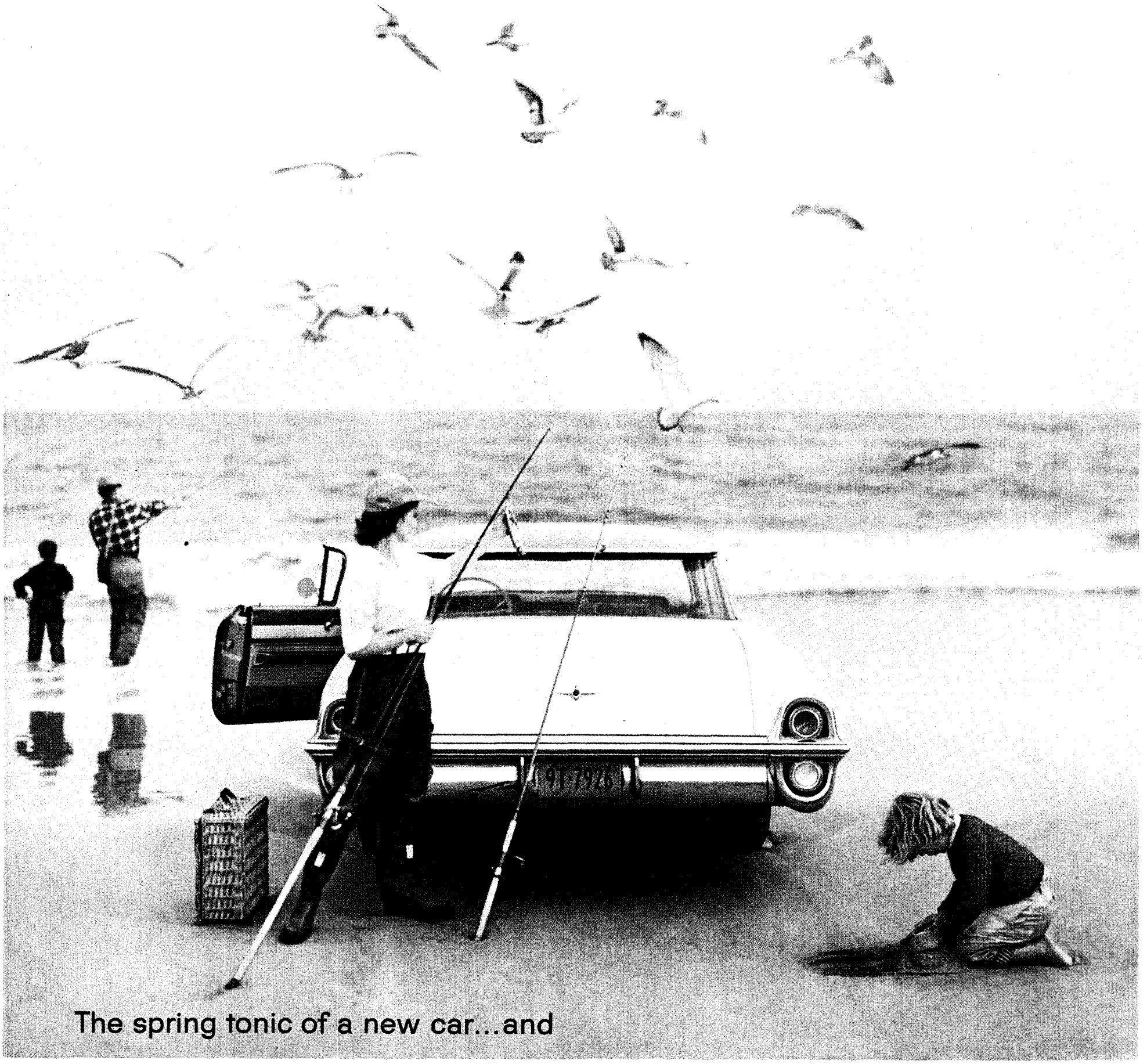

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You don't need a calendar. There comes a day when — hang the work — the only sensible thing to do is pile the family into that lithe, lively new car of yours and head for the happy places.

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(*Continued from Page 118*) Admiral Durgin. He was flag lieutenant and permanent staff watch officer on the flag bridge of the *Makin Island*, then of the *Natoma Bay*. These baby flattops were thin-skinned, vulnerable vessels. A cheerfully morbid friend sent Gates a can opener, "so you can cut your way out when your ship sinks." Neither of his ships sank, though they took many near misses during the capture of Leyte, the invasion of Luzon, the capture of Iwo Jima and the long battle of Okinawa. The Jap kamikaze suicide planes became a constant and nerve-racking threat. One day at dawn, with Gates on the bridge of the *Natoma Bay*, a kamikaze crashed clear through the ship's bow, setting her wooden deck afire. A fast-working crew conquered the fire, made repairs and launched fifty-five plane sorties against Miyako Jima that same day.

Men who served with Gates tell me that he was a fine officer and a generous shipmate. Admiral Durgin, now retired, says Gates was outstandingly capable, whether on the bridge or in the planning room. He also recalls Tom's humor, and four rules of conduct supposedly formulated by Dwight Morrow and passed on to Tom by his father. These were:

1. Never take yourself too seriously; 2. never take the other fellow too seriously; 3. if the other fellow happens to be an s.o.b. and you know it, don't let him know you know it; and 4.—slightly fumigated—don't get into a contest with a skunk at his own speciality. Admiral Durgin was so pleased with these doctrines that he made them general orders for his ships. "More than once," he says, "when I was about to blow my stack, Tom cooled me down by quoting one of his rules."

After the ninety days of the Okinawa operation, including a nearly disastrous brush with a typhoon, Gates's big frame was down to a gaunt 160 pounds. For his work he was awarded the Bronze Star, and the Gold Star in lieu of a second Bronze Star. He was not wounded, but complains that his shins are still concave from scrambling up and down steel ladders.

Such was the sequel to that meeting on Constitution Avenue with the naval friend who asked, "You want to get killed?" His naval service did not kill Gates, but its quality was to lead on, step by step, to the office of Secretary of Defense—a job often referred to, not entirely in jest, as "a fate worse than death."

I have mentioned the advantages which he brings to his hard task. Significant among these is his close friendship with Secretary of State Christian Herter and Under Secretary Douglas Dillon. It is vital that the policy planning of State and Defense mesh smoothly, up and down the line, to prevent divergencies between diplomatic commitments and military capabilities. There have been lapses here in the past. Gates, Herter and Dillon, who understand each other well, are moving energetically to promote a comparable understanding between their departments.

Gates has established closer relationships with the Joint Chiefs of Staff, whose differences of opinion have been the source of public confusion and criticism. Gates considers such differences natural and healthy, but has ordered that they be brought to his attention as they first appear. Then he can sit in on the discussions, weighing not only the arguments but also the emotion and character behind them. Already he has been able to resolve some important disputes before they have had time to harden into "position papers." This procedure has won the approval of the chiefs and of the military in general.

Secretary Gates is a sensitive man, or perhaps I should say a man of sensitivity. This quality is part of his gift of friendship. It is most valuable to his understanding of the human strengths and weaknesses of the people he works with. On the other hand, it makes more painful the slings and arrows which fly about his high post.

During his first difficult press conference, one question implied that there might be "politics" involved in his estimate of the missile gap. He replied shortly that there was no politics involved whatsoever. Afterward, in his office, the question still seemed to gall him. He said to a friend, "If I would play politics with a thing like that, I ought to be tarred and feathered."

His heat was natural, but such suggestions are inevitable, especially in this presidential election year. The adequacy of our defenses is an issue that cannot be banished from politics; it is also an issue on which honest men sincerely differ.

As Secretary of the Navy, Gates could avoid notice. This is impossible for the Secretary of Defense, since his relations with reporters are as important as his relations with the President and with Congress. He has had a hard time adjusting himself to this, but he has two gifts which most reporters appreciate: honesty, and a good command of the English language.

These qualities have been valuable in his past relations with Congress. Since 1953 the clarity and sincerity of his testimony on Navy matters before Congressional committees have won him the esteem of many influential legislators. One of these is that shrewd and stanch old Democrat, Carl Vinson of Georgia. During his forty-six years in the House, and ten as chairman of the Armed Services Committee, our national defenses have become the prime study of Vinson's life. The highest defense officials and brass have testified, and often faltered, under his skeptical eye.

Mr. Vinson has advocated a broader and more vigorous defense effort than that endorsed by Secretary Gates. I recently asked the Congressman about these differences.

"Yes, we have some differences," he said. "But I know Mr. Gates's character and abilities. He is the best appointment President Eisenhower has made. Our country is fortunate to have Mr. Gates at the helm of the Defense Department."

I hope Mr. Vinson is right. In any case, such rare praise, coming from the Old Roman of Georgia, is comforting in these critical times. And it should give further heart to the new Secretary of Defense as he steers through his sea of troubles.

THE END

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We Find it Pays to Cross-examine

By Ruth Chadwick

"Everybody else does"
Is our teen-aged daughter's claim
Any time she wants to be
Allowed to do the same;
But "everybody" often proves,
When all is said and done,
To be an overwhelming mob—
Of one.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

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Stand-In Girl (Continued from Page 35)

on the town with him again last night, I can understand your position."

"I don't want to talk about it," Joey said.

"Good. I get too much conversation around here anyway," Art said. "People come in here, set up housekeeping over a dime cup of coffee, bend my ear till I'm half deaf and then tell me they don't want to talk about it."

"That Grant character wants to junk the pea-picking project just because he can't figure out what's wrong with the machine," Joey said. "He tells Henderson the thing has too many intangibles." Joey snorted. "Intangibles! I've taken the machine over to Walla Walla for the pea harvest every year for three years. There are still a few bugs that I feel we can work out. One intangible is that we have just half the power plant we need, but that character never has seen the machine operate. He's too busy looking at his slide rule."

"I thought Henderson designed the machine."

"Sure he designed it," Joey said. "Charley Henderson is a flat-out, pea-pickin' genius. He figured out the whole thing—the cutter bed, the knives, the disks, the fan—everything. Grant designed only individual components. He was the one who figured out how much power we needed. He was only short by nearly a hundred horses."

"More coffee?" Art said.

Joey nodded. Art poured the coffee. "But you know how Henderson is," Joey said. "As soon as he designs something he gets a little bored with it. This machine is a beauty, and it'll revolutionize the pea industry."

"They'd revolutionize it if they'd invent flat peas."

"You know how they harvest peas?"

"Now you're going to tell me they don't pick 'em."

"Right. They go along with a swather, which cuts weeds, vines, the works. Then they load all that into trucks and haul weeds, vines and pea pods to the viners. They dump all this on the ground, and then guys with pitchforks feed the stuff into the viners. Out come the shelled peas."

"In cans?"

"No, not in cans, you idiot," Joey said. "They have to be transported to the processing plant where they're either canned or packaged for freezing, depending on the variety."

"Sounds all right. Beats pickin' 'em."

"Are you kidding," Joey yelped. "Look at all the waste motion. With Henderson's machine you take a swath, the pods are separated from the vines, which are chewed up and put back on the ground. The pods go up a conveyor into a truck. One truck, one man to drive it, and one man to run the machine."

"Dandy," Art said, "except that it doesn't work."

"A lot you know."

"Well, does it?"

Joey shook his head. "Not yet—but it will."

The door opened, and Theresa Jacobsen came in, bringing spring right along with her. Her honey-colored hair was streaked by the sun and styled by the wind. Her eyes were the color of the ocean on an August afternoon. Joey had fallen in love with Theresa when she was a pony-tailed sophomore in high school, and he still—eight years later—could not look at her without filling up with stardust.

At one time people had spoken of Joey and Theresa collectively, as of Scotch and soda or shoes and socks. At one time it had been tacitly agreed that they would someday be showered with rice and then live in Joey's six-room house, sitting high on a sand dune, with the ocean in front and the mountains behind.

But that, of course, was before David Grant, who came to work for Henderson

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HERBERT V. PROCHNOW

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and Company three years before—an engineer—with even a Pi Tau Sigma key attesting to his brilliance and a list of broken hearts all over town as a tribute to his handsome charm.

Joey conceded gloomily enough that he couldn't blame Theresa, but that didn't make him any happier. David Grant was a graduate engineer—Joey was a machinist. David Grant was the University of Oregon—Joey was Oceancrest High School. David drove a six-thousand-dollar sports car. Joey got around in a 1955 hardtop, and he wore his heart on his sleeve for all the world to see. He doubted that David Grant had a heart.

"Hi, Theresa," he said.

"Hello, Joey . . . Art," she said.

Art poured her a cup of coffee and took care of the ignition for her cigarette. She sipped her coffee and then looked at Joey. "I hear you won't be going to Walla Walla."

"Don't bet on it," Joey said.

"David said you aren't. He said that he convinced Henderson to shelve the pea-picking machine."

"Yeah, he would," Joey said. "His slide rule couldn't come up with the right figures, so he wants to quit before Henderson finds out how stupid he really is."

"You're just being stubborn."

"You're darned right I'm being stubborn. That thing is my baby, and I can make it operate, even if that genius-type engineer can't."

"David says they've thrown enough money away on that machine as it is."

"David says. Phooey on what David says."

"You aren't just being jealous, by any chance?"

"Jealous! Me? Don't be ridiculous."

"Out of the question," Art said. "He's always that green color."

"I've had enough," Joey said. He stood up.

"I don't see why we can never discuss anything without you getting mad," Theresa said.

"We aren't discussing anything. You are merely quoting David Grant. So that's a discussion?"

"All this fuss over a few peas being picked," Art said.

"A few thousand acres of peas, you mean."

"You've seen one pea, you've seen 'em all."

"You're a big help," Joey said.

"I try to keep peace around the joint," Art said. "Sometimes I have to do it with an empty catsup bottle, but I try."

Joey dropped two dimes on the counter. He looked at Theresa. "It's Saturday night. I don't suppose there's any point in asking whether you're doing anything tonight?"

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"I don't suppose there is," Theresa said.

"That's what I thought." He went out the door and walked down to his car, disenchantment going right along with him.

He got into his car and drove over to Gearhart, played eighteen holes of golf and had an eighty-three, which did nothing for his morale, since David was in the clubhouse receiving congratulations on having a sixty-nine.

He had two glasses of beer which tasted like dishwater, and then heard David on the telephone, making arrangements to pick up Theresa for dinner.

That did it. Joey, in a moment of financial insanity, walked across the street to a restaurant, had two martinis and then ordered a tenderloin steak with all the trimmings. It was an excellent steak, the salad was crisp, the dressing was made with genuine Roquefort cheese, the onion rings were out of this world.

Still the entire meal tasted like sawdust. Joey finally finished, drank the last of his coffee, regretfully paid his check and left.

He went home, built a fire in the fireplace, turned on the television set and watched men on horses ride around the countryside, shooting at one another. Finally he turned the set off and went to bed, gloomily conscious that right about now Theresa and David were cheek to cheek somewhere on a dance floor.

Sunday was no improvement. Joey dutifully went to church, but when he came out it had started to rain, so golf was out of the question. He went home, read the Sunday papers and then, yielding to a masochistic impulse, put on some foul-weather gear and walked the beach in the rain. His thoughts went, willy-nilly, from Theresa to Walla Walla, from David Grant back to Theresa, from the pea-picking machine to Theresa and

"Oh, that thirty-seven thousand dollars . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

stayed there. He recognized that such thinking was vastly unrewarding.

In an effort to rid himself of the ever-present specter of Theresa, he went home and called a girl by the name of Margo O'Brien, whom he knew from the past to be as bright in the head as a flash of lightning and as lovely in appearance as a newly machined crankshaft. He had first met her three years ago when he had the machine in Walla Walla. She was going to Whitman College at the time. Now, graduated with enough honors to stuff a briefcase, she was currently visiting a sorority sister of hers in Oceancrest, as she had often done.

"It's me—Joey Patterson," he said.

"How's pea pickin'?"

"Never mind. I was thinking of having a brace of drinks later on and then some dinner. Interested?"

"I don't know."

"What do you mean—you don't know?"

"I mean I don't know whether you're just hungry and lonesome, or whether you've had a more or less slight disagreement with Theresa and, in a moment of sheer desperation, called me so that I can sympathize with you."

"All right," he said, "just forget the whole thing."

"Wait a minute. Don't be so hasty. I'm hungry, it's raining and, anyway, I have nothing better to do."

"I don't know when I've had such an enthusiastic acceptance."

"I didn't call you; you called me. Pick me up at seven?"

"I suppose so," Joey said. He hung up the phone, wondering now why he had called her. He always felt vaguely uneasy around her, knowing that she was vastly brighter in the head than he was. A dame should not be so smart. Particularly a dame who had the appearance of a slightly fallen angel.

Nevertheless, at seven o'clock he presented himself at her sorority sister's door, wearing his new gabardine suit and a scrubbed and shining face.

Margo's hostess—a girl by the name of Eloise McGandy—opened the door. "Oh, it's you," she said.

"Who did you expect—Cary Grant?"

"The age of miracles is past, I imagine, and only hope remains. Come in anyway."

After a while Margo made her appearance. Joey took a look at her and conceded that if it weren't for Theresa, he could very easily go into shock. She was a small creature, making up in quality what she lacked in quantity. She was a gamin, with swirling black hair, enormous green eyes and a mouth that made you wonder about the taste.

They drove out to the Crab Broiler and had Gibsons and lobster in front of the fireplace. Afterward he drove her home, parked in front of the McGandy house and cut his engine.

"That was nice, Joey," she said, "even if I am a substitute."

Joey looked at her and was a little bit confused. He knew that he was in love with Theresa, and yet he wanted to kiss

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Margo so much that moths were beating their wings in his stomach.

She was a mind reader. She leaned forward and her lips were on his, and before he had time to think about the wonder of it all, she was gone, had opened the door and had said, "Good night, Joey."

It's just that I'm getting to be a libertine, Joey thought as he drove home. *Going around kissing girls I'm not even in love with—eating steak one night, lobster the next. Tomorrow, Joey, burn up all your toys, convince Henderson to go ahead with the project and forget all about dames.* He licked off Margo's lipstick, but she stayed in his thoughts until he was asleep.

At nine-thirty the next morning he walked into Charley Henderson's office. David Grant was already there. Charley said good morning and waved Joey to a chair.

"We have already spent more than a hundred thousand dollars on the pea harvester," David said, "and I don't believe it makes sense to throw more money into it."

Joey straightened. "It doesn't make sense to spend that kind of money and then walk away because of a few problems."

"A few problems?" David snapped. "A few dozen, you mean."

"A new engine will solve a lot of them."

"Fifteen hundred dollars, at least," David said. "Add that to the cost of transporting the machine to Walla Walla, paying wages and expenses, figure unforeseen costs, and the tab will run to five thousand easy. I'll stake my reputation that it'll be wasted money."

Joey wanted to ask what reputation he was staking, but he contented himself with saying, "I'll stake my job that it won't be."

David looked happy. "Well, now. You mean that?"

"I never meant anything more."

"I'll sit on this until noon," Charley Henderson said. "I'll let you both know then. Joey, will you wait here?"

After David Grant had gone, Charley leaned back in his chair and said, "Isn't it possible that your judgment about the machine may be colored by your personal feelings?"

"His could be colored for the same reason," Joey said.

"I know," Charley said. "The same girl." He smiled. "I get my head up off the drawing board once in a while."

"I don't really think that personalities are important," Joey said slowly. "I think the important thing is to get the job done."

Charley looked at Joey for a few moments. "All right, Joey. I'll see you around noon."

Joey left the office and walked over to the big shed which housed the pea harvester. He went inside and walked around the eight tons of machinery and then patted the side. *You'd better bail me out, buster,* he told the machine silently. *We'll give you a new set of muscles if Charley will go for it, but you'd better do your part or I'll go down the road.*

At eleven-forty-five he was summoned into Charley's office. David Grant came in right behind him.

They sat down, and Charley looked at Joey. "Still willing to stake your job?"

Joey nodded.

"Last year," David said, "we had to redesign the bed and the disks. We had to build a new cutter and change the drive mechanism. Now it's a new engine, and we still don't know if we have anything."

"If we quit now, we'll never know," Joey said.

"I'll go for the new engine," Charley said. "I just talked to Arctic Frozen Foods. They've set aside a field for you—adjoining the airport road."

Joey grinned.

"There's one more thing. There'll be a representative of Crown Machinery of Chicago out there to take a look. If we can show them a workable pilot model, they may be willing to take over our blueprints and patents, manufacture the harvester and pay us a royalty on each machine."

"Charley, I still ——" David began.

"You'll go along this time," Charley said.

"Me? Why?" David said.

"You're an engineer. If Joey runs into trouble, he may need help." Charley looked at Joey. "You'd better get started on that old engine. The new one will be here day after tomorrow."

Joey grinned. "You bet," he said and took off.

He didn't quit until he had the old engine out and the decks cleared for the new one. Tomorrow he'd change the engine mounts. Wearily he washed up, got into his car and drove over to Art's Place.

Art peered critically at him as he came in. "You look like you been driven hard without oil."

"You got anything to eat?"

"Now that's a fine question. Would you ask a service station if they have any gas? I got roast lamb, mint jelly, new spuds and some peas, just to keep you in the mood." Without waiting for Joey's reply he sliced generously of the lamb, put the order together and slid the dish across the counter. He added coffee and rolls. "Hear you stuck your neck out," Art said.

Joey chewed a bite of lamb. He looked at Art and nodded.

Art said, "In some respects I'd say you got rocks in your head. What have you got to win?"

Joey speared a piece of potato, put it in his mouth and chewed reflectively. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Talkative character, aren't you?" Art said. He went back and busied himself with dishes.

Presently Joey finished eating and lighted a cigarette. Art poured him a second cup of coffee. The door opened and Theresa walked in. She ordered a cup of coffee, then said, "Well, you really did it this time, didn't you?"

"Me?" Joey said. "What did I do?"

"David said you staked your job on the pea harvester."

"He should know. He was there."

"Whatever made you do such a fool thing?"

"You just said it—I'm foolish."

"Oh, honestly! You got stubborn over this just because David said it wouldn't work."

"He's just one man—one opinion."

The door opened and Margo O'Brien entered. "Well, what's the misery on the evening line? Got any of that battery acid you call coffee, Art?"

"That's what I like—insults," Art said. "Then I know where I stand." He poured her a cup of coffee.

Margo took a sip. "Well, Joey," she said, "I hear you're headed for the land of peas, Whitman College, a state prison, and the town they liked so well they named it twice."

"I'm leaving as soon as I get a new engine installed."

"I'll be right behind you," she said. "Eloise is asking me how long I'm staying, and that's the time to go."

"Guests are like fish," Art said. "They start spoiling the second day."

"Isn't that nice," Theresa said. "We'll all be one big, happy family. I'm driving over with David to play in a golf tournament."

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"Dandy," Margo said. "While Theresa's missing putts, mind if I come out and watch you harvest a few peas? The word I get is that you're expected to go on your head over there. You might appreciate a familiar hand wiping off the blood."

"Do that," Theresa said, "and hold his hand while you're at it." She dropped a dime on the counter and walked out.

"What's the matter with her," Margo said, "outside of being slightly overweight?"

"I never thought she was overweight," Joey said.

"Wait a few years," Margo said.

"A pound here, a pound there," Art said. "Who counts?"

Margo finished her coffee. "Want to drive me home, Joey? I might even stroke your fevered brow and give you a goodnight kiss."

Joey blushed. Art nearly choked on his coffee.

"Or didn't you like the sample last night?" she said.

"Let's go," Joey said. He paid Art, looked at the man's grinning face and said, "Shut up."

"Me? What did I say?"

"Nothing. And don't say it."

He drove Margo home, parked and cut the ignition. He sat very still and looked out through the windshield.

"Joey," she said.

He turned his head. She pulled him toward her and kissed him. *It's just that I've been working hard all day, and it's late*, Joey decided. Her mouth tasted better than his first ice-cream soda. Automatically his arms went around her. Presently he released her and took a deep breath.

"Wow!" Margo said. She opened the car door. "The best of luck. I'll stand on the side lines with the water bucket if it'll help." Then she was gone.

Five days later, beside the airport road in Walla Walla, Joey stood beside the pea harvester and peered at the eight tons of metal. He was wearing sun tans that were streaked with perspiration. His face had been worked on by the sun, the wind and the dirt. Beyond him was the airport and a forty-acre field of peas with one fifty-foot swath the only evidence that the machine had ever been running.

David Grant, wearing slacks, a white sport shirt and a white cap, said, "Had enough?"

Pete Sanderson, a man from Arctic Frozen Foods, kicked at a clod of dirt and glared at David.

"Let's try her once more," Joey said.

"What good will that do?" David said.

"Go play golf," Joey said. He climbed into the seat, kicked the engine into life, engaged the drive mechanism. The vibration started, as unremitting as an earthquake. It almost shook Joey out of his seat. He cut the throttle and the switch.

Several pickup trucks were parked alongside the road. A weatherbeaten, thin-faced man, weighing no more than a hundred and thirty pounds soaking wet, peered at Joey from his truck. The man, whose name was Silas McPherson, had been around for three days.

Joey climbed down. "All right," Joey said to David, "you're the engineer. You got any ideas?"

David nodded. "One good one. Forget it."

Joey glared at him. "And I'll bet you a dozen golf balls that you've already called Charley and told him about it."

"No bet. Why don't you quit? You have eight tons of junk." He grinned. "Maybe you can get a job as a mechanic somewhere."

Joey's mouth tightened. He shrugged his shoulders, loosening his muscles. His eyes seemed to darken. David took two steps backward. "Now just a minute," he said.

A red convertible pulled up beside the road. A horn honked. Mayhem was averted as Margo O'Brien climbed out of the car and walked over to Joey. She bent down, picked up a pea pod, opened it and put a few peas in her mouth. She was wearing faded blue denims, a white shirt open at the throat, and she looked about seventeen. "Troubles, Joey?" she said.

He nodded, looked at David and then walked away and picked up a pea pod. He opened it and chewed at the peas, looking off toward the airport.

Margo was beside him. "Anything I can do, Joey?"

He shook his head and smiled at her. A twin-engine plane taxied out to the end of the runway, its props shining in the sunshine. Joey watched the airplane reflectively, then suddenly tossed the peas aside, went to the machine, opened his toolbox and started taking off the guard for the fan.

Half an hour later he and Pete Sanderson worked the fan off the shaft and dropped it to the ground. It was cast iron, weighing around two hundred pounds. They rolled it over to the road and worked it into the pickup. Joey went back to the machine, removed the sprocket from the other end of the shaft, tossed it in the pickup and drove away.

An hour later he was back. Margo was leaning against a pickup, chewing a blade of grass and talking to Silas McPherson. Theresa was sitting with David in his car. Pete Sanderson was taking a nap. Joey hesitated at the side of David's car, but Theresa didn't even say hello. Joey kept on walking, sat down on the running board of Silas McPherson's truck, the weariness washing over him like water over a dam. He had not averaged four hours of sleep since he had been in Walla Walla.

"Joey," Margo said.

With an effort he lifted his head. "Yeah?"

"How long will it be?"

"Three, four hours."

"Come on," she said. She led Joey to her car, he got in, she drove him to her home, pointed to a big leather couch in her father's den. "I'll call you," she said.

Joey nodded and smiled. He stretched out. The next thing he knew Margo was beside the couch, shaking him and holding a frosted glass containing a pint of ice-cold beer. He sat up and tasted the beer. He sighed and grinned. "What time is it?"

"Two-thirty."

"Can you drive me into town?"

"Finish your beer, then we'll go."

An hour later they drove up beside the machine. Joey groaned when he saw Charley Henderson's car. He got out of Margo's convertible, went around behind, lifted the trunk and with one hand picked up an aluminum-alloy fan. With the other he picked up a new sprocket.

Charley Henderson and David Grant were beside him. "Still stubborn, Joey?" Charley said.

Joey looked at Charley and his chin came up. "I know this joker called you and told you I was going on my head."

Charley nodded. "That's right. What's this?"

Joey placed the fan on the ground and pointed. "See those planes taking off? They use propellers—call them fans. See any cast-iron props? You don't need weight. I had them build a fan of aluminum alloy."

"H'm'm," Charley said. "At how much?"

"Two hundred and fifty dollars—rush job."

"He spends your money as if you were printing it," David said.

Joey lifted the new sprocket. "Last year David designed a new sprocket to speed up the fan. Then we had to partially close the air-intake baffles to choke down some of the air."

"So what?" David said.

"Those airplane props suck all the air they can find. Who needs to choke the air down if the fan runs at the right speed. We got a lightweight fan, we slow it down and open the baffles. We lick the vibration."

"Ridiculous," David said. "It's deeper than that."

"Show me," Charley Henderson said.

In half an hour Joey had the fan on the shaft, the driftpin tapped in and the new sprocket installed. He opened the air-intake baffles, then said, "Pete, you better get on that radio and order a truck. We're going to harvest some peas."

Pete grinned. "I'll wait."

Joey fired up the engine and put the machine in gear. The disks whirred, the cutters on the bed slid through their slots, the rods in front pulled at the vines so that the cutter bar could get at the base of the vines. There wasn't enough vibration to spill a glass of water. Pete went to his pickup and picked up his microphone.

Some time later Joey stopped the machine and climbed down. He nodded to Pete, who took Joey's place and started the harvester. A huge, deep-bedded truck filled with pea pods rolled away. Another rolled up to take its place. Joey walked over to Charley Henderson. Silas McPherson was beside him. David Grant and Theresa were gone.

"You know something?" Joey said. "I was scared to death it wouldn't work. Me with my neck out clear to Peoria."

"I knew it would work," Charley said.

Joey stared at Charley, his expression as stunned as when Margo kissed him for the second time. "You knew it!"

Charley grinned. "When Silas here stopped by the plant just after you left, I told him what was wrong. I knew about the fan, the baffles and the sprocket. I also told him I had a kid over there who didn't know a slide rule from a camshaft, but who was so stubborn he'd figure it out if he had to take the machine apart, bolt by bolt."

"I oughta quit!" Joey yelped. "I sweat, I worry, I go without sleep, and all the time you characters ——"

"You can't quit, Joey," Charley said. "You have to go to Chicago."

"Me? Why?"

Charley grinned. "Silas is project engineer for Crown Machinery. They're going to manufacture the machine, but Silas said that you had to go along with it."

"I can buy engineers by the handful," Silas said, "but a stubborn kid who doesn't know when to quit? Well, now—I might even teach you to use a slide rule."

"No, thanks." Joey looked over at the airport—at a taxiing airplane. "Who needs one?"

Margo, who had been standing to one side listening, said, "Want a ride into town? You'll have to take a shower, shave and change clothes."

"Why?"

"Because I'm hungry. You're taking me to dinner."

They walked to Margo's car and got in. She started the engine and took off. Joey looked at her and didn't even wonder where Theresa was.

"Margo," he said.

"Yes?"

"Chicago's a long way from Walla Walla."

She looked at him and smiled enigmatically. "Oh, not so far, Joey." She patted the seat close to her. "Move over."

THE END

The Perfect Squelch

Gloria talked a wonderful reducing diet. She could and would lecture endlessly on fattening foods at the drop of a teaspoon. She talked about calories as cozily as if she had invented them, and doubtless should have had a Ph.D. in the science of slimness.

Trouble was, Gloria never stuck to a diet for more than a few days. So her own contours remained enthusiastically overstuffed.

Coming late to bridge club one afternoon, she immediately started describing her newest diet. A few thousand details later, she paused to exclaim, "Oh, girls, I lost five pounds!"

In the silence that followed, one weary listener asked, "Have you looked behind you?"

Mrs. Paul R. Meyer

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MICHIGAN FAMILY OF 8 TAMES SUMMER WITH GENERAL ELECTRIC THINLINE FOR $219†

The Alfred Kowalskis are amazed at how far their air conditioning dollars went. Their Thinline cools 875 square feet of living area, keeps them and their children comfortable for $219 plus sales tax.

WYANDOTTE, MICHIGAN

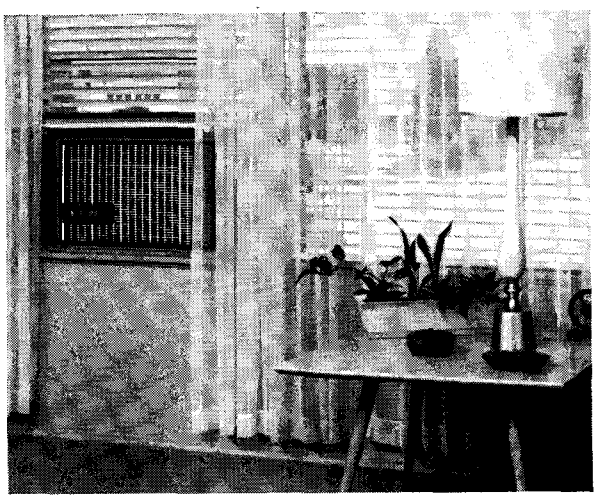
"WE FELT that if we had to be tied to the house with 6 children, we might as well be comfortable." Summer was on the way. The oldest of the youngsters was 6. For the Kowalskis, it was an easy decision.

The 8,500 BTU* *Thinline* was an obvious choice, too. "I was so satisfied with my other General Electric appliances," Mrs. Kowalski says, "I had my mind set on it."

What the Kowalskis weren't prepared for was the results. "The *Thinline* cools the whole downstairs real well—living room, dining room, kitchen and den. We were amazed. We think it's one of the best investments we ever made."

That professional-looking living room installation? Alfred Kowalski did it himself. "No problem," he reports. And this *Thinline* was ready to plug in the wall and run on regular 115-volt house current.

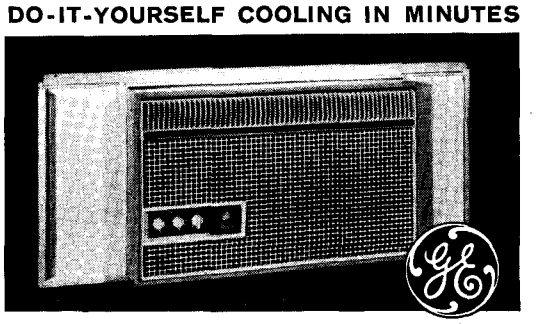
The Kowalskis pay for their new comfort as easily as they put it in. In the most sizzling heat, operating costs average about $5 a month.



HOUSTON, TEXAS: "Our two Thinlines do the whole house fine," the George Chatneuffs agree. Statistically, that's 1,200 square feet of living area, kitchen and three bedrooms. In fact, they "couldn't live without" the cooling and dehumidifying their two 8,500 BTU* units give them. They live very nicely with the bill, too. Cost for the units was $449.90 excluding installation. Installation cost was nominal. No conversion was necessary. They already had adequate 115-volt house current.

WASHINGTON, D. C.: Some 720 square feet of spring coolness—even on 100°-plus summer days. That's what retired Mess Sergeant and Mrs. William Bever bought for $199.95. For that's what their 6,500 BTU* General Electric delivers to 4 rooms and the bath of their apartment. A small fan boosts it on to a second bedroom. All especially welcome to Sgt. Bever. "I had sinus real bad," he says. "The *Thinline* helped that." They like the way its slimness lets curtains fall naturally, too.

DO-IT-YOURSELF COOLING IN MINUTES



New Easy-Mount Thinline. Fits most any window with a weathertight grip . . . you need only a screwdriver and scissors to install 7,500 BTU's* of General Electric cooling. Just sli-i-ide into place. Plug in any adequate 115-volt house current. Be cool tonight! There's a General Electric *Thinline* for every cooling problem. Your choice of 18 models from 5,300 to 16,000 BTU's to fit almost any wiring or installation need. Room Air Conditioner Dept., General Electric Company, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

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**Standard measurement of cooling capacity, tested and rated in compliance with National Electric Manufacturers' Assn. Standards CN 1-1958.*

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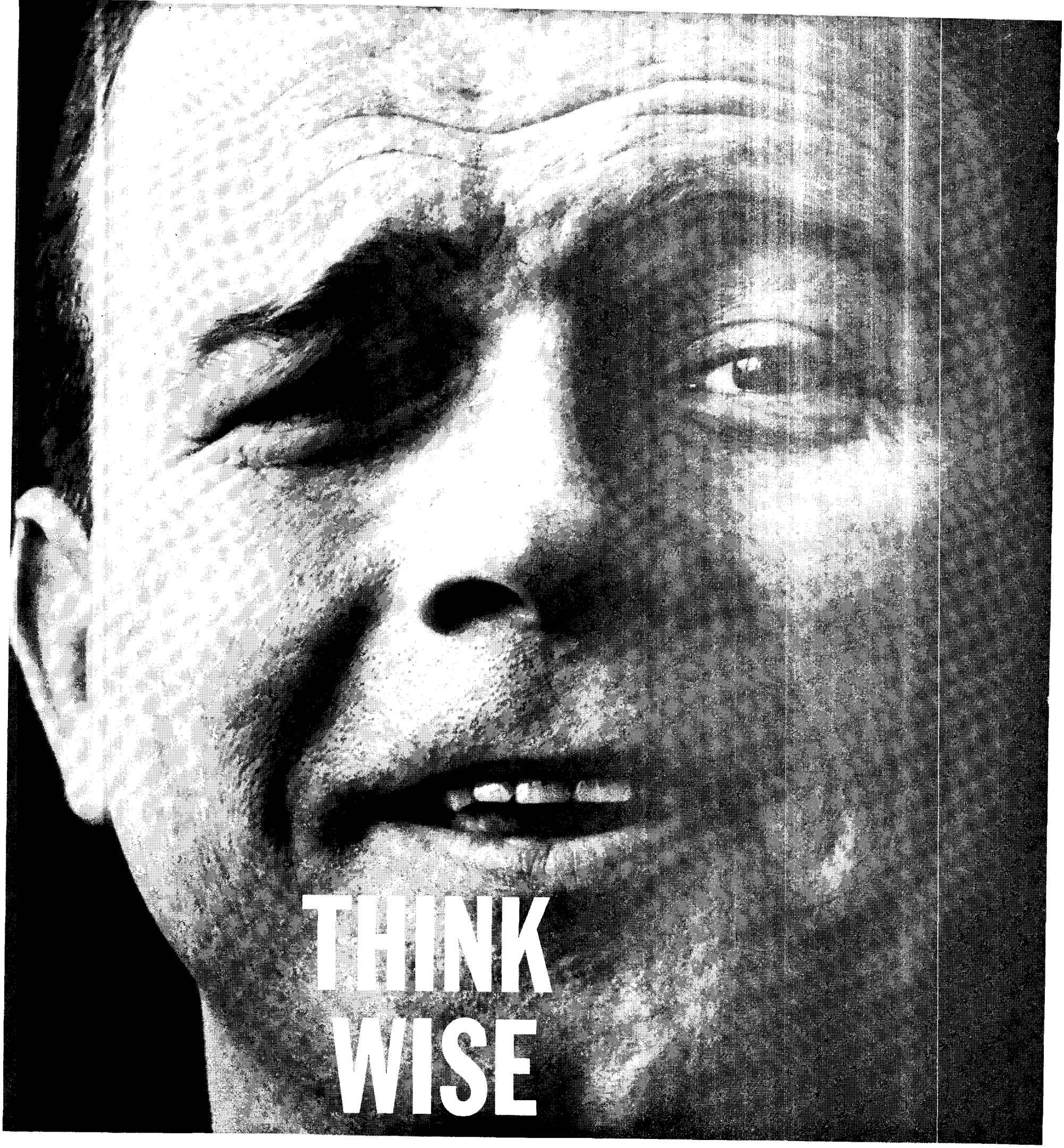

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Tales of the Stamp Collectors

(Continued from Page 43)

at the Philatelic Sales Agency in Washington, D.C. This agency was set up in 1921 to furnish collectors with specimens, as near perfect as the Bureau of Engraving and Printing can manage, of new issues of stamps. It now lists about 100 different items of stock on hand.

New records were set in 1959 on the cancellation of "first-day covers." These are envelopes which collectors send in to be stamped and canceled on the date a new stamp is issued. First-day-cover cancellations had seldom reached the 500,000 mark in previous years, but set a new record of nearly 900,000 last June with the four-cent Lincoln Commemorative stamp. That record has already been eclipsed twice this year with 1,420,000 covers bearing the four-cent Boy Scout Golden Jubilee commemorative, in February, and with more than 1,700,000 four- and eight-cent Masaryk Champion of Liberty cancellations in March.

What's behind this boom in stamps? A couple of years ago a newsmagazine reported that smart money in Wall Street was going into certain issues of stamps, citing a 100-yen Okinawa specimen—costing about eighty-four cents—that in three years had zoomed to $275. The trouble is that the investment market in stamps has limitations. Philatelists wouldn't explain it this way, I'm sure, but it's something

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A man's wife may not be the one woman he ever loved, but she's the one who made him prove it.

A. W. STINSON

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like a race track. When a long shot pays off at a big price, a relatively small number hold winning tickets. Stamps, like horses, generally have proved more entertaining than profitable.

A more plausible explanation of the boom is the improvement in stamp making. New presses turn out more colorful designs. Spice has been added by canceling stamps with dies bearing a message or picture instead of the once-usual wavy lines. When the United States Maritime Administration recently offered a special cancellation for the launching date of the Nuclear Ship *Savannah*, all other business was halted temporarily by an avalanche of 40,000 requests. And a campaign of premeditated beautification was launched about two years ago when Postmaster General Arthur E. Summerfield created a committee of artists and philatelists to help him make stamps ornamental as well as useful.

Stamp collecting gets much publicity as the hobby of assorted rich men. The British Royal Collection, the finest of its kind in the world, was started by King George V when he was a boy in knee pants. Bernard Davis, director of the National Philatelic Museum in Philadelphia, keeps the album merely describing this collection in the safe with other valuables. Many rare stamps have sold for fabulous prices, but the Koh-i-noor of the stamps—the most valuable in all the world—is the 1856 British Guiana one-cent specimen originally used mostly for mailing newspapers. Its black and magenta, or purplish-red, coloring is not considered particularly attractive, but only one specimen is known to exist. Whenever this specimen leaves the premises of J. & H. Stolow, Inc., New York stamp dealers who act as agents when the stamp is loaned for exhibitions, it is insured for $100,000 and guarded twenty-four hours a day by pistol-packing policemen.

Who owns the stamp is a well-kept secret. Found by a young stamp collector named Vernon Vaughan among old papers in the family attic in 1873, it gained international prominence when it was auctioned off as part of the collection of the late Baron Philip von Ferrari of Paris in 1922. An American collector, Arthur Hind of Utica, New York, paid $37,000 for it, then the record for a single stamp. After Hind died, Finbar Kenny, general manager of Stolow's, bought it from his widow at a price he reported as "approximately $45,000" for the present owner. Some philatelists believe that the "present owner," or owners, are his bosses, the brothers Stolow, Julius and Harry, but they deny it. Kenny says the present owner is a private collector who desires anonymity.

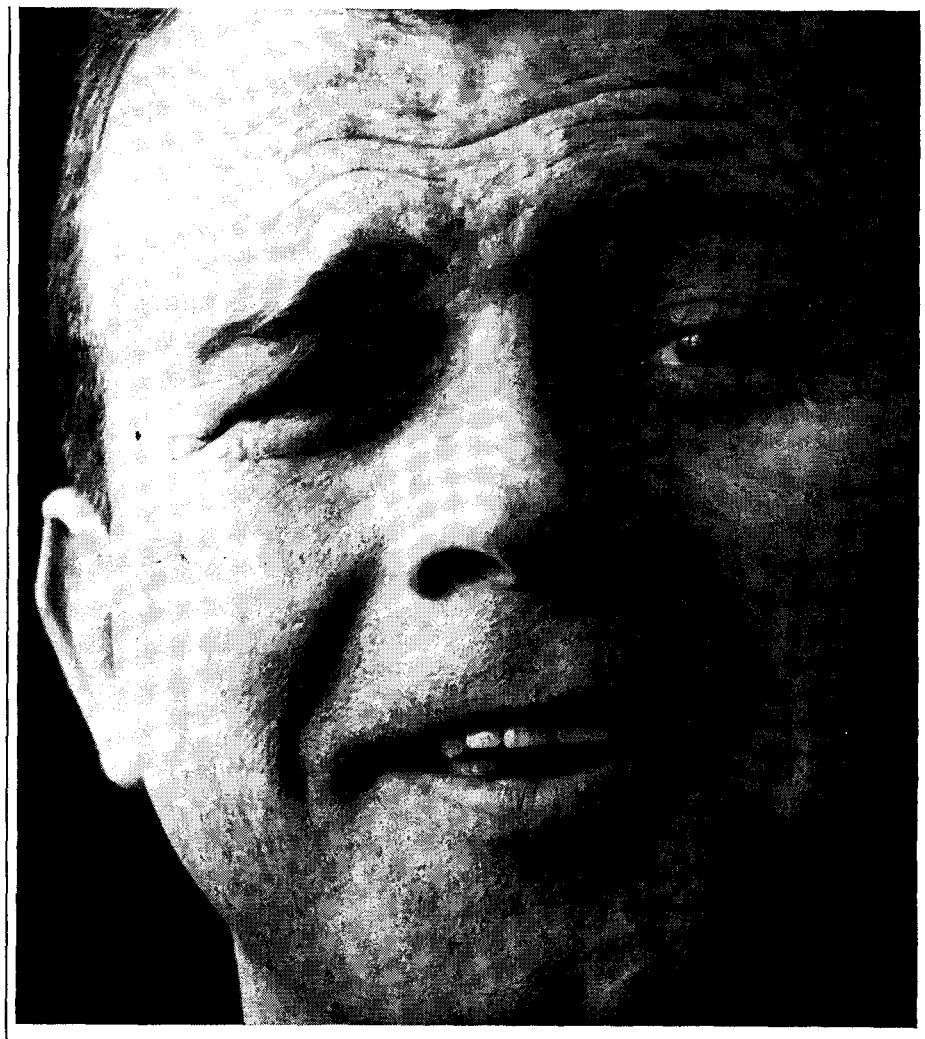
But stamp collecting also is one of the cheapest hobbies in the world. More than 75 per cent of the more than 200,000 varieties going into stamp albums today cost less than one dollar. All it takes to get into business as a stamp collector is a $1.50 album (or a loose-leaf notebook), a magnifying glass, tweezers, a perforation gauge and some glassine "hinges"—stamps are never pasted to the pages. If you're a plunger, fifty cents will bring a packet of stamps from almost any dealer, enough to keep two youngsters quiet on a rainy afternoon or put one adult insomniac to sleep. Schoolteachers call stamps a visual aid. Therapists use them to relax patients. The first stamp is not so harmful as the first puff of hashish, but the effect can be as lasting.

Most people who use stamps don't know that they were invented only a little more than a century ago, specifically May 6, 1840, in England. Before that, postal rates varied by distance—as ours still do for parcel post—and charges were usually C.O.D. Under this system the clerical work cost more than the transportation. The invention that revolutionized world communications consisted in (1) replacing the mileage scale with a low flat rate for letters anywhere in the United Kingdom, and (2) requiring postage to be prepaid. The first issue was a smash hit.

Seven years later the United States Congress got around to authorizing our first stamps, which were a five-center carrying Ben Franklin's picture and a ten-center with Washington's. But by that time an anonymous but historic young lady had advertised in *The Times* of London that she would welcome old stamps to decorate her boudoir, and booksellers were handling stamps and putting out price lists. The stamp-collecting craze was under way.

Today's three-volume catalogues published by Scott or Minkus Publications of New York City carry more than 100,000 items. You can get one of those 1847 five-centers with Franklin's picture for twenty-five dollars or the ten-centers with Washington's for seventy-five dollars, less if they aren't highest quality. An all-nations assortment of 50,000 different specimens costs $1850. But you can also get fifty different secondhand United States stamps for twenty cents on a buy now, pay later plan.

"The first thing to learn about stamps," Harry Lindquist told me, "is that you can't collect 'em all." Baron Ferrari probably came as close as anyone. He was reported to have unused and used specimens of nearly all known stamps, but after spending fifty years and at least



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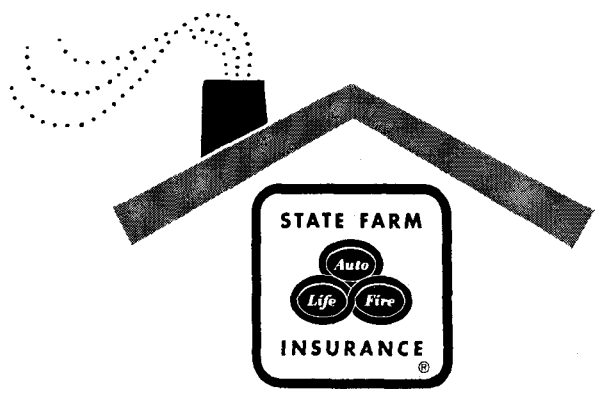

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$1,600,000—the figure would be much higher today—he still had blank spaces in his albums. There are twice as many stamps in circulation now as when the Ferrari collection was sold in the '20's, so you can forget the *complete* collection no matter how much money you may have.

After they have learned to twirl their tweezers, most collectors specialize in stamps of one country, or geographical area, or those depicting some subject—flowers, ships, trains, women, buildings or men with beards. Some collectors wouldn't look twice at any but an airmail stamp. The first airmail stamp was issued as recently as 1918, but got the field off to a sensational start. The twenty-four-cent airmail special delivery issued to inaugurate the first regular flight from Washington to New York was printed in two colors, and by mistake one sheet of 100 stamps came out with the airplane in blue flying upside down in the red—sometimes called carmine rose—frame. That one sheet got past inspectors and was sold at a postal substation in downtown Washington. One of those twenty-four-cent inverts brought $6400 at a recent New York auction.

That upside-down airplane wasn't the first sensation or even the first invert in our philatelic history. All our early issues bore portraits, mostly of Presidents, but in 1869 Postmaster General Alexander Randall broke with tradition and introduced a series of stamps picturing outstanding personages and events in the nation's history. This heresy raised hob among philatelists, who denounced the new stamps' size, shape, color and even the flavor of the gum. The pony-express rider on one stamp was ridiculed as "Booth on his death ride" and his horse as "the flying rat." For the first time some denominations were printed in two colors. That was called a wild extravagance, and the discovery that the pictorial part of some specimens was upside down was the last straw. Irate customers demanded their money back or a proper stamp in return, and six months after the two-color issues were placed on sale they were recalled. But today, if you find one of those freaks on some old family letters in the attic—say, a fifteen-cent number with Chris Columbus standing on his head sticking his sword into the clouds—take it to your safe-deposit box. You've got something.

Times change, and when a second series of pictorials was issued for the Columbian World's Fair in Chicago in 1893, state militia had to be called to help police keep the first-day crowds in line. When philatelist Franklin D. Roosevelt took over as President in 1933, the stamp presses at the Treasury Department's Bureau of Engraving and Printing began to hum. During F.D.R.'s regime, 134 commemorative and forty-nine new ordinary stamps were issued. Things tapered off in World War II, but built up to a new high—some called it a new low—when Congress got into the act with the celebrated chicken stamp of 1948, the stormiest year in our stamp annals.

For 100 years Congress had been content to set postal rates and let the postmaster general issue the stamps. Suddenly the rambunctious Eightieth Congress assumed the role of stamp maker, passing one law after another ordering and directing the postmaster general to issue this or that stamp, sometimes, it was suspected, for political purposes. President Truman vetoed one bill directing issuance of a stamp for the Swedish Pioneer Centennial, pointing out that the Swedes had just been commemorated a few years before. The resulting Swedish hullabaloo calmed down only when Truman allowed Postmaster General Jesse M. Donaldson to go ahead and issue the stamp anyway. Congress went on to immortalize Indians, volunteer firemen, gymnasts, women, youth and sundry others until an issue still referred to in philatelic circles as "that chicken stamp" brought things to a head.

In response to many years' prodding by the poultry industry, Congress passed and Truman signed a bill for a stamp to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the first poultry show in America in Boston. In due course, 52,975,000 graven images of a light Brahma rooster known around the barnyard as Wood Haven King were prepared for distribution at three cents each.

Now, Brahmas are not a well-known modern breed, and so practical poultrymen were upset by the choice of this obscure but handsome rooster to symbolize the nation's favorite fowl. But their squawks were mild as compared to those of collectors and mere lickers of stamps when they saw a feather-shanked chicken pictured where presidents and distinguished Americans were wont to be. Bostonians fumed because the first-day sale was held not in Boston but in New Haven, Connecticut, which happened to be the home state of the chicken-stamp bill's sponsor, Rep. Antoni N. Sadlak. New Haven police co-operated in the festivities by backing up a paddy wagon to the main entrance of the post office and arresting, for vending without license, a group of stamp dealers who had set up stands to sell first-day-cover envelopes.

Postal authorities interceded and permitted the dealers to sell their wares on the post-office lawn, Federal property, under the United States marshal's watchful eye. In the ensuing confusion Congress quietly killed a bill similarly to immortalize the angora goat and has steered clear of creating stamps to this day.

Every year Postmaster General Summerfield gets thousands of suggestions to commemorate Elvis Presley, pipe-organ pumpers, the blizzard of March, 1888, and other phenomena. He turns these ideas over to his Stamp Advisory Committee. The three philatelic members are Harry Lindquist, Bernard Davis and Sol Glass of Baltimore, author of a book and articles on American stamps. The artists are Ervine Metzl of the Society of Illustrators, and William H. Buckley of the Art Directors Club, both of New York, and Arnold J. Copeland of the Westport (Connecticut) Artists, Inc. Abbott Washburn, deputy director of the United States Information Agency, is the seventh member of the group.

The committee screens the suggestions, trying to single out events of widespread national appeal and significance. There's a taboo against stamps honoring any American citizen until at least twenty-five years after his death. There's a trend toward simpler design, doing away with latticework frames, curly ribbons and scrolly borders. That four-cent Lincoln stamp is simply his head and shoulders from the Lincoln Memorial statue with his signature to the right and the denomination opposite. The commemorative issues honoring the late President Magsaysay of the Philippines, the Hungarian patriot, Lajos Kossuth, and Ernst Reuter, mayor of Berlin, were the first of the "Champion of Liberty" series. These have a flavor of propaganda, constructive, of course—the Kossuth stamp enjoyed the success of being barred in Hungary—and serve to counter Russian efforts in this field. A Russian Sputnik stamp appeared almost simultaneously with the firing of their first orbiting rocket.

We have domestic propaganda stamps too. The Department of Agriculture has used the recent soil-conservation stamp effectively in its field work, and the Department of Interior gave blessings to the whooping-crane stamp as a reminder of the importance of our wildlife. Whether the smiling lass on the dental-health number will impel children to brush their teeth or love the dentist is open to question, but the committee thought it worth a try.

Artists in the commercial field as well as those at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing may be asked to submit sketches for new stamps. In the last two years many well-known illustrators have participated despite the modest $500 fee, including Stevan Dohanos and Norman Rockwell, who have done many illustrations and covers for *The Saturday Evening Post*. Dohanos did the forty-nine-star flag stamp issued July 4, 1959, and Rockwell designed the Boy Scout stamp issued in February.

"After the Boy Scout stamp was decided upon," Ervine Metzl told me when I visited his Park Avenue studio, "we thought Norman would be the one to do the illustration because of his interest in scouting over the years. Although he had never done anything in the postage-stamp range, he agreed to go along, and it wasn't long before he had found the boy he wanted for his model and sent us his drawing. We all liked it, and I added the necessary lettering in two or three designs and, with some modifications, it was approved."

It's not always that simple. The smiling girl on the dental-health stamp had her hairdo changed from a Dutch bob with bangs to a wind-blown permanent wave before all committee members were satisfied. Once approved, the drawing is reduced to finished size for engraving. Basically the engraving method hasn't changed much since Jacob Perkins of Newburyport, Massachusetts, perfected it—originally for engraving bank notes—about 1813 after some twenty years of development. Working freehand under a magnifying glass, the engraver cuts the design in a soft steel die, which then is hardened. By a process Perkins called siderography the impression is transferred to the plates actually used in printing. If a stamp is of ordinary size, as many as 400 stamp impressions may be put on one press plate. One-color stamps are run off on rotary presses the way newspapers are printed. Multicolor stamps formerly required separate press runs for each color, but recently installed color presses at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing apply as many as three colors at once.

"I think he's still in love with you."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Commemorative issues are distributed to all postal branches, but are kept under lock and key until after they have been "released" at the city or town selected for the first-day sale. I was in Titusville, Pennsylvania, with some friends—to see what a first-day sale was like in a small town—when the stamp commemorating the petroleum industry's centennial was put on sale there. It was quite an affair. A town committee had organized a week-long celebration winding up with a big parade and a ball on Saturday night with a big-name band. The stamp itself was a long, brown four-center with a drawing of an oil rig in its center. The first-day sale of the stamp was set for Thursday, last August twenty-seventh, the anniversary of the day the first oil well ever drilled came in a couple of miles south of town. Dave Garroway moved his morning TV show to Titusville—with the help of the American Petroleum Institute, which picked up a $30,000 moving tab—to mark the goings on, and everybody for miles around had dug antiques out of attics and barns to display in downtown store windows. In the post office a specially recruited staff had been busy for days filling orders from all over the world.

If you live in a first-day city, you can get a first-day cover by going to the post office, buying one of the new stamps and sending yourself a letter. If you don't live in the first-day city, you can write to the postmaster there, enclosing one or more envelopes already addressed and a money order or cash for the stamps. No personal checks, and if you don't send the right amount, don't expect any change. Sometimes it takes two or three days to fill all the requests—there were more than 800,000 at Titusville—but all those received up to midnight got a cancellation as of nine A.M. that first day. If you miss getting a first-day cover from the post office, you can buy one later from a dealer.

Postmaster General Summerfield, who sells stamps as earnestly as he used to sell automobiles, likes to attend first-day ceremonies himself, where he presents sheets of the new issue to local dignitaries.

Probably the most historic of all first days, as far as American stamp collectors are concerned, was May 14, 1918, when that sheet with the upside-down airplanes had the philatelic world by the ear. The story is perhaps the best known of any in the stamp field, but I've never heard it told the same (*Continued on Page 130*)

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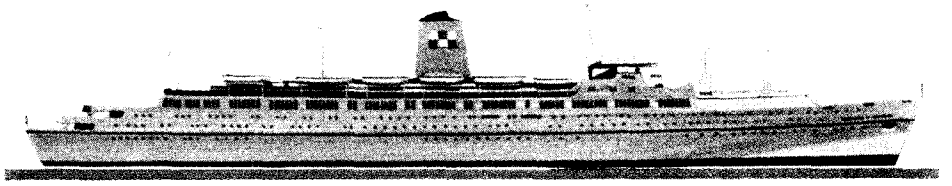


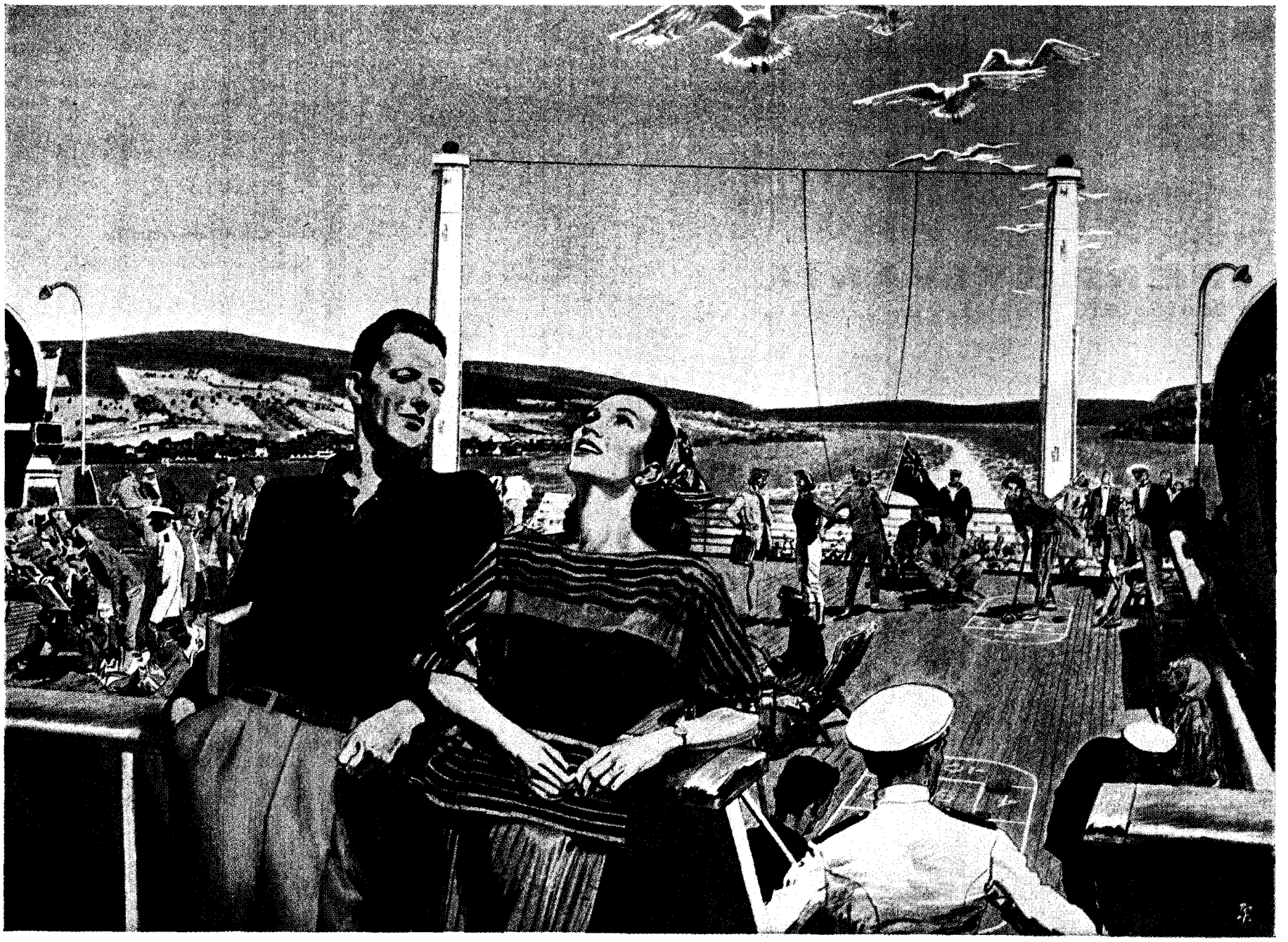
For fun on the way...sail to Europe on a White Empress

Canadian Pacific, the world's most complete transportation system, offers weekly sailings from Montreal to Europe and you travel one-third of the way inland!

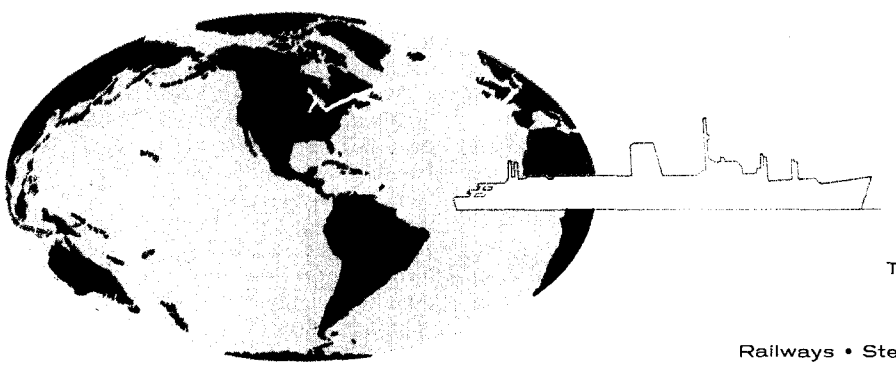
This is the *scenic* route to Europe. No other route takes you through the heart of picturesque French Canada on an interesting St. Lawrence sail to the Atlantic.

And no one wants to make the trip a moment shorter, with the wealth of shipboard pleasures a White Empress offers—relaxing staterooms, spacious friendly public rooms, wide decks for sunning, strolling, sports! Enjoy a morning swim, a snooze in the afternoon, fun evenings of cards, movies, parties, dancing.

White Empresses cruise south during the winter to sunny Caribbean ports of call and to South America. And wherever you travel with Canadian Pacific, the facilities of the world's largest transportation system and seventy-five years of experience are at your service ...over more than 85,000 route miles of integrated travel and transportation services by land, sea, and air!



A Canadian Pacific White Empress sailing down the St. Lawrence en route to Europe.



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THE WORLD'S MOST COMPLETE TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM

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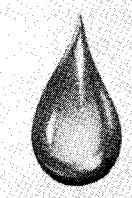
$50 Synthetic or $2500 Mink?

You can't see the difference but a furrier can tell. Unseen molecular structures make an all-important difference in quality and value.



Ordinary Motor Oil or PENNSYLVANIA?

You can't see the difference but your car can tell. Nature's MIRACLE MOLECULE in Pennsylvania motor oils assures superior lubrication. Switch to a brand of Pennsylvania . . . at better dealers everywhere.

PENNSYLVANIA
Motor Oil...with Nature's Miracle Molecule

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION • OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

Science Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery Stops Itching—Relieves Pain

Only Preparation H Contains New Healing Substance That Now Makes it Possible to Shrink Hemorrhoids Without Surgery.

A world-famous research institute has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids without surgery. It relieves itching and pain *in minutes* and speeds up healing of the injured, inflamed tissues.

In one hemorrhoid case after another, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by doctor's observations. And most amazing of all—this improvement was maintained over a period of many months!

In fact, results were so thorough, that sufferers were able to make such statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem." And among these sufferers, were a wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing.

All this was accomplished without the use of narcotics, astringents or anesthetics of any kind. The secret is the new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) which quickly helps heal injured cells and stimulates regrowth of healthy tissue again. It is offered in *ointment* or *suppository* form called Preparation H®.

In addition to actually shrinking hemorrhoids without surgery, Preparation H lubricates and makes elimination less painful. It helps prevent infection which is a principal cause of hemorrhoids. Just ask for Preparation H Ointment or Preparation H Suppositories (easier to use away from home). Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Any drug counter.

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(*Continued from Page 128*)

way twice. So I went to Baltimore to get it straight. The man who bought the 100 stamps for twenty-four dollars and sold them in less than a week for $15,000 was William T. Robey, then a young cashier at a brokerage house in downtown Washington, who died in 1949 after a brain operation. I went to see his widow, Mrs. Caroline Scott Robey, who had recently retired from her Federal Government job, and was living with her daughter, Mrs. Louise Birch, wife of a Baltimore insurance man. At today's prices that sheet of stamps could bring $610,000. Was Robey foolish to sell for $15,000 and had he regretted it? What happened to the money? What does a windfall like that do to an unsuspecting stamp collector? These were some of the questions in my mind as I drove out to the Birch home in the suburbs.

Some years before he died, Billy Robey, as his wife called him, had written his version of the memorable event for a philatelic magazine, so I knew the background. He had arranged with friends in New York and Philadelphia, the other two cities on the first airmail route, for a mutual exchange of first-day covers. Shortly after he got to work, he walked over to a nearby branch postal station to buy the stamps. He was alone at the window and had plenty of time to inspect the stamps the clerk handed him. Because they were poorly centered, Robey hesitated and, when the clerk said he expected an additional shipment later, left without buying any stamps.

When Robey returned at noon, the same clerk was on duty and reached under the counter and brought out and handed over a sheet of 100 stamps. One look gave Robey the "thrill of a lifetime," as he later described it. The airplane was inverted. Without comment he paid the clerk twenty-four dollars and asked if he had any more. The clerk showed him three more sheets, all he had. Robey noted that they were normal and handed them back to the clerk, and showed him his sheet with the airplane upside down. The clerk whirled and made a beeline for the telephone. Robey returned to his office. No more sheets of the twenty-four-cent inverts ever were found, but Robey was afraid others might have got out. For many years a rumor persisted that four sheets had actually been printed and that three had been found and destroyed.

On that fateful afternoon Mrs. Robey was wheeling Louise, then thirteen months old, around Meridian Park because neighbors in the building where they had a one-bedroom apartment were constantly critical, perhaps jealous, of the baby's extraordinary lung power. When Robey didn't come home on time, his wife wondered what had happened to him and kept wheeling the baby. "Billy usually got home from the office about five-thirty," Mrs. Robey recalled, as we thumbed through an album of mementos of the philatelic coup, "and would wheel the baby around until I got dinner. Two men who came along that evening introduced themselves as postal inspectors and asked where my husband was. I told them I expected him any minute, but after waiting awhile they left. I was pretty tired of pushing that buggy by nine o'clock, when Billy finally arrived and told me all about what had happened."

Soon after he got back to his office, Robey told her, two postal inspectors appeared and demanded that he return the stamps. Robey refused to give up what he had bought and paid for, and they finally left. Robey's boss, however, wouldn't let him keep his prize in the office safe overnight for fear the company might get into trouble with Federal authorities, and so after leaving work Robey rode around on streetcars for some three hours so he could slip back to the apartment under cover of darkness.

"We slept on those stamps for a week," Mrs. Robey said, laughing heartily at the memory. "We didn't have anything to lock them in, so we turned out the light, pulled down the shades and stuck the briefcase under the mattress at the foot of my side of the bed. News of the stamps got around pretty fast, and the next day, a Wednesday, we had offers of five hundred dollars from a man in Washington and one for ten thousand dollars from another in Philadelphia.

"Billy decided to see what he could do in New York over the weekend, but the only offers he could raise there were one for twenty-five hundred dollars, another for two hundred fifty dollars and a third to sell it on a commission basis involving no cash. The horrible thought was that another sheet might turn up, maybe several, and that ten-thousand-dollar offer might drop to twenty-five dollars instead. But Billy made up his mind to hold out a little longer."

The following Tuesday, Robey sold the sheet intact to Eugene Klein, a stamp dealer in Philadelphia, for $15,000. How Klein sold it to the late Col. E. H. R. Green, son of the fabulously rich Hetty Green, for $20,000; how Colonel Green let Klein sell some of them to establish a market, starting at $200 apiece, and how the price has mounted steadily over the years to that $6400 sale last December—all that you can find in the stamp-auction records. But nowhere, anything about what happened to the $15,000. Mrs. Robey laughed again when I asked her.

"I guess we did what any young couple would do today," she said. "Billy said if he could get a car, I could have the rest to do with as I wanted.

"That was the bargain, and he bought our first car, a touring model with what he called a family top—you know, one man, woman and child can put it up with hardly any trouble at all. The salesman gave him a driving lesson, and on the way home everyone on the street managed to keep out of his way, but when he drove it into the garage and the back wall refused to budge, he drove right on through it. Well, he got it patched up and we had lots of wonderful times with Billy's car.

"My share? I bought a house, paid all cash, and some furniture to put in it, and there wasn't enough left to speak of."

Had they ever wished they had held out longer? I asked, pointing out that the stamps might bring $500,000 today. Mrs. Robey shook her head emphatically and nodded toward her attractive daughter.

"You'd never suspect it now," she said, "but when Louise was six, she had polio and rheumatic fever at the same time. Not much was known about either disease then, but by borrowing against the house we were able to give her the best medical and hospital care. It was a two-year pull, but she got well. I don't care how many others made money on those stamps, they helped us when we needed it most. What more could you ask?" THE END

... ...

Confidentially

I glibly told her of my fears,
My troubles all were sung;
My friend, who seemed to be
all ears,
Turned out to be all tongue.

Nona Madison

... ...

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My Memorial Day (Continued from Page 33)

horseplay when we heard Jenks's rapid steps in the hallway, but it is difficult to maintain an innocent air when you are soaked and your recently-filled water pitcher stands empty on your bedside table. The wardboys did not mop the floor that day; we did. Jenks got mops from the utility room and borrowed more from nearby wards. The wheel-chair brigade—Peterson and Pearson and Agnew—mopped from their chairs, and we bed patients mopped from our beds, leaning out as far as we could.

We were a handful of the nearly 700,000 Americans who were combat-wounded in World War II; we had survived, while almost a third of a million had been buried on battlefields throughout the world. Since 1914 the nation has lost, in three wars, almost half a million men killed and a million wounded. Other countries have suffered greater losses, but this is small comfort. There are no degrees of death; twelve men killed are no more dead than two:

Each Memorial Day, and on other days, too, when memories come tumbling back, we remember the dead. Too often we hear patriotic phrases composed of empty words, spoken with an empty shallowness; and these are disappointing days. To a man who has known combat, patriotism has a special meaning. It does not require public exhibition to prove its existence, or the hearty endorsement of campaigning politicians. It is a personal, enduring emotion, compounded of devotion and pride and gallantry and anger and fear, and simple, unvarnished love of country, and love of humanity.

It may be comforting to organize our patriotic feelings, setting aside certain minutes in a certain month to honor our dead. But to me—and, I believe, to the hundreds of combat-wounded men I knew during four years in Army hospitals—the parades and ceremonial rifle volleys sometimes seem to be parodies.

At these times I think of Big Ed Manifold of York, Pennsylvania, my company commander in France, who in our rare rest periods sat near his slit trench reading stacks of *The New York Times*, eating huge chunks of quartermaster bread spread with sweet French butter, and washing them down with cognac. Big Ed was killed outside Lunéville while holding his wire sergeant's wounded head in his arms, protecting him from artillery fire. I think of Gage Chetwood, who taught me to ski and who was shot down over Italy. I think of my wardmate, Everett Dixon, who died in spite of Jenks's spending her off-duty time as his special nurse.

And I remember what he told me of his wounding in Okinawa, when he lay on the ground holding his belly together and a combat medic looked at him and said, "Well, I'll patch you up, but it won't do no good." And the medic was right; Dixon was killed there in Okinawa, but he took a long time in the dying.

And I think of the living.

J. Harold Peterson Jr. was from San Diego, a tall, happy man with sparse hair and a superb singing voice. I met him in an Army hospital somewhere in England in 1944, a few weeks after we had been wounded in Northern France. When we began to feel better, we would urge Pete to sing, and his great voice would fill the ward with operatic arias. He had been a concert singer before becoming a soldier. We would listen, and the nurses would come to hear, and we would all be most thankful that Pete had been hit only in the legs.

Pete got his Silver Star Medal while we were there, but most of us thought a Bronze Star or a brass star would have been more appropriate, because of his wounds. North of Metz, one September afternoon, Pete's tank platoon attempted to stop German armor that was decimating an infantry company. One round from a hidden Tiger tank killed three men in Pete's tank and exploded the canvas bag that held empty machine-gun cartridge cases.

These struck Pete's legs. When we first knew him, Pete had more than thirty brass cartridge cases in one leg and almost as many in the other.

We came to Hammond together, Pete and I, on a (*Continued on Page 133*)

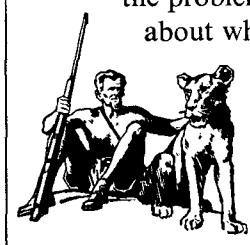
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Well, if you should call for help, Miss, this is the kind of service you can expect."

Exciting reading! in June Reader's Digest . . .

Should you keep your fears *a secret?*

Confession, as a keen observer once said, can be "bad for the reputation" . . . And science confirms that it can be bad *for you* "if it weakens the resolve to *do something* about the problem!" In June Reader's Digest are new findings about when to speak, when to keep silent. Page 145.



$4.95 Book Condensed: Born Free. This is the *true story* of what the Adamsons did with "Elsa"—a lovable, playful lioness cub who slept in their beds, rode in their car, rapidly grew to 300 pounds, and still today runs to greet them affectionately *in the wild!* Page 100.

Best Advice I Ever Had—Mary Martin. People are quick to offer criticism, and advice—which can be very unsettling. In June Reader's Digest, Mary Martin reveals what her Texas father told her *to do* about these unsolicited "helpers" . . . and how her own daughter is putting grandfather's advice to work this year! Page 49.

All That Love Could Do—*the Inspiring Story of Kay Kendall.* Rex Harrison knew when he married her what Kay was never told: *leukemia!* Here in June Reader's Digest is drama greater than Hollywood ever filmed—the true story of two people in love, giving everything they could to each other . . . *and time running out!* Page 79.

Is There Life in Outer Space? In one of the most adventurous quests ever undertaken by science, astronomers are trying to establish contact with "intelligent beings" on other planets. June Reader's Digest tells how the new West Virginia radio telescope "listens" and men "see" 70 trillion miles away. Pg. 160.

How to Stay Married. Much of what is now written about marriage, states Inez Robb, "is just so much malarkey." Speaking from 30 years' experience with spousery, she says "it is for adults" . . . and here sets forth with refreshing frankness some facts about "the only career essential for my sex." Page 169.

—and 33 other articles condensed to save you time—
selected from current magazines and books in

June Reader's Digest on sale now

What the Digest does for you:

IT SAVES YOU TIME. You get the *cream* of leading magazines and best-selling books . . . skillfully condensed to bring you *more* information (and *more* sheer reading pleasure) in *less* time.

IT SAVES YOU MONEY. To buy the books and magazines that go into just *one* issue would cost you more than $15.00. *You* pay only 35¢ for your copy of the Digest!

IT ENRICHES YOUR CONVERSATION. Each issue is packed with stimulating ideas for discussion. And the Digest's famous jokes and anecdotes make wonderful conversation-starters!

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IT HELPS IN YOUR WORK. The Digest is a mine of valuable ideas that can help you get ahead in your job, keep you "up" on the things your friends and business associates are discussing.

IT CONTINUES YOUR EDUCATION . . . gives you a broad knowledge of the best thought from leading books and current magazines. It keeps you informed and makes you think.

IT PROVIDES READING ENJOYMENT. Fascinating articles of enduring interest are condensed for pleasant, easy reading in every issue of the Digest.

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How to enjoy the sun . . . in style!

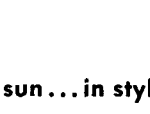
It's no accident that the finest quality sun glasses are also the best looking. Here's why you should never settle for less than Ray-Ban Sun Glasses made by Bausch & Lomb:

Ray-Ban lenses give you complete eye comfort in dazzling sunlight. Precision ground-and-polished-to-curve, they are made from the same glass as Ray-Ban prescription lenses. Choose from Neutral Gray G-15, Green or Gradient Density lens types.

Frame Quality. Distinctive 1/10 12K gold-filled metal frames last a lifetime. Plastic frames, made from finest seasoned plastic, have wire core temples to assure proper fit, maintain adjustment.

Fashion Styling. 21 frame styles and 51 attractive colors make Ray-Ban the most exciting sun glasses to be found anywhere. Try on a pair soon. You'll find a style exactly to your liking.

Driving. Summer or winter, the brutal glare of sunlight on a driver's eyes is exhausting. We recommend Ray-Ban G-15 Sun Glasses for safe driving. They filter out harsh glare, let you see everything in natural colors.



Outdoor Sports. Wherever you're exposed to dazzling sunshine—at the beach, fishing, shooting, boating, watching outdoor sports, flying—Ray-Ban Sun Glasses increase your enjoyment, keep your eyes relaxed and cool.

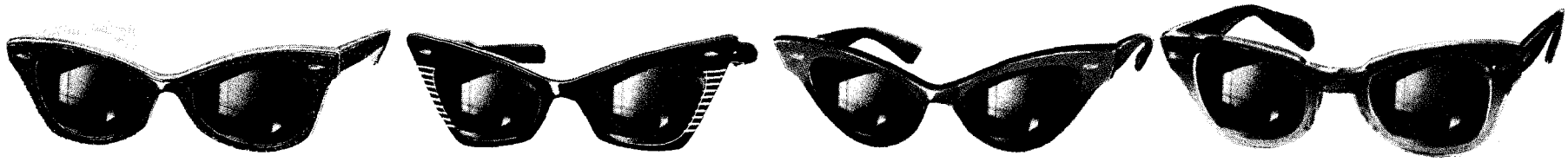
Where to buy. You'll find Bausch & Lomb Ray-Ban Sun Glasses in optical offices and fine stores in your community, priced from $6.50 to $24.95. Be sure you get *genuine* Ray-Ban Sun Glasses—look for the name on the frame. Bausch & Lomb Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Man's Ray-Ban Sun Glass, G-15 lens. Women's Ray-Ban "Satire", Tan and White, Green lens.

BAUSCH & LOMB

Try on a pair...you won't settle for less! Ray-Ban®

. . . the most distinguished name in sun glasses



Ray-Ban "Myth", Blue Sparkle | Ray-Ban "Sun Gay", Red and White | Ray-Ban "Marcelle", Green Shadow | Ray-Ban "Meteor", Blue Wedge (for men)

WEAR GLASSES? Enjoy the comfort of genuine Ray-Ban lenses in your prescription. You can get them in single vision or bifocal types, where you obtained your present glasses.

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(*Continued from Page 131*) hospital ship to Charleston, South Carolina, and a hospital train across the continent to central California. There the crumped brass was nipped out of his legs one piece at a time as it worked to the surface, and his legs were healed. It was almost two years before Pete was returned to duty, and in that time we met many wounded men.

Harry Lawlor arrived at Hammond early one morning and was plunked into the bed next to mine. Just in from the Pacific, he was still in his shipping crate, a plaster cast running from armpit to toes. After Jenks and the doctors had checked him in, a sergeant came from the cast room with knives and nickled cast cutters to cut him out of his cast. It took almost two hours, with the sergeant grunting and cursing and stopping for a smoke while he sliced horizontally through the hardened cast, cutting it so that it would be like the two halves of an oyster, with Harry lying firm in the bottom half shell.

To do its job, a cast must be tight, and a tight cast is difficult to remove, especially around the bones at hip and knee and ankle. When the sergeant knifed in these areas, Harry winced a little, but said nothing. After the sergeant had gone and the top of the cast was loose, the orthopedic surgeon came to lift it and unwrap the layers of cotton padding beneath it. When he saw the fresh blood oozing from the sergeant's knife cuts, he turned to Harry in anger. "Did the cast man do that?" he asked.

Harry nodded.

"Why in hell didn't you stop him?"

Harry shrugged. "It's off now. But I guess he *was* a little careless."

We all learned something from Harry Lawlor. Although he had never seen an enemy soldier and had never fired a shot in anger, he was one of the most severely wounded men who ever lived, and he had the kind of courage that makes heroes.

He was wounded in the late spring of 1944 on the Hawaiian Island of Oahu during a training problem in jungle assault. One round of high-explosive 105-millimeter artillery fell short on his platoon. Eight men were killed, nine others wounded. Harry was hit with seven fragments of that shell, hit in both feet, his left knee, his spine, his buttocks, his right thigh, and he was almost, but not quite, emasculated. Six years later, when World War II had been over for almost five years and the Korean eruption was only two months away, Harry was discharged. But he returned afterward for the amputation of his left leg.

Sometime during the war an English playwright made the silly statement that wounded American soldiers were whiners and complainers. We read this in the newspapers and were not even indignant, for it was obvious that the man was a better dramatist than an observer; but we rather wished he could meet Harry Lawlor, lying there with us, quietly conquering pain with astounding strength and calmness. Harry was not a particularly vigorous patient, even when he had gained back the thirty pounds he had lost, but he was alert and observing, and his Irish wit made life much more pleasant for all of us.

Not long after Harry was freed of his cast and strung into a web of white ropes in a wooden frame, a tall, close-shaved patient came limping into the ward, looking for me. His left leg flopped as he walked, and his left arm swung useless, curling partially from the obvious paralysis of a head wound. As he stood at the foot of my bed, fumbling for the bed tag to read my name, I knew I had seen him before.

Then he spoke, and I knew him. His voice took me back to France, where I had last seen him on the day my company lost thirty-seven men in a ten-minute artillery concentration. Dale Cluck had been a Pennsylvania farmboy when he entered the Army, tall and steady, unruffled and dependable. Because of his strength he was armed with a heavy Browning automatic rifle. In France we were together in the same infantry company, fighting through Normandy, past St. Lô, across the Seine, into Belgium and back toward Strasbourg.

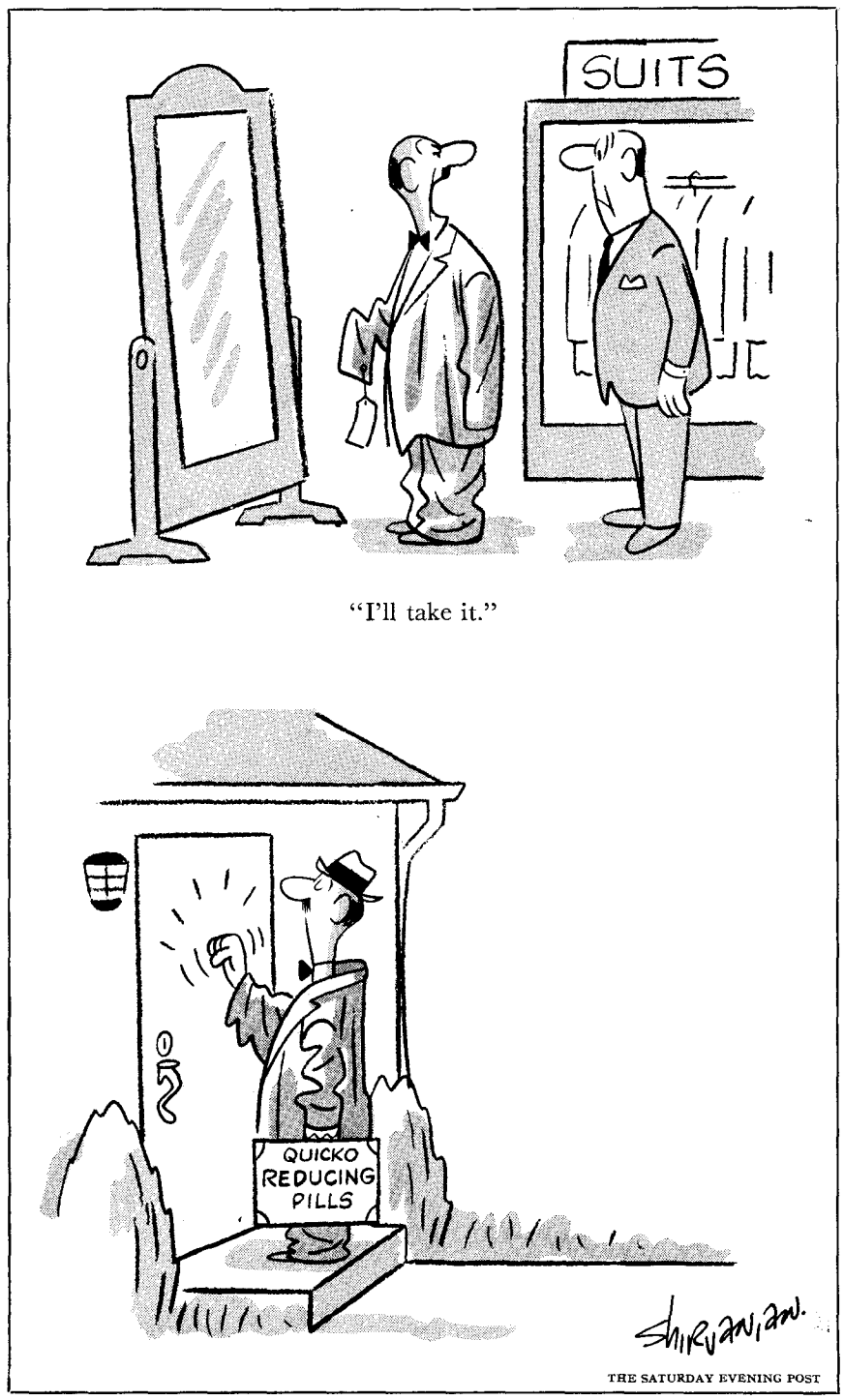
During these months Dale Cluck became acting sergeant at least a dozen times—each time his squad leader was killed or wounded. Cluck led the men who were left until replacements came up at night, when he returned to his job as a BAR man. Somehow the Army overlooked his leadership ability. He was still a private first class on the day he was discharged, the same grade he had held the day outside Lunéville, when German mortar fragments caved in the side of his head and killed Big Ed Manifold 100 yards away.

Cluck was with us at Hammond for eighteen months, while neurosurgeons cleaned fragments of bone and steel out of his brain. Shortly before he had the tantalum plate wired into his skull, his girl Marium came to visit him from Iowa, and they were married. I was at their wedding. Novak loaded me into a wheel chair and pushed me to the chapel, up the ramp and into the wheel-chair space at the rear of the building, and we heard the post chaplain, Col. Edward Witt, perform the ceremony.

One of the men in our ward could walk—I've forgotten his name, but he was an artilleryman who had been wounded in the mouth; his jaws were wired together. One afternoon he returned from a drive in the countryside and collapsed on his bed in mock terror. "Broth-er!" he said between clenched teeth. "Don't ever go driving with Solot—at least not in civilian clothes. The guy's a madman. He could get you killed."

Mort Solot, a tall, thoughtful, almost taciturn soldier, was an infantryman from Tucson, Arizona, and had fought in Attu, Kwajalein and Leyte. He had been wounded in both forearms during the invasion of the Philippines, and that night the enemy repeatedly bombed and strafed the hospital tent where he lay helpless. He won his Silver Star on Kwajalein for ignoring point-blank small-arms fire to guide a tank platoon through a defile; he got his Bronze Star on Leyte, where artillery fragments cut the nerves and shattered the bones in his arms.

The day the artilleryman accused Mort of being a madman, Mort's arms were no longer in casts, and he was allowed to drive a car. To the casual observer he was



"I'll take it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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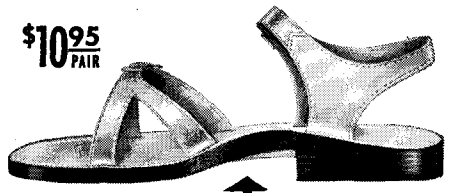

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as rugged as a north-woods logger, but inside his sleeves his arms were shriveled and scarred, and the splintered bones were not yet firmly united. A sharp rap could have shattered them. Knowing this, we could not understand the artilleryman's story.

"We're both in civilian clothes," the artilleryman said, "and Solot says let's drive to Stockton. So he has gas coupons, and what else is there to do? On the way back he stops to pick up a GI, a young kid about eighteen maybe, a big bruiser of a kid. He's been in the Army three months, he tells us, and Mort keeps asking him how he liked it and what the Army's like and is it rough, and that sort of thing. Pretty soon the kid looks at us, sitting there in civilian clothes, as if we were draft dodgers.

"Mort says, 'Gee, I envy you guys in the service, leading such a wholesome life, doing your duty for your country.' The kid looks from Mort to me and then back to Mort, and I can see he's getting angry. I said to Mort, 'Listen, this is the way to get a busted nose,' but Mort ignores me, and the kid—he's as broad as eight ax handles end to end—this kid can't understand me because of this damned jaw of mine. Now Mort is saying something about myopia and the long hours—'even Saturdays and sometimes Sundays'—in the war plant.

"About this time I'm feeling a little sick to my stomach—car sickness, I guess—and I'm not too eager to choke to death on my own juice with these jaws the way they are, and I get Mort to stop the car. As it happens the GI says he can make it on his own from there on, and he walks off, pretty sore. Then I'm not car sick any more, and we came back. Why, that kid could have taken us both apart even before we went overseas. Solot's a screwball; he'd play Russian roulette with a hand grenade."

Mort shrugged off the story when he returned to the ward. "I do it all the time," he said. "The trick is to see just how far you can go; to see just how mad you can get him before he wants to fight. I haven't misjudged yet." He lay on his bed and propped his brittle arms on pillows. "It does help pass the time, and it's a little more exciting than poker."

Mort Solot went with us when Hammond hospital was closed, and several hundred of us were shipped to Letterman General Hospital in San Francisco. At Letterman we met Jim Grimsley.

Jim was older than most of us, more mature, more philosophical, and probably more intelligent. He had been wounded in the head on the obscure little island of Angaur, about 500 miles south of the Philippines, on the day his wife Jeanne—7000 miles away—frosted a tiny cake for their son Tom's first birthday. He was hit shortly before midnight, and his two companions in a three-man foxhole stuffed the wound with first-aid bandages to stem the bleeding. He was not moved until morning, for ground rules in the Pacific war said that anything that moved at night was the enemy.

When daylight came, sniper fire was so heavy that the battalion aid station refused to risk litter bearers for one man—especially a head wound. But one brave medic volunteered to deliver a litter if Grimsley's companions would help carry him back.

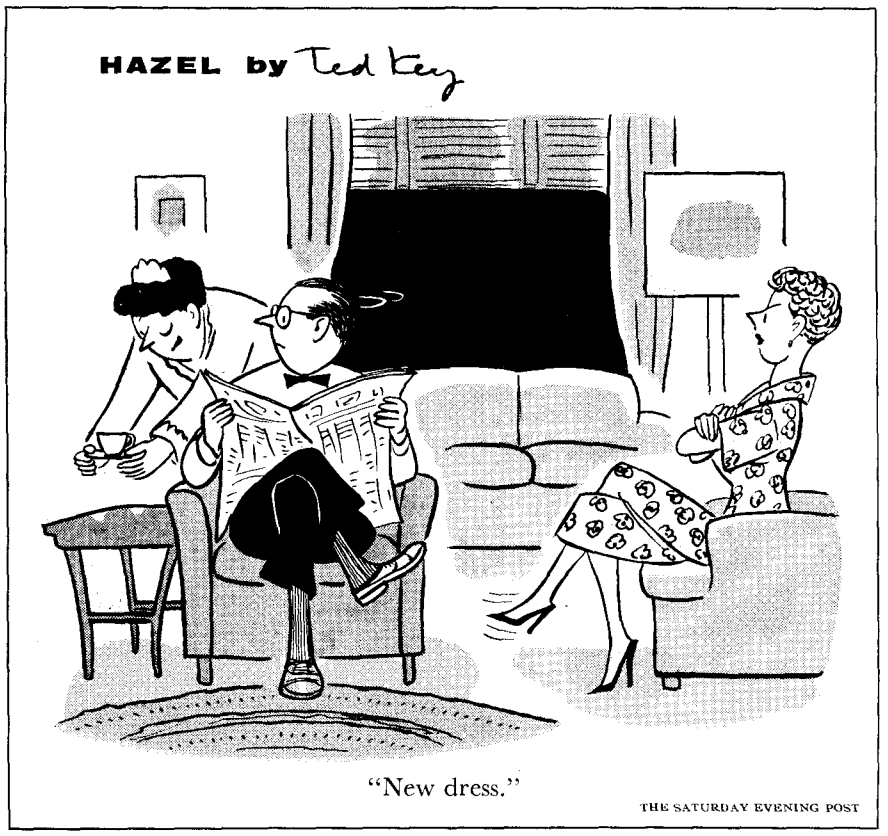
Two weeks later an officer from Grimsley's battalion visited the field hospital. He offered to shave Grimsley. "I kept asking him how he could shave me in the dark," Grimsley recalls. "But he didn't want to tell me I was blind, and he just passed it off by saying he was a clever barber."

When we met Jim Grimsley, brain surgeons were still cleaning the head wound, fighting the infection and preparing him for the tantalum plate for his skull. By that time he could see again, but he had tubular vision—he saw the world as if he were looking through two soda straws. When he got ambulatory enough to wander about San Francisco, Jim and Mort Solot found a huge pair of coveralls for me. They would slip them over my cast, and we would be off.

Once, when we were sitting at a lunch counter, a sweet, middle-aged lady passed behind us and saw the starfish scar on the back of Jim's head. "Oh, dear," she said. "Your mother must have had a rough time."

"Beg your pardon?" Jim said.

"The scar," she said. "Forceps. I know. My daughter had difficulty in childbirth too. My grandson's head is just like yours."



"New dress."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Jim smiled pleasantly, and we said nothing.

I went with them when they played golf in the little town of Sharp Park, south of San Francisco. They would dump me under a tree with a book, Jim would tee off, and Solot would tell him where his ball went. Almost daily we visited Gage Rodman in his private room at the end of the ward, where he was recovering from repeated brain surgery. Rodman, after winning a Silver Star for knocking out a pillbox on Leyte, had been wounded in the stomach on Okinawa. Brain abscesses resulted from his infected wound. Before the war he had been a science major at Weber College in Utah, with an IQ of 148, and we wondered what the war would do to his brilliant mind.

Then there was Felix Sharp. We tried to teach him to read again, but it seemed a hopeless task. Flip Sharp had commanded a battalion of Filipino guerrillas, had actually learned to like rice in his years in a Japanese prison camp and now, as a result of brain injury, had lost the ability to read.

Today Flip is somewhere in Florida, married and the father of one child. He did learn to read again in a special Army school for aphasics, but Jim writes me, "Apparently his eyes have gone bad, for he said he had just received some new records for the blind."

Gage Rodman has not been so fortunate. He lives in Los Angeles now with his devoted mother. His genius-level IQ has been reduced to 123, and because he has partial tubular vision similar to Grimsley's and because he falls frequently, he spends most of his life in a chair. He cannot read well. He can feed himself, with some difficulty, but he cannot cut his meat.

Today, as Rodman sits limply watching television and Flip Sharp listens to his records for the blind and Pete Peterson feels the occasional twinge of a cartridge case in the calf of his leg, it is difficult to gain perspective about the meanings of war or the meanings of days set aside to commemorate the war dead. Especially when there is so little peace in the world.

"It is right that we honor the dead," Jim Grimsley writes, "but we cannot forget the Gage Rodmans who can no longer march in parades. They still fight for existence, operating newsstands or cigar stores, or living secluded in their homes, unable to marry, unable to make friends, and denied even the participation in patriotic commemorations. Society sort of took them, used them, and then threw them back, leaving a pretty big hook in their mouths."

This may be true, for Jim was the philosopher of our hospital crew, but it is unlikely that Dale Cluck, the BAR man in my rifle company, thinks of himself in such terms. Today Dale lives in Slater, Iowa, and he and Marium have two children, Marsha Marie, thirteen, and David, six. He works as a night custodian at Iowa State College, fourteen miles away. When he was discharged from the hospital fourteen years ago, he returned to his Pennsylvania farm, intending to work it despite his paralyzed left leg and arm. But two years later he moved to his wife's home town in Iowa, where he put himself on a strict schedule of mowing lawns, selling seed corn, raising a huge truck garden and weaving rugs—a trade he had been taught in hospitals. Because the hot sun bothers his scarred head, he gets to his gardens at dawn, working in the cool of the morning and returning home when the sun gets high.

He has adjusted to the limitations of his body, but only in this respect has the war and his wounding changed him. He says quite simply that his combat experience was valuable, and he would recommend it to his six-year-old son. He has self-respect.

Ed Agnew is still single—"I just couldn't catch up with them with this stiff leg"—and devoted to his seventy-five-year-old mother. He runs the Agnew Insurance Agency in Dickinson, North Dakota. He has been mayor of his town, is active in the American Legion, and ten years ago was a Democratic candidate for Congress—"I got the hell beat out of me." He is an unabashed patriot; he has not forgotten ten machine-gun wounds on Guadalcanal or his four years in an Army hospital, but he writes, "I am sure that my combat experiences have made me a better American. I choke up at the playing of the national anthem or when I watch a military parade. I am sure that I would do it all over again should I be called tomorrow. God and America have been good to me; now serving either of them is all I can do."

Jim Grimsley, with his tubular, soda-straw vision, cannot drive an automobile, but he operates his insurance agency in North Hollywood by having his wife Jeanne drive him around. "She is as pretty as ever," he writes, "probably more attractive than she has ever been."

He sums up the value of his combat experience soberly. "For a person who has never slain a dragon, or written the great American novel, or who can't even get an idea for a better mousetrap, World War Two is the high point of my life. Since it happened, I'm glad I had a part in it. Anything done in good faith and executed with integrity is well worth while."

Our wonderful nurse Jenks contracted tuberculosis sometime during her Army career, and has been hospitalized at least three times since discharge. I visited her recently while she was in a Fresno, California, tuberculosis hospital and was delighted to be able to comment caustically about the neatness of her bedside table, as she had done about mine for several years. She is now recuperating in Astoria, Oregon, and if things go well she should be working at her profession in a few months.

Mort Solot's brittle arms are healed now, and he lives in Tucson, Arizona, with his wife and four young children. After the war he returned to the University of Arizona to complete his interrupted education, took his degree and joined his father's real-estate firm.

Harry Lawlor, now the only grandfather in our close group, finished his six years of hospitalization in 1950. Then he went back to his old job as import manager for the City of Paris, a large San Francisco department store. There was no choice about the eventual amputation of his left leg—it had to go—but surgeons reconstructed his shattered left hip and he walks today, although slowly.

Pete Peterson, with his calves and thighs still pocked with scars, lives in Bonita, California, operating a laundry and dry-cleaning plant. He has not given up his singing; only recently he and his wife Jean left their three red-haired children at home and flew to New York City for Metropolitan Opera auditions.

Like the rest of us, he remembers his hospital days with some nostalgia. He feels that the war made him more religious, "perhaps more pacifistic, but then I was never belligerent anyhow."

Still, like Grimsley and Lawlor and Cluck and Agnew and Solot, he is just slightly indignant when he's asked if he would go to war again. "Of course," he says. "Of course I would." THE END

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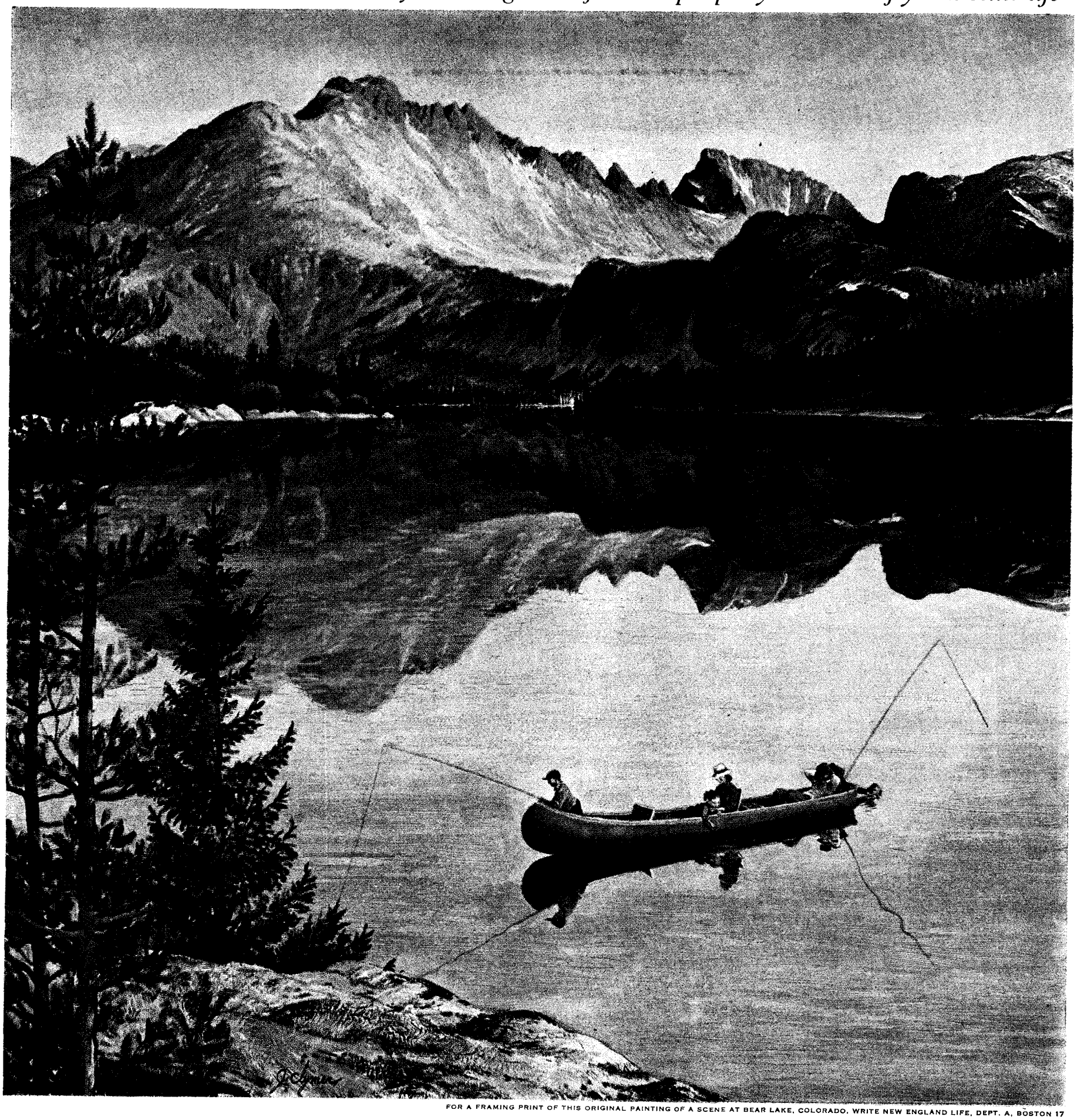

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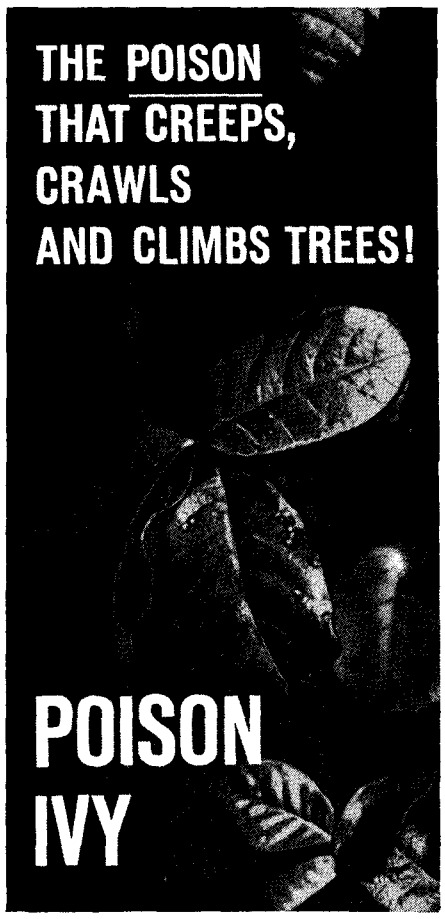

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Keeping Posted

In Pursuit of Old No. 7

To produce the FACE OF AMERICA on page 36, free-lance photographer **John Bickel** spent eight eventful days last fall in Klickitat Canyon, Washington, riding or chasing the locomotive known as Old No. 7. The engine behaved much like a bucking bronc, and Bickel was grateful that its maximum speed was thirteen mph. He also was grateful that Old No. 7 took frequent breathers, thus giving him an opportunity to bag a year's supply of venison (see cut) on the opening day of deer-hunting season.

Bickel's territory is the Pacific Northwest. He has handled a score of *Post* assignments there during the past nine years. When not on assignment, he divides his time between his five-man commercial-photography studio in Tacoma and his three-youngster home in East Gig Harbor on Puget Sound. Bickel is East Gig Harbor's water commissioner (self-appointed; he owns the water works), which is fine, he says, except when the reservoir tank springs a leak. On those occasions many of the fifty homeowners served by the water system converge on the Bickel house, singing *How Dry I Am*, and Mister and Madam Water Commissioner are expected to moisten all those parched throats.

Photographer John Bickel.

Well Schooled

Merle Constiner writes so knowingly of life in a boys' boarding school (LAST RESORT, page 26) that we assumed he must once have wielded a hickory stick in such an institution. We were wrong. "But I was raised in a teaching tradition. My three sisters have been teachers, my mother taught kindergarten and my father was principal here in Monroe, Ohio, for many years. In 1923, when I was twenty-one, I taught a class in modern poetry at Wittenberg College—but I quit to go to sea, to be another Joseph Conrad." Constiner's tale is set in Ohio in the 1840's, and he says anyone who considers his Ohio school harsh should read Charles Dickens on the English schools of the period. "One of them kept the local undertaker quite busy."

Storyteller Shirley Ann Grau.

Shirley Ann Grau has in common with Merle Constiner the fact that she isn't a schoolmaster either. But her husband, James Feibleman, is. He's head of the philosophy department at Tulane University in New Orleans. Author Grau was born in Louisiana thirty years ago, and she grew up in Alabama. She has a novel (*Hard Blue Sky*) and a volume of stories (*Black Prince and Other Stories*) to her credit, but STRANGER AT THE WINDOW (page 30) is her first *Post* appearance. She also has two small Feiblemen to her credit—Ian James, age twenty-one months, and Nora Miranda, who arrived in New Orleans last December, just when STRANGER AT THE WINDOW was arriving in the *Post's* manuscript room.

He Chases Races

Reporter Angelopolous (right) with Rodger and Jo Ward at the Trenton (N. J.) Speedway, April 10. Ward won the 100-mile feature event.

Angelo Angelopolous has two consuming interests—automobile races and writing—which he coupled to produce his first *Post* article—RACE DRIVER'S WIFE (page 31). Angelopolous was a part-time correspondent for the Indianapolis *Star* while still in high school. He became a reporter for the Indianapolis *News* after being graduated from Butler University in 1940, flew fighters and fighter bombers for the Navy during the war, then returned to the *News* as a sports reporter. Two years ago he turned to free-lance writing and settled in Ridgefield, New Jersey.

"My interest in the Indianapolis 500-mile race came long before journalism," Angelopolous tells us. "When I was a youngster, slipping into the speedway was considered a far greater achievement than crashing the ball park. Our strategy was a wave assault, shortly after dawn, through or over the back-stretch fence of the track. One year several score of us got in with ridiculously little effort. The guards seemed to be decent, if not cordial. They told us to sit quietly on the narrow grass strip between the fence and the outer edge of the track. But as soon as the fence was repaired, the guards gathered in force and ordered us back over the top. They carried sticks and rubber hose, but they really didn't need them. Most of us were chagrined at having been outfoxed by failing to continue our dash and melt into the anonymity of the huge crowd—and we climbed out meekly."

The Indianapolis Speedway still is a siren call for our author: "Mrs. Angelopolous and I return to Indianapolis around the first of May, and I spend the month at the track, listening to and trying to understand the men and the machines."

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

A sinister red stain and a floor littered with hundred-dollar bills involve Perry Mason in

"The Case of the Duplicate Daughter"

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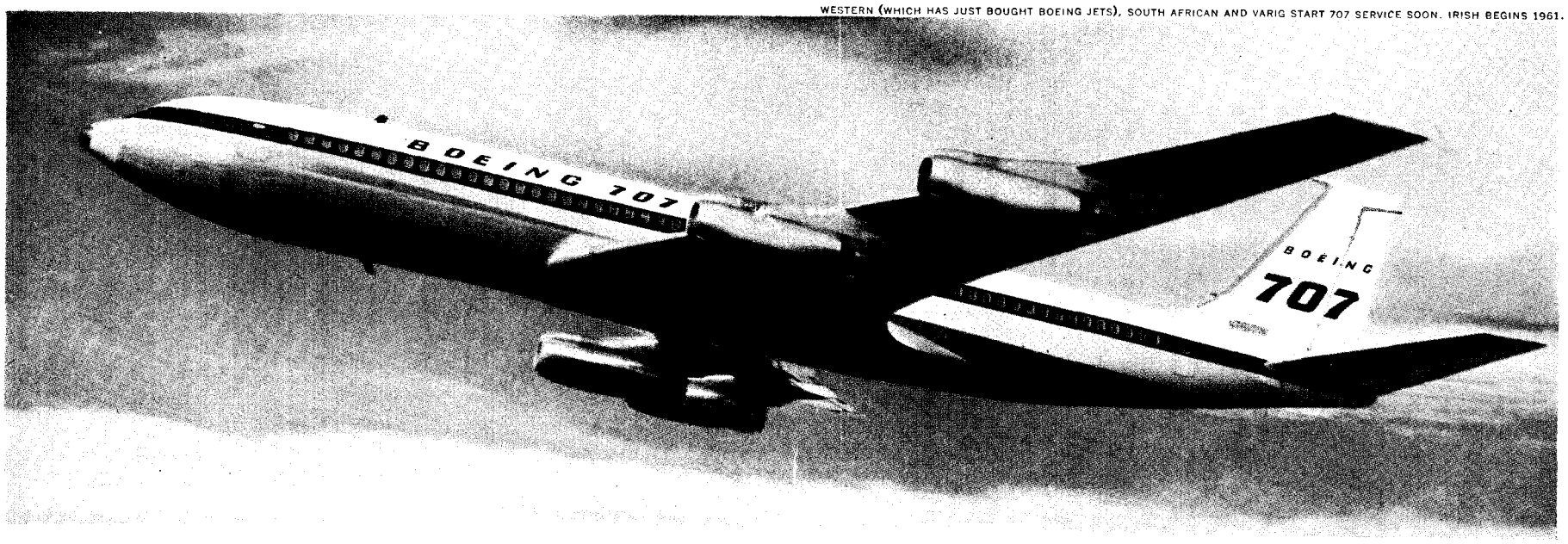

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